The Saturday Evening
POST
June 16, 1956 — 15¢

JUN 1 2 '56

Doctors Should Tell the Truth
By I. Phillips Frohman, M.D.

PRO GOLF ISN'T SO TOUGH!
By Lloyd Mangrum

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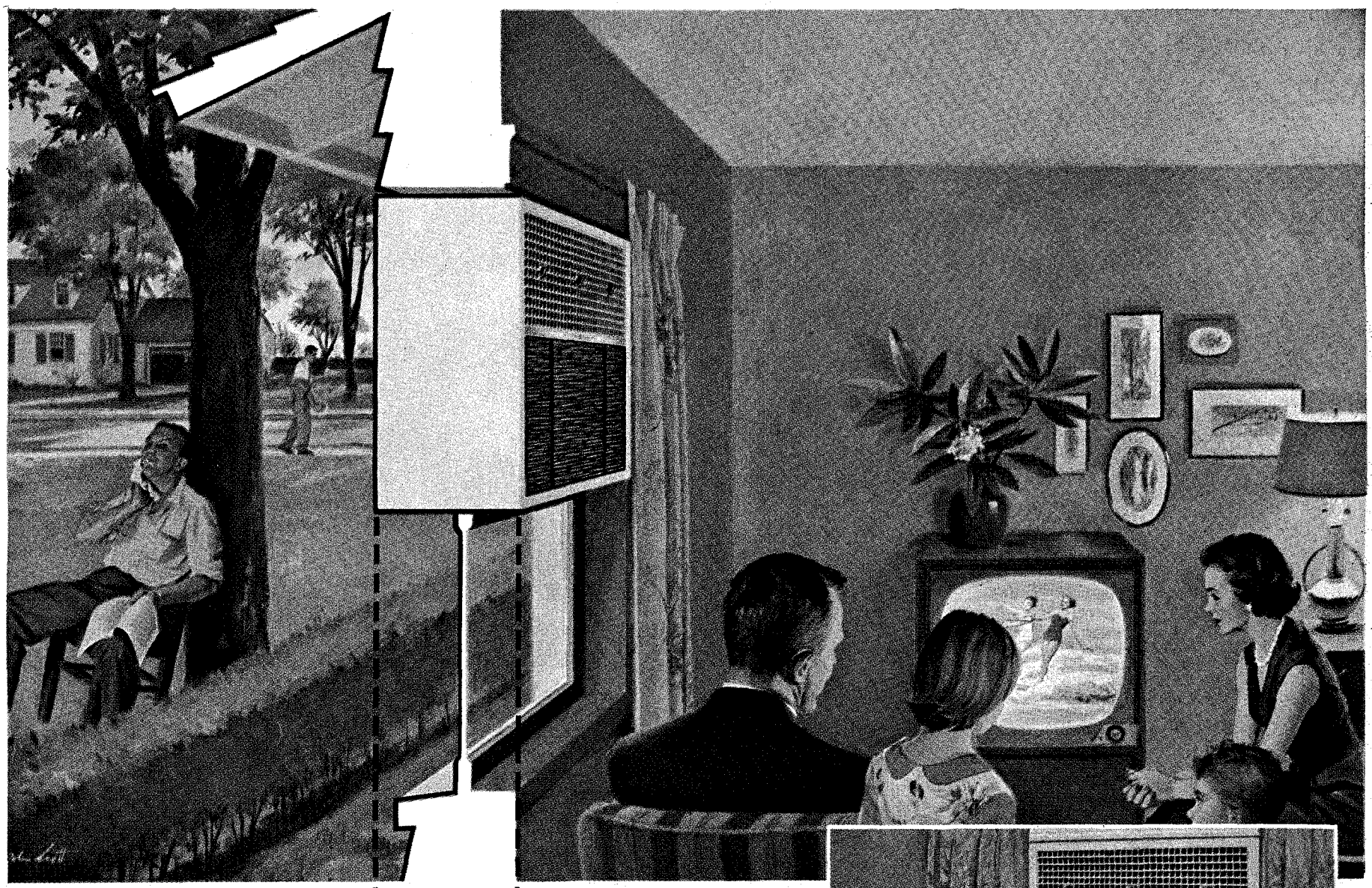
All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up ⅓ less space!



G-E Thinline is 16½ inches "thin"... no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Thinline Room Air Conditioner!

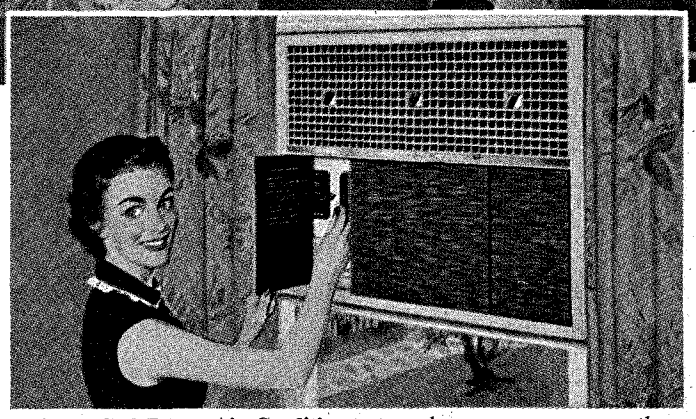
HERE is a completely new concept in room air conditioners that offers top performance, yet actually takes up one-third less space than previous corresponding models.

It fits flush with your inside wall, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. And not only does it offer you amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—its High Power Factor Design *assures economy of operation!*

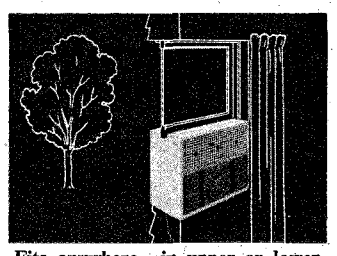
You have a choice of many different comfort-conditions just at the flick of a finger. Delightfully cooled, filtered air pours quietly into your room, makes your days and nights comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer today for a demonstration—he's listed in your classified phone book.

General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department. Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

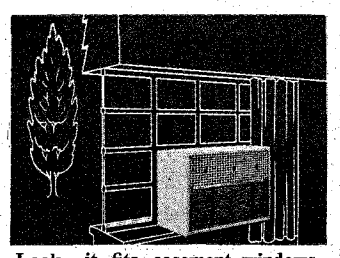
Most models available in Canada.



With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.



Fits anywhere—in upper or lower sash. Can be mounted flush with inside wall as shown here or all-outside to allow windows to be closed. All inside installation is ideal for use in offices.



Look—it fits casement windows, too. The G-E *Thinline* can be installed in casement windows, without altering or defacing the windows. It can even be installed through any outside wall.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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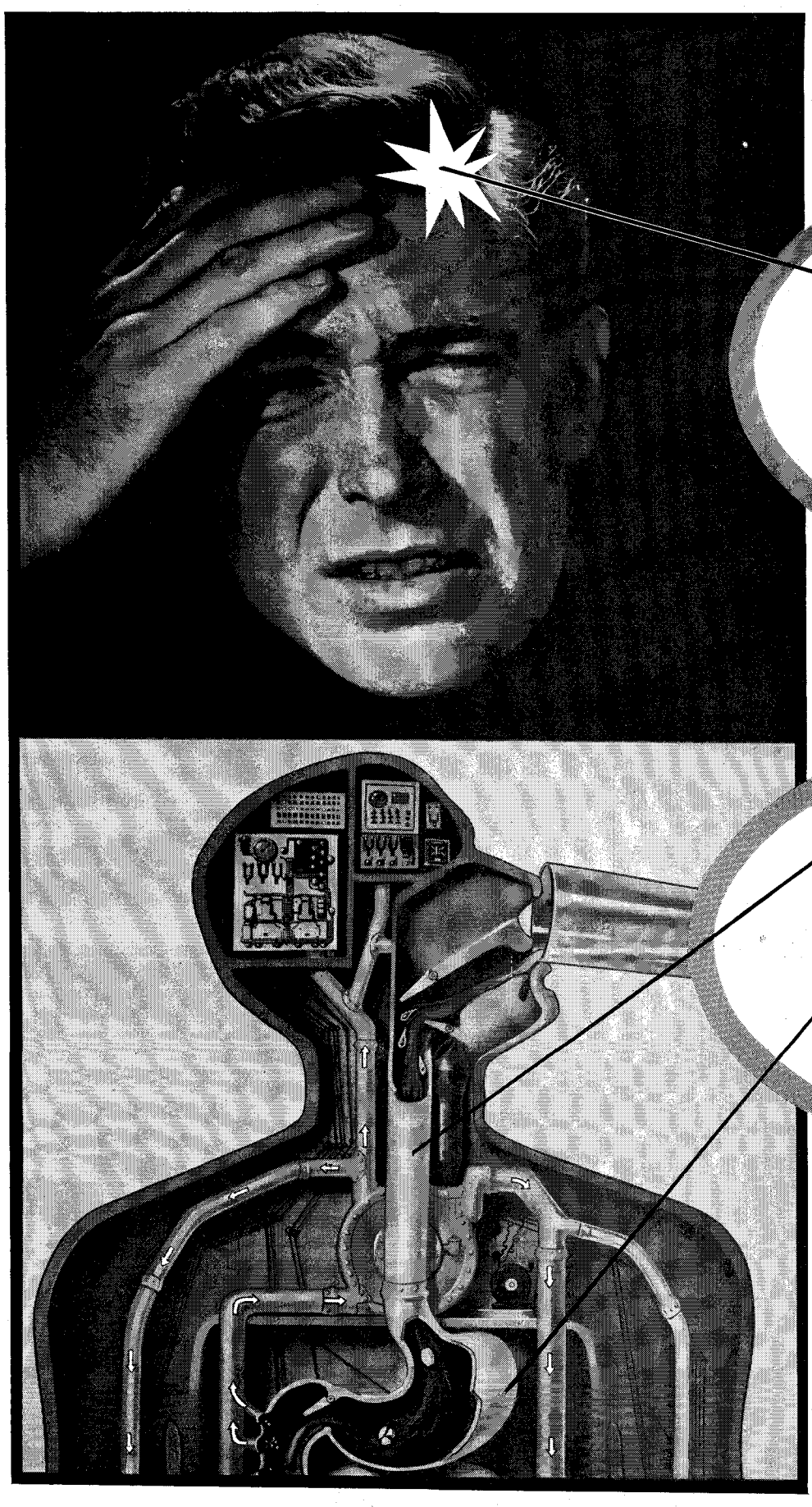
Medical evidence shows why BUFFERIN® acts twice as fast as aspirin



...DOESN'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH AS ASPIRIN OFTEN DOES!

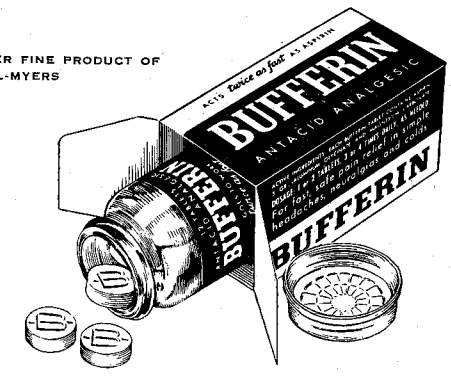
Headache? Don't wait for relief!

Millions of people have discovered that Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. Laboratory tests comparing Bufferin with aspirin show that Bufferin's pain relieving agent gets into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. 10 years of continuous research in hospitals and clinics has proved Bufferin's effectiveness and speed.

Faster pain relief... no upset stomach!

Any pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to be able to work. Bufferin combines aspirin with two special antacid ingredients, which speed the pain reliever into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. They also protect you from upset stomach. Take Bufferin next time pain strikes.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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† *Windshield sticker validates plate for 1956*

WHEREVER YOU DRIVE — the license plate on your automobile tells where you come from. Be a safe driver…a good-will ambassador from your home state. Obey local traffic rules and make certain your car is always in good working order. Remember: there are 38,000 leading service stations in the U. S. and Canada ready to supply you with Atlas tires, batteries and accessories to help you keep your car in safe, dependable operating condition.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Stand from under, children; papa has a few screws loose and may suffer a loss of balance, dispersing steel pipes and himself across the greensward. Befall what may, the children will go right on awesomely thinking that fathers are wonderful beings who can do anything, a touching but goofy aspect of child psychology. Maybe mamma could have done this job in half the time without risk of injury, but a woman's place is in the home. When the swingery does stand up, Reddy, Junior, and his friends will use it until a dreadful bare spot is worn in the lawn; then, fed up with swings, they will go play in the street. Amos Sewell, who watched a real live parent suffer like this, says he knows what papa is saying to those screws, but it is something only screws should hear.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 210

The greatest star of the screen!

"Lust For Life" is the story of the great sensualist-painter Vincent van Gogh who bounds through the pages and passions of Irving Stone's perennial best-seller.

★ ★ ★ ★

And this is the Van Gogh overwhelmingly brought before us by Kirk Douglas in M-G-M's film version, shot in CinemaScope and a sunburst of MetroColor on the actual sites of Van Gogh's struggles to feel feelings never felt before.

★ ★ ★ ★

Above all others, this man is the passionate exemplar not only of the artist born ahead of his time but of the lover who loves not wisely but too well.

★ ★ ★ ★

And as we watched the mingling scenes and sins unfold, it seemed to us that Life herself is co-starred with Kirk Douglas and that neither has ever before on the screen given so remarkably real a performance.

"Lust For Life" overflows with vivid flesh-and-blood portraits.

★ ★ ★ ★

Van Gogh's violent friend Gauguin is explosively created by Anthony Quinn.

★ ★ ★ ★

His faithful brother Theo and the faithless Christine are consummately etched by British stars James Donald and Pamela Brown. Everett Sloane brilliantly heads a fine supporting cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director Vincente Minnelli, producer John Houseman, scenarist Norman Corwin have indeed made "Lust For Life" a *must* for everyone.

★ ★ ★ ★

For they have sent tumbling toward us, in a steady stream of primary color and emotion, the whole tempestuous truth of a violent career.

★ ★ ★ ★

It vibrates from the black coal pits and sky blues of Holland to the voluptuous yellows of Arles and the red and ready lips of Moulin Rouge and Montmartre.

★ ★ ★ ★

It careens from genteel ladies he frightened away to women of the Paris streets in whose dark souls only a Van Gogh could find the sun.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is the historic episode of the severed "Ear".

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is the wild proposal to the woman whose "No! No! *Never!*" spilled like acid across his youth.

★ ★ ★ ★

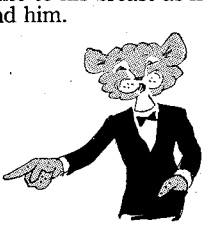
Here is the gaucherie and greatness of one who clutched life to his breast as if to crush both it and him.

★ ★ ★ ★

Some say Van Gock. Some say Van Guff. Some say Van Go.

★ ★ ★ ★

We say—simply and sincerely—Go!



—Leo

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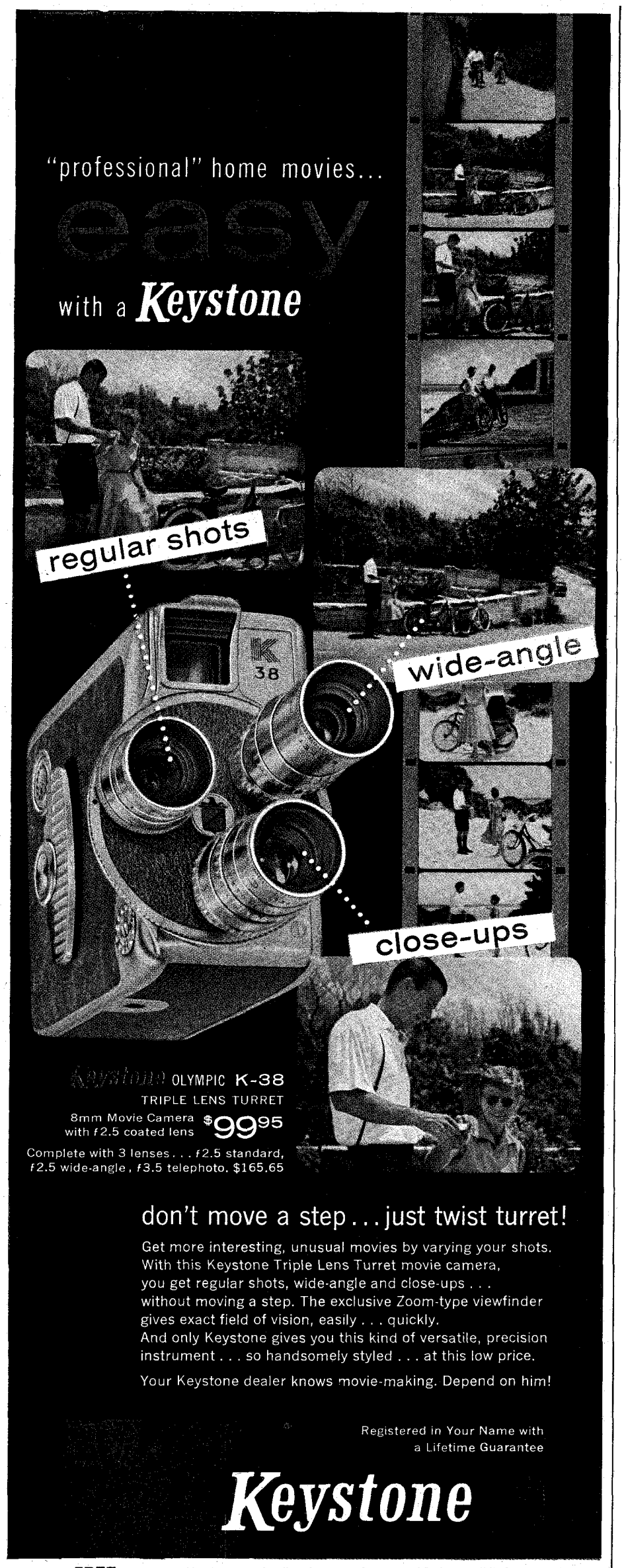
"professional" home movies...
easy
with a Keystone
regular shots
wide-angle
close-ups
K 38
Keystone OLYMPIC K-38
TRIPLE LENS TURRET
8mm Movie Camera with f2.5 coated lens $99.95
Complete with 3 lenses . . . f2.5 standard, f2.5 wide-angle, f3.5 telephoto. $165.65
don't move a step . . . just twist turret!
Get more interesting, unusual movies by varying your shots.
With this Keystone Triple Lens Turret movie camera,
you get regular shots, wide-angle and close-ups . . .
without moving a step. The exclusive Zoom-type viewfinder
gives exact field of vision, easily . . . quickly.
And only Keystone gives you this kind of versatile, precision
instrument . . . so handsomely styled . . . at this low price.
Your Keystone dealer knows movie-making. Depend on him!
Registered in Your Name with
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Keystone
FREE illustrated booklet shows complete line of Keystone Cameras and Projectors. Write Dept. 1,
Keystone Camera Co., Inc., Boston 24, Mass. • Prices slightly higher in Canada
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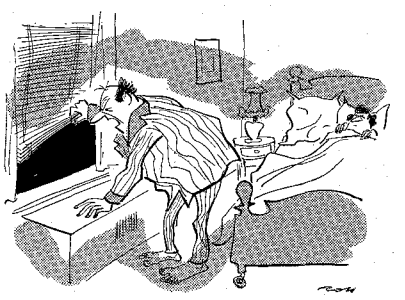
Letters

Mysterious Noises

Dear Sirs:

The cartoon. . . . [by Al Ross, May 12] delighted me.

It's so comforting to know that other folks are tormented by similar nuisances. I have walked over to the window, as did the man in the picture, many times, but generally you don't see anyone. Sometimes I wonder if gremlins keep opening the doors and slamming them shut. It is particularly disturbing if one is ill in bed. It is worse than waiting for the "other shoe" to drop because there seems to be no limit to the number of times doors are slammed. With our friend, I can't figure it out.



"What I can't figure out is how people can slam six or seven doors just getting into a car!"

HELEN E. MCNULTY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Marilyn

Dear Sirs:

So that's Marilyn Monroe! [THE NEW MARILYN MONROE, by Pete Martin, May 5–19] Incomparable in her wit! Sacrificing herself to be the noblest expression of sex! Bravely bearing the responsibility, heavy though she feels it to be, of feeding the human race cheesecake! Ah, how much such women mean to American homes and communities! What inspiration and noble thoughts she must have aroused in tense, home-sick soldiers in Korea!

LEONARD GITTINGS
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Cheap, tawdry, vulgar and unworthy.

MRS. HANOR A. WEBB
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Ben Franklin is said to have had a weakness for the ladies but I doubt if he would have considered it wise or proper to throw all those "succulent steaks" directly in the faces of his subscribers.

MRS. W. R. SHOEMAKER
Cushing, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

She has no beauty, only a cheap prettiness and a certain shrewdness in exploiting her physical attributes.

MRS. P. M. HARDER
Philmont, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Who cares why she keeps her mouth open—she probably has adenoids.

MRS. JOHN ELFELT
Anoka, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I've yet to find anyone in this city who thinks she has anything except gobs of artifice on a sloppy, fattish, bowlegged body.

JAN BANKS
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Monroe and her "doctrines" and her kind are a disgrace to American womanhood. I protest against such articles.

MRS. J. WISE
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Her remarks are not only dumb but vulgar.

MRS. GERTRUDE F. SPENCE
Sayre, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Have just burnt this week's magazine.

MRS. E. DEMAAT
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

She is an actress of superb talent—a Venus with a full mind of knowledge.

WILLIAM TRIMBLE
N. Vancouver, Canada

Dear Sirs:

What! No copy of the calendar photo?

DAVIS H. KENT
Oakland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

The story on Marilyn Monroe is wonderful. . . . To me, Marilyn Monroe is not a movie star but a goddess.

JOHN R. SCHUTZ
Woodhaven, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I noticed a picture of a person named Marilyn Monroe in your last issue. Say, there's an attractive woman. How long has she been around?

JOHN CAHILL, JR.,
Chicago, Ill.

The "Big Paddle"

Dear Sirs:

I am sure a small band of brave, dedicated men will read with much interest . . . THIS IS THE DEAN SPEAKING! [by Robert H. Shaffer, Dean of Students, Indiana University, as told to Jerome Ellison, May 12]. Those of us who are student-personnel deans are, as Dean Shaffer says, thought of as the "Big Paddle" by our students. We, I am sure, all hope that parents, new freshmen and our present students will read this human article. Maybe then many more will come in to tell us that everything is going fine, just fine, dean.

THOMAS A. EMMET
Assistant Dean of Men
University of Detroit
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . displayed evidence of inadequate handling of student-adjustment problems by the dean and his counseling staff. I refer to the incidents in which the dean expelled students for various offenses. It is true that the conduct of each offender was inappropriate, but the action taken by the dean was strictly punitive, not corrective. At least the article gave no indication that the dean sent the serious offenders to his counseling staff for psychiatric adjustment.

BAILEY NAGLE
Meadville, Pa.

● *The article said: "The traditional functions of dean are performed by some fifteen people with whom I work directly, and perhaps two dozen others in services we utilize regularly—medical and psychiatric clinics," etc.—ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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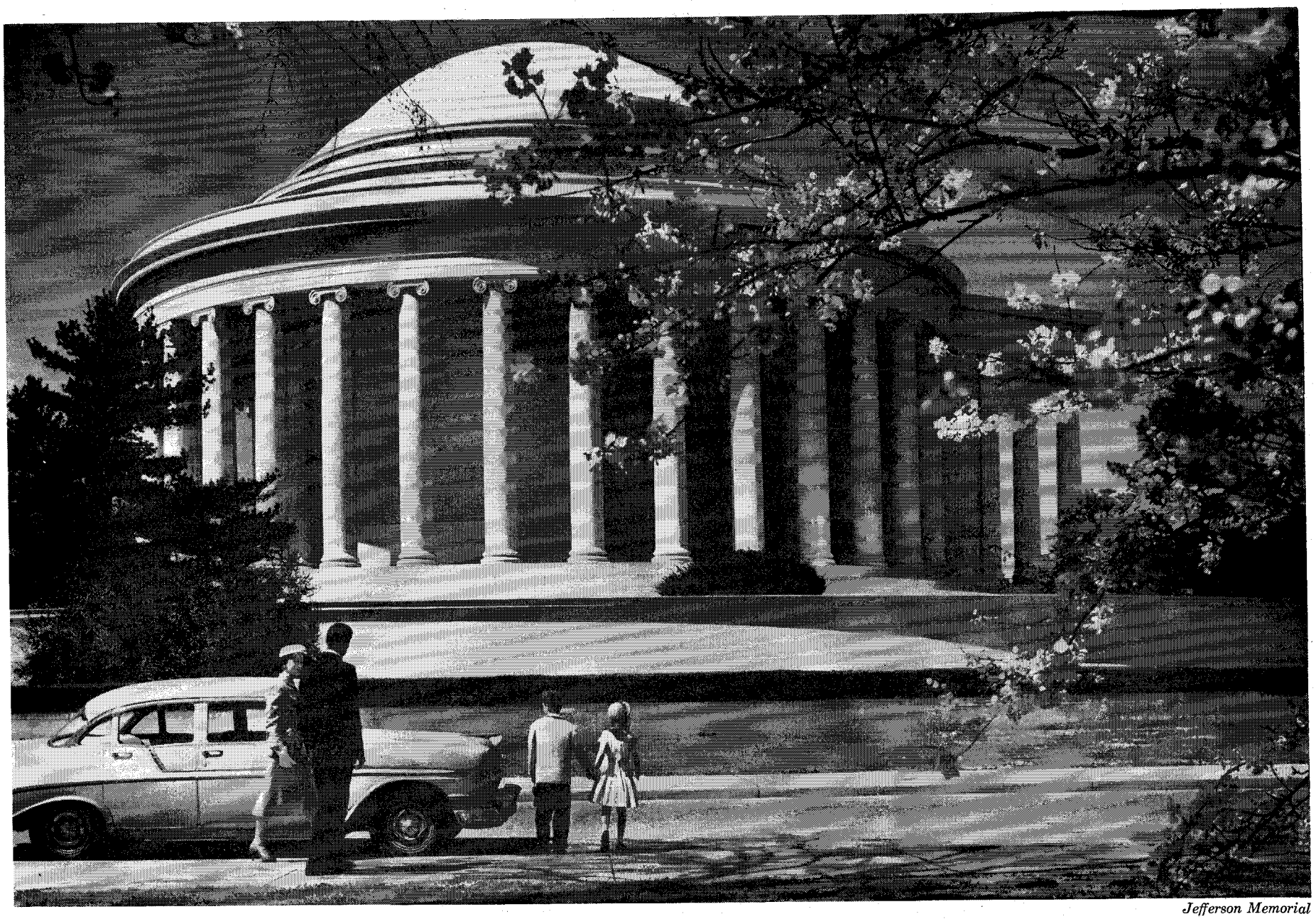
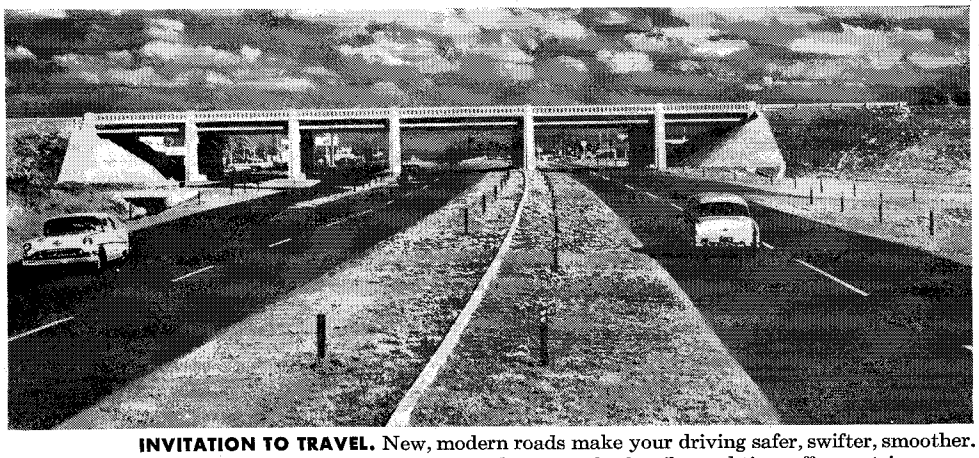


Jefferson Memorial

Your car is your family's "magic carpet"



INVITATION TO TRAVEL. New, modern roads make your driving safer, swifter, smoother. These straight stretches of asphalt highway cut both miles and time off your trips.

PATHFINDER. Service-station people are a real help to travelers. They point out routes; give best car care for pleasant motoring.

DRIVE MORE
...it gets cheaper by the mile!

AND THE MORE YOU DRIVE, THE LESS IT COSTS PER MILE

No matter where you'd like to go, your car can whisk you to any part of this country—or over our borders—for a fun-packed vacation.

The famous monuments of Washington, D.C., make it a fascinating place to visit. Or perhaps you'd prefer historic cities of the South. Or towns out West, where you can still feel the excitement of pioneer days.

And while you're enjoying these spots, your car helps make it an economical vacation, too. Certain costs of car ownership do not change with mileage. Depreciation, license fees and insurance remain about the same, no matter how much you drive.

The main added expense for extra miles is for gasoline and oil. But competition among U. S. oil companies keeps these costs down . . . and you get one of today's best bargains. So, as you can see below, every mile you drive costs less than the one before.

AVERAGE YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$481.33	*Depreciation*	$481.33
104.39	*Insurance*	104.39
16.86	*License fees*	16.86
116.00	*Gasoline and Oil*	348.00
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$781.08	**TOTAL FAMILY COST**	$1,138.08
3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

EXAMPLE FIGURED FOR FAMILY OF FOUR. YOUR FAMILY SIZE MAY CHANGE THIS COST A LITTLE.
*Source: AAA

Take the wheel this summer and vacation by car. It's a treat for you and the family. And remember to drive safely.

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, N. Y.

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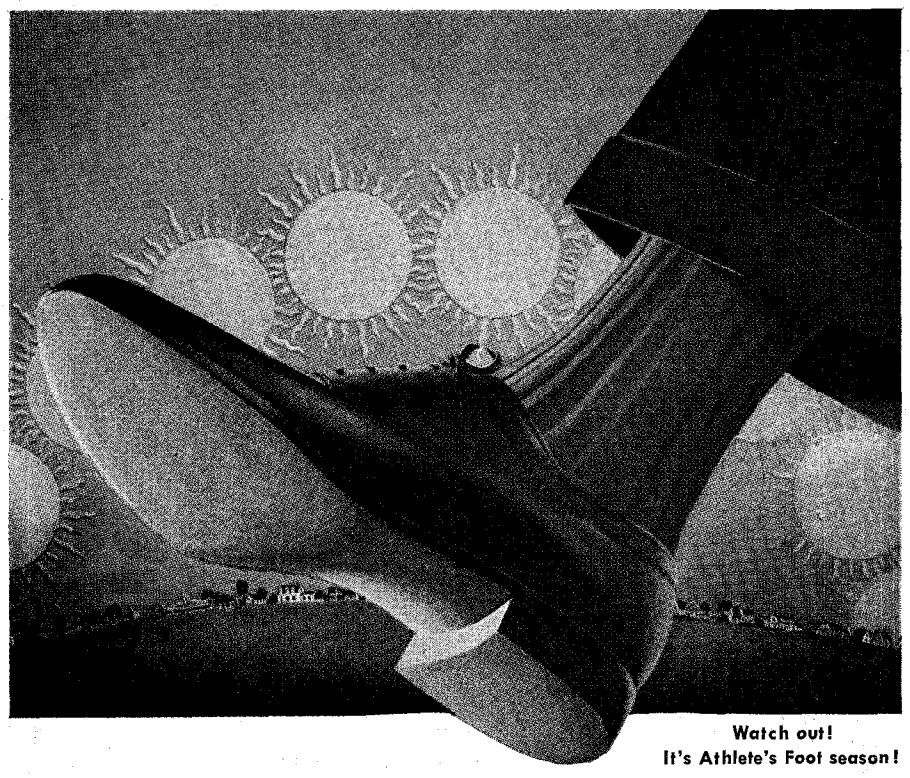
It's dangerous to neglect

Athlete's Foot



Watch out!
It's Athlete's Foot season!

ABSORBINE JR.
ONE-DAY RELIEF

Apply it daily in the morning, once again at night. Absorbine Jr. kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi it reaches . . . relieves your misery fast!

Never, never neglect a case of Athlete's Foot. Left untreated, it can cost you doctor bills and pay. At the very first signs of raw, itchy cracks between the toes, apply Absorbine Jr. *twice* daily.

Absorbine Jr.'s effectiveness proved two ways

It's laboratory tested: In test cultures, scientists demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. destroyed *all* of Athlete's Foot fungi—*in less than five minutes!*

It's clinically tested: In carefully controlled tests on patients, doctors reported that Absorbine Jr. brought *successful relief* to the great majority of sufferers—with every known type of Athlete's Foot fungus.

So don't take chances. At the first sign of cracks between the toes, reach for Absorbine Jr. Relieve the misery fast! Buy it wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc.,
Springfield, Mass

Absorbine Jr. is also effective for relief of muscular aches and pains due to overexercise, minor sunburn, and for non-poisonous insect bites. Keep it handy.

America's No. 1 Relief for Athlete's Foot

ABSORBINE JR.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Gifted Students

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial in the May 5th issue of the Post WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR TRAINING OF SCIENTISTS? is a challenge. . . .

It seems that our schools are geared to the average student and that there is no motivation for real achievement. . . .

I believe that if parents would take back their responsibilities before it is too late, and insist that their children be given a chance to prove their abilities, once more we would be sending forth from our schools young people who will be equipped to cope with the problems of this complex world.

L. R. ALDERMAN
Dayton, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

The reason is not so much the lack of teachers in those subjects or poor teachers as that deans and counselors are not math or physics majors. They are social studies or education majors. They don't like math or physics. They believe only a few scientists are needed. They have no concept of the mental lift that an elementary course in calculus can give a student.

HELEN WOOD
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

● *A few exceptions come quickly to mind, however. James B. Conant, a chemist, was president of Harvard; Gaylord Harnwell, president of the University of Pennsylvania, is a physicist; Henry Heald, chancellor of N.Y.U., is an engineer.—ED.*

Ho, Mountaineers!

Dear Sirs:

In your interesting article BIG, BUSY MOUNTAIN [by Andrew Hamilton and Chandler Harris], May 12th, there is mention of "altitude sickness" and the writers conclude, "about the only cure is to go back down where you came from."

Take it from an old-timer who has been twice on the summit of Mt. Whitney, once on foot from the west and once by saddle animal from the east, and who has known the Sierras over some seventy years, that there is something you can do about it. . . .

Eat something! Anything; a stale sandwich, dry bread and an onion—anything to quiet the stomach. That's the answer and you may depend upon it at all times.

P. H. WILLIAMS
Santa Clara, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

On July 28, 1955, my brother, my husband and my daughter, Jayne, who was then only ten years old, left Whitney Portal on foot at 4:30 A.M., climbing for over an hour with the aid of a flashlight in the dark, and reached the top of Mt. Whitney the same day at 12:00 noon. They spent about an hour on top . . . and returned to Whitney Portal the same day about 6:30 P.M. . . .

We believe that Jayne, who made the complete climb and return trip in one day, is the youngest girl and maybe the youngest person to accomplish this feat in *one* day.

MRS. WAYNE HENLY
Jacksonville, Ill.

Fluoridation

Dear Sirs:

My sincere congratulations on your foresight in getting an outstanding writer like J. C. Furnas to give thoughtful review to the present situation on fluoridation in his article THE FIGHT OVER FLUORIDATION, May 19.

It is indeed rare to see the subject presented from the factual rather than the emotional approach, leading to the inescapable conclusion of the author that were he given the choice, he would like to have his family drink fluoridated water.

N. H. COOPER, M.D.
Director of Health
Welfare and Health Council
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

In Colorado Springs, Col., where they have had fluorides in their water for 75 years, the American Medical Assn. of that section has gone on record: they have found nothing of a detrimental nature happening to people who live there on account of the fluorides.

DR. JOHN A. THOMPSON, *Dentist*
Brookville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps the proper evaluation of but one question would settle the entire issue: What authority grants the USPHS the right to spend our tax money to promote the mass medication of populations for a noncommunicable disease?

A. G. BLAZEY, M.D.
Washington, Indiana

Dear Sirs:

Another piece of bureaucratic propaganda—another effort to destroy individualism in the name of national progress.

ALDEN WARD
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Those who are for it can buy it in tooth powder or tooth paste.

PHILIP E. CLARKE
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I should think that it would certainly be out of line for the Government to tell us what to eat or drink, even if it is good for us.

R. GLENN CLEMENS
Jenkintown, Pa.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23–Ollie Atkins. • 24–John Stringer, Ollie Atkins. • 25–Two by John Stringer, two by Ollie Atkins. • 26, 27–R. G. Harris. • 28, 29–D. W. Curtis. • 30–Sam Bates. 31–United Press, Wide World. • 32–Two from U. S. Army; Ollie Atkins. • 33–U. S. Army. • 34, 35–Mac Conner. • 36–Frank Ross. • 37–Perry Peterson. • 38, 39–Bill Shrout. • 40–Margery Lewis. • 41–Margery Lewis, Roy Stevens (CBS), Erika, Margery Lewis. • 42, 43–Edwin Georgi. • 44, 45–David Lees. • 49–Hy Rubin. 122–David Lees. • 136–Sy Friedman, three anonymous; Harry Saltzman.

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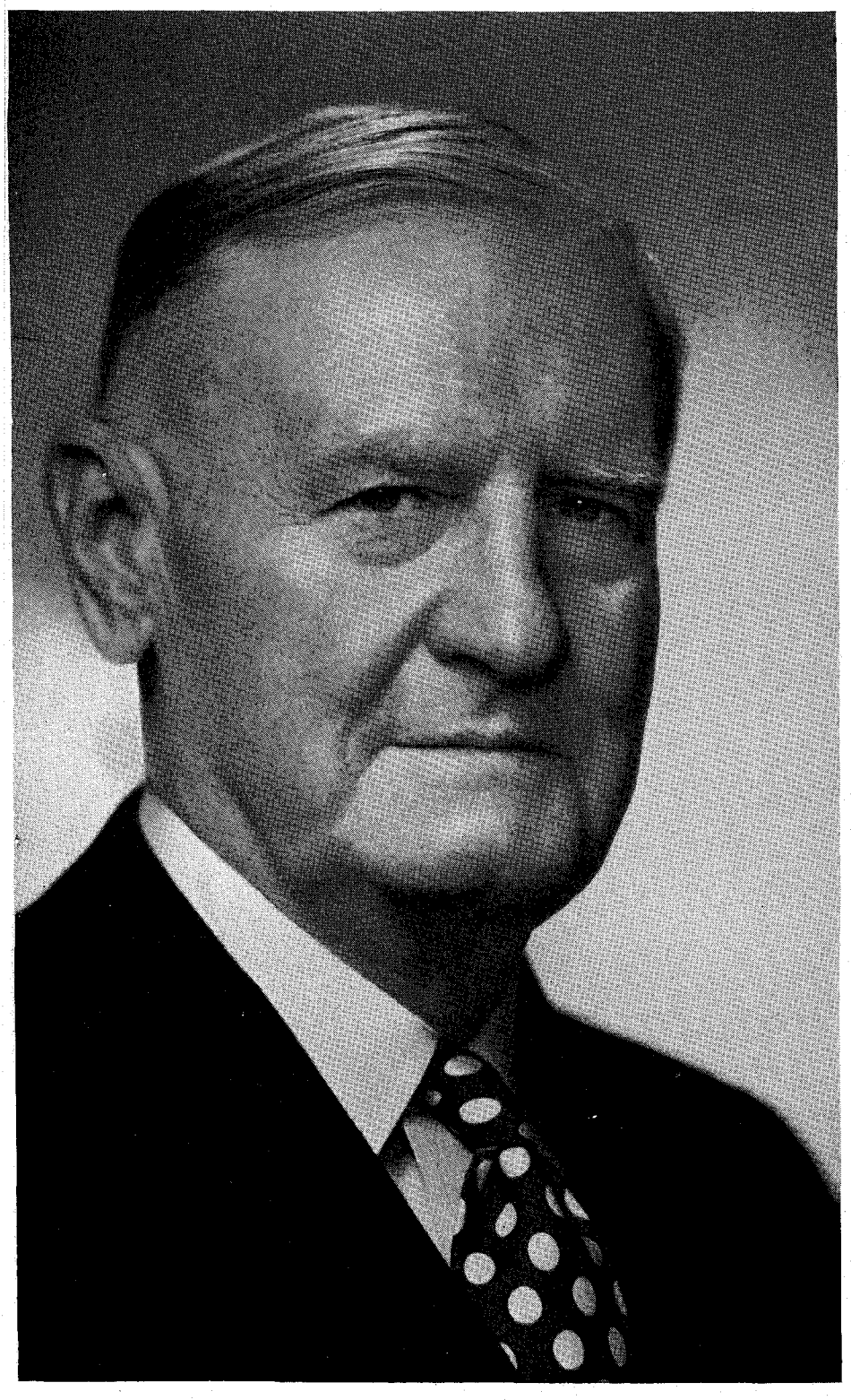
"An auto insurance policy is a promise...as good as the company behind it!"



GENERAL ROBERT E. WOOD, *Retired Chairman of the Board of Sears, Roebuck and Co. and Founder of Allstate Insurance Company*

"JUST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO I stood before the Board of Directors of Sears, Roebuck and Co. and enthusiastically recommended the founding of the Allstate Insurance Company. I was convinced we could give the car owner a better value for his auto insurance dollar. But equally important, I was confident we could set a new high standard for claim settlements.

"After all, an auto insurance policy is a promise to protect you against certain financial losses in the event of an auto accident. Like any promise, it is only as good as the company behind it. We were determined to treat each claim with the same absolute fairness that had made Sears one of the most trusted names in American business by promptly paying a dollar for every dollar due.

"By following this philosophy of fair play, Allstate has risen to world auto insurance leadership in just 25 years. Today, over 3,250,000 policyholders know 'You're in good hands with Allstate'."

We're proud of our record!

In 1955, Allstate paid out over $90,000,000 in claims to keep our promises. And we point with pride to the high percentage of policyholders who continue with Allstate year after year. These facts *prove* that we are really living up to our reputation for fast, fair claim settlements.

At the same time, Allstate has made good its promise of a better auto insurance value. Today millions of car owners enjoy Allstate's low rates.* You just can't buy *better* auto insurance, why pay more? See your local Allstate Agent.

ALLSTATE®
INSURANCE COMPANY
STOCK COMPANY PROTECTION

Agents offices in Sears stores . . . Insurance Centers . . . and in other convenient locations throughout the U. S. A. and in Canada.

Founded by Sears Assets and liabilities distinct and separate from the parent, Sears, Roebuck and Co. Home Office: Skokie, Ill. *In Texas participating policies are issued at standard rates.

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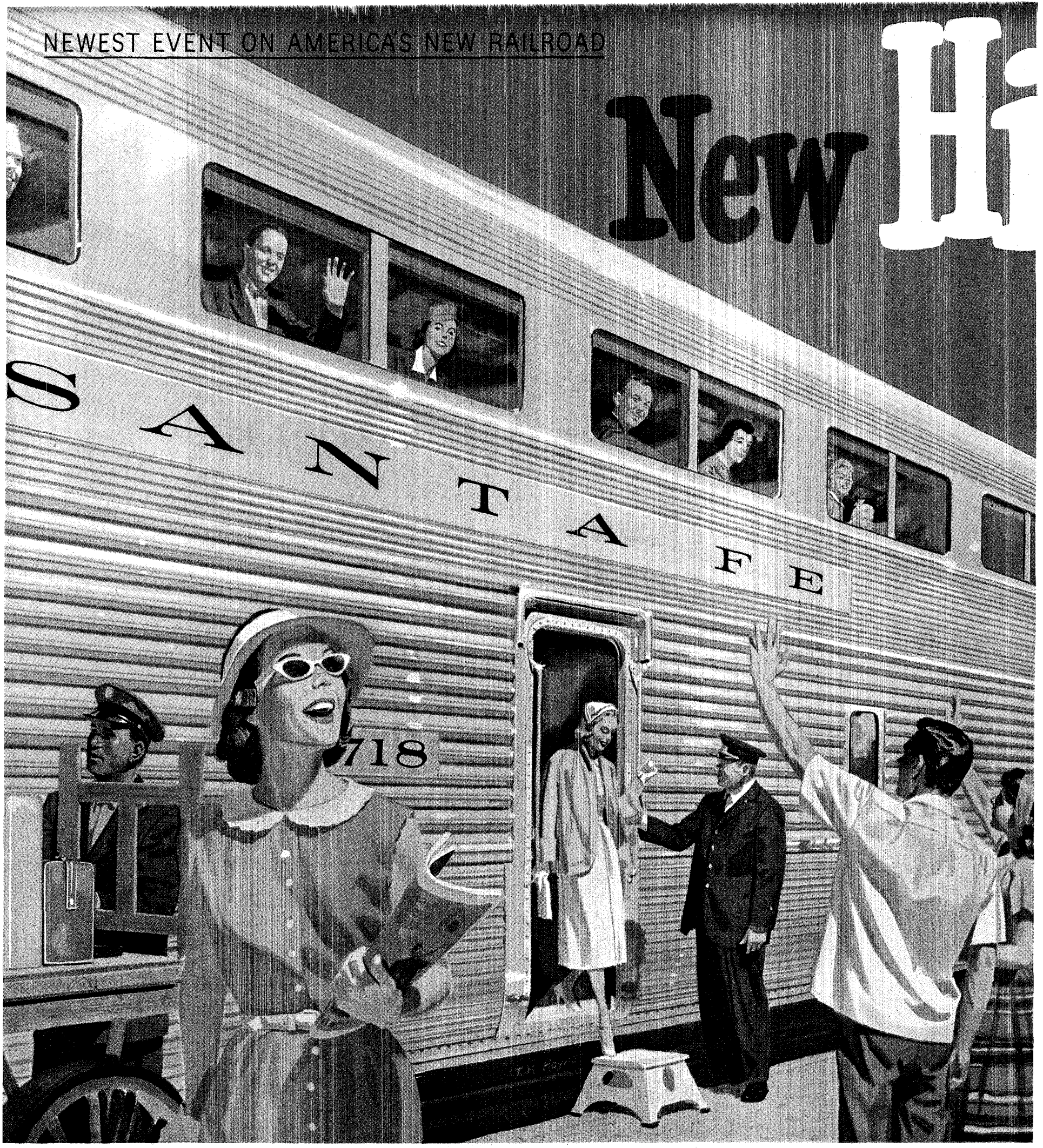
NEWEST EVENT ON AMERICA'S NEW RAILROAD



New Luxury Service for Coach-Fare Travel Chicago - Los Angeles

Goes into operation in midsummer

The instant you see it, you'll know this train is different. It's *two stories* high—designed to provide smoother rides, more room, and better panoramic views of Southwestern scenery. "Upstairs"—well above the clickety-clack of the rails—are foam-rubber reclining seats with full-length legrests, big picture windows, dining room, and full-length lounge. "Downstairs" are luggage racks and washrooms. Courier Nurse service. Indian Guide, westbound across New Mexico. Fred Harvey meals. You'll be riding high, wide and handsome in this new all-coach *El Capitan!* Extra fare $5.00, Chicago—Los Angeles. Watch your local newspapers for the date it goes into service.

R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago.

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Level El Capitan

Every seat at "BIG DOME" height

You dine penthouse-style. Soft music, magnificent views, and, of course, tempting Fred Harvey dishes—all high above the noise and distraction of the kitchen below.

Santa Fe

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Editorials

Disunited Nations Won't Stop the Reds

A few weeks ago a newspaper cartoon showed Khrushchev displaying a sort of mail-order catalogue of farm machinery to a group of starvelings labeled "underdeveloped countries." This depiction of modern salesmanship was contrasted with a sketch of Uncle Sam and President Eisenhower standing disconsolately beside a cannon labeled "military aid." Economic aid was represented as a hoe tied firmly to the cannon. The caption was, "When do we come out with a new model?" The implication, of course, is that everything has become so palsy-walsy that the West can now scrap its military program and dash off into a contest with the Soviet Union, its promises against our dollars.

As a matter of fact, when Secretary of State Dulles first advanced the idea that the political functions of NATO might be expanded, many people rushed to the conclusion that he had in mind either some sort of backstairs approach to "world government" or a new funnel for American aid to other countries. Neither notion gibes with anything which Mr. Dulles has said himself or might be supposed to have thought on the basis of his past utterances. However, the liberals hoped and the conservatives feared that something like this was in the wind.

What the Secretary of State is really suggesting is simply that the West can hardly expect to oppose the advancing communist tide effectively if it doesn't settle its own affairs. Up to now, no progress at all has been made, either through the United Nations or by conventional diplomatic methods, in the settlement of controversies over Cyprus, the Middle East or Algeria. If some new method is needed to bring the contending parties closer to some sort of agreement, Mr. Dulles thinks that NATO might provide it. He points to the Organization of American States as an outstanding example of the regional approach to difficult regional problems.

At the same time Mr. Dulles has no illusions regarding the importance of the military side of NATO, which he insists must be maintained while the danger lasts. If we lack the means of "massive retaliation," our goose is cooked. But what he calls the "military shield" can hardly prove of much defensive value if the countries which contribute to it are divided on basic political issues. In other words, what the secretary is engaged in is a search for some mechanism by which the noncommunist world can clean up the messes which thwart the achievement of unity and provide tempting trouble spots for Soviet intrigue.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Dulles is overoptimistic as to what a new use of NATO could do that has not been done already. Cyprus and Algeria, for example, appear likely to defy the efforts of reasonable men, however organized—although Mr. Dulles does remind us that NATO contains "nations which themselves have been through the experience of being colonies and winning their independence, as well as colonial powers which have demonstrated great statesmanship in promoting evolution from colonialism to independence."

Unless the world has gone completely off its rocker, it doesn't seem unreasonable to join Mr. Dulles in hoping that countries which have shown themselves eager to accept our financial aid will consider the possibility of at least giving a try to this American suggestion.

Despite the "Terror," Young People Want Foreign Service Jobs

It seems but yesterday that we were being informed by our liberal and ADA friends that employees of the Federal Government were terrorized by a group of vigilantes and crypto-Fascists engaged in a colossal witch hunt. Things had got so bad, according to this woeful tale, that no able or imaginative young man would think of entering the Federal service for fear of being branded as a communist.

For some curious reason, able and imaginative young men do not seem to be impressed by all this talk about a reign of terror in the Government departments. At any rate the Foreign Service Newsletter for March fifteenth published some interesting statistics bearing on this subject. For example, in 1951, 693 college undergraduates took the preliminary written examination for future jobs in the Foreign Service. In 1952 there were 1639 candidates for such positions. These were two of the years when it was being discovered that many top positions in the Foreign Service were held by men who, whatever their degree of loyalty to the United States, were certainly sympathetic to the communist cause in China and other areas. The morale and reputation of the Foreign Service were at a low point in those days.

We now jump to 1955, when the Foreign Service had been allegedly ruined by witch hunts and persecutions. In 1955, despite this "paralysis of fear," 7402 college undergraduates took the written examination for the Foreign Service. Apparently there are still many young Americans who are interested in serving their country abroad and have no fear of McCarthy or the Fifth Amendment.

Of course, there are other reasons why more young men are interested in the Foreign Service now than in the past. Under the able leadership of Loy Henderson, who has recently received the rank of Career Ambassador, the Foreign Service has been reorganized and improved to provide better opportunities for those engaged in it. Salaries have been increased somewhat and other incentives provided.

Nevertheless, couldn't it be true that many young Americans are applying for Foreign Service jobs precisely because they believe the communists and creeps have been pretty well disposed of? Anyway, they are not being scared away by that synthetic reign of terror.

Why Doesn't Liberia Take Advantage of Her Shipping Boom?

By CLIFFORD BARBE

A dishwasher on an American ship draws more pay than the captain on some foreign ships. This should make it easy to understand why high-cost American ships have a hard time competing for cargoes against low-wage competitors. Ship subsidies are supposed to make up the difference, but these have little effect beyond the few companies which benefit. The others must choose between laying up their ships or registering them under some other flag.

This flight from the United States flag has been especially beneficial to little Liberia. From having no ships at the end of World War II, she now ranks next to the United States, Great Britain and Norway in registered ocean-going tonnage.

Although considerable new trade is certain to follow the Liberian flag, Liberia, in its sudden rise to importance, has neglected to secure for its own people all the benefits that might be expected from a half billion dollars' worth of shipping under its Lone Star flag. For example, Liberia gets no share of the wages paid to the men who sail Liberian ships.

Most countries, including the United States, require that a fixed percentage of the crews on their ships be citizens of the country under whose flag they sail. Liberia presumably could not provide enough qualified men to justify such a rule. Consequently all she gets from having so many ships is the registration fee.

There must be thousands of men in Liberia capable of being trained for jobs aboard ships. All that would seem to be needed is a training program. The biggest dollar's worth of Point Four aid we could give Liberia today would be the loan of two of our laid-up Liberty ships, to be used for training purposes. These ships could find profitable employment carrying ore from Monrovia to American ports. They could be manned by double crews for on-the-job training.

Liberia's merchant marine owes its very existence to the quirks in our own ship-subsidy setup. We might as well go all the way now and show the Liberians how to profit from this situation. Whatever Liberians can do to raise their own living standards should reduce our continued contributions toward their development. Sixty million American taxpayers stand to benefit.

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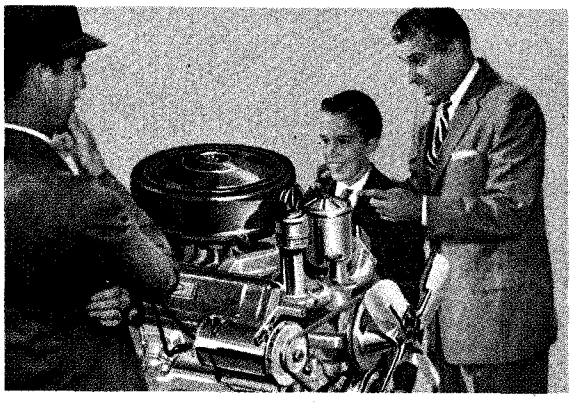
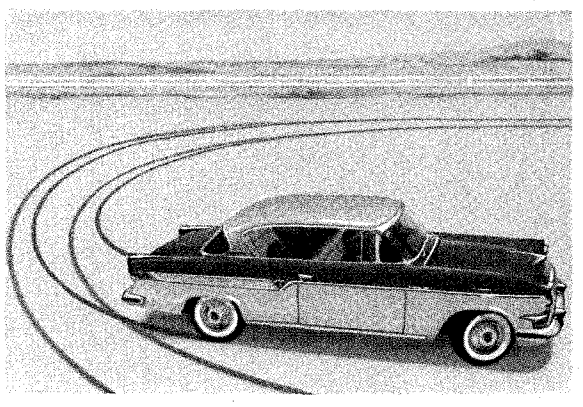
This great, new Hudson V-8 is the car that puts you right in the driver's seat

New Hudson Hornet V-8 Custom Four-Door Sedan

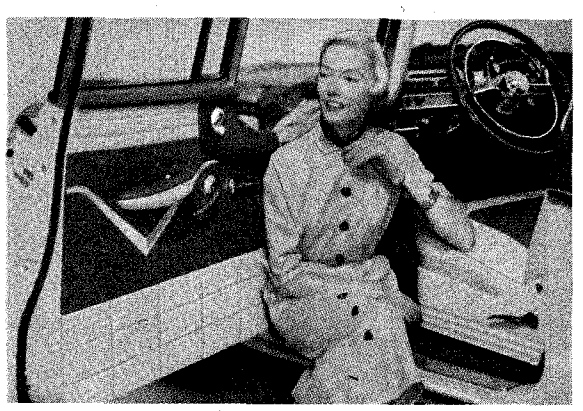
Handsome Hudson Hornet flashes from 0 to 60 m.p.h. in just 1/5 minute; rides 3 times smoother; turns 3 feet shorter than the other big cars



New, Safer Passing Power — just feather-touch the accelerator, and the most powerful Hornet V-8 engine ever built whisks you away—out of danger, or into effortless cruising that's pure relaxation! Advanced, low-friction V-8 design gives you instant engine response at every point in the driving range.



Turns Shorter, Handles Easier—no big-car clumsiness here! New Hornet V-8 turns more sharply, maneuvers more easily in traffic; gives you surer command, in any driving situation, than you can possibly get in most cars. And Hudson's new Deep Coil Ride is three times softer and steadier!



Distinctive, New V-Line Styling—inside, outside; front, sides and rear! Choose any of 21 smart, new two- and three-tone finishes, with 17 interiors beautifully color-matched to exteriors. And beneath all this beauty is exclusive Double Safe Single Unit car construction—*you're always safer in a Hudson!*

Hudson Hornets • Wasps • Ramblers • Metropolitans
Built the Better Way, The American Way
Products of American Motors
Tune in **"Disneyland"**—ABC-TV Network

Hudson Hornet V-8

Call your Hudson dealer for a ride today!

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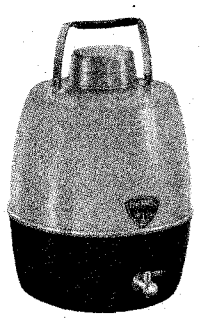
Now...Every Outing A Banquet



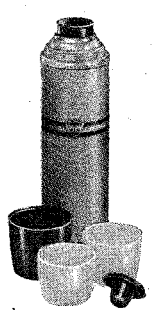
'THERMOS' OUTING JUGS—
Two-tone green baked enamel finish; white porcelain acid-resistant enamel lining. 1 and 2 gallon sizes. Spout or faucet types. $6.25-$10.90.

'THERMOS' ICE CHESTS—
"Hot-Dip" galvanized interior; slip-in food tray; deep-drawn heavy steel construction throughout, leakproof. 16 to 28 inches long. $10.30-$23.

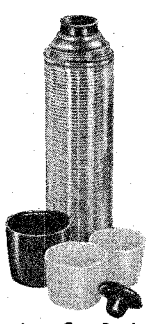
Introducing New, Handsome "Thermos" Outing Jugs and Ice Chests with Amazing Insulation that Holds...and Holds...Cold and Heat.

At last! The greatest name in vacuum ware now brings you a new line of outing jugs and ice chests—featuring an entirely new idea in insulation. Better still, you'll pay *but little more* than for those of inferior quality. Each is finished in two-tone green enamel...sturdily built with plated hardware...and contains an exclusive built-in insulation barrier for *highest* efficiency. Look for the name "THERMOS"...your guarantee of quality and workmanship.

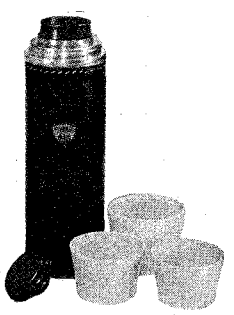
New Exclusive Insulation—"Thermos" brand outing jugs and ice chests feature Low-K (minimum temperature change) insulation throughout for longer-lasting, more efficient results. Just what you need for those all-day family outings where the best insulation is a must.



Steel Case Bottles. For hot or cold liquids. Quart size, only $3.35.



Aluminum Case Bottles. For hot or cold liquids. Quart size, only $3.80.



Double Purpose "Spoon Mouth". Use for semi-solids. Quart size $3.65.

"Widest Mouth" Food Jars. Use for solid foods. Quart size $3.35.

never a lukewarm sip—that's the beauty of

THERMOS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
vacuum ware

Stated capacities approximate.

Outing Kits. Two aluminum quart bottles, sandwich box. $13.95.

All 'Thermos' brand vacuum bottles have

Exclusive Polly Red Top® Insulated Stopper ...won't pop out, leak or absorb odors

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY, NORWICH, CONN. Thermos Bottle Company, Ltd., Toronto • Thermos (1925) Limited, London

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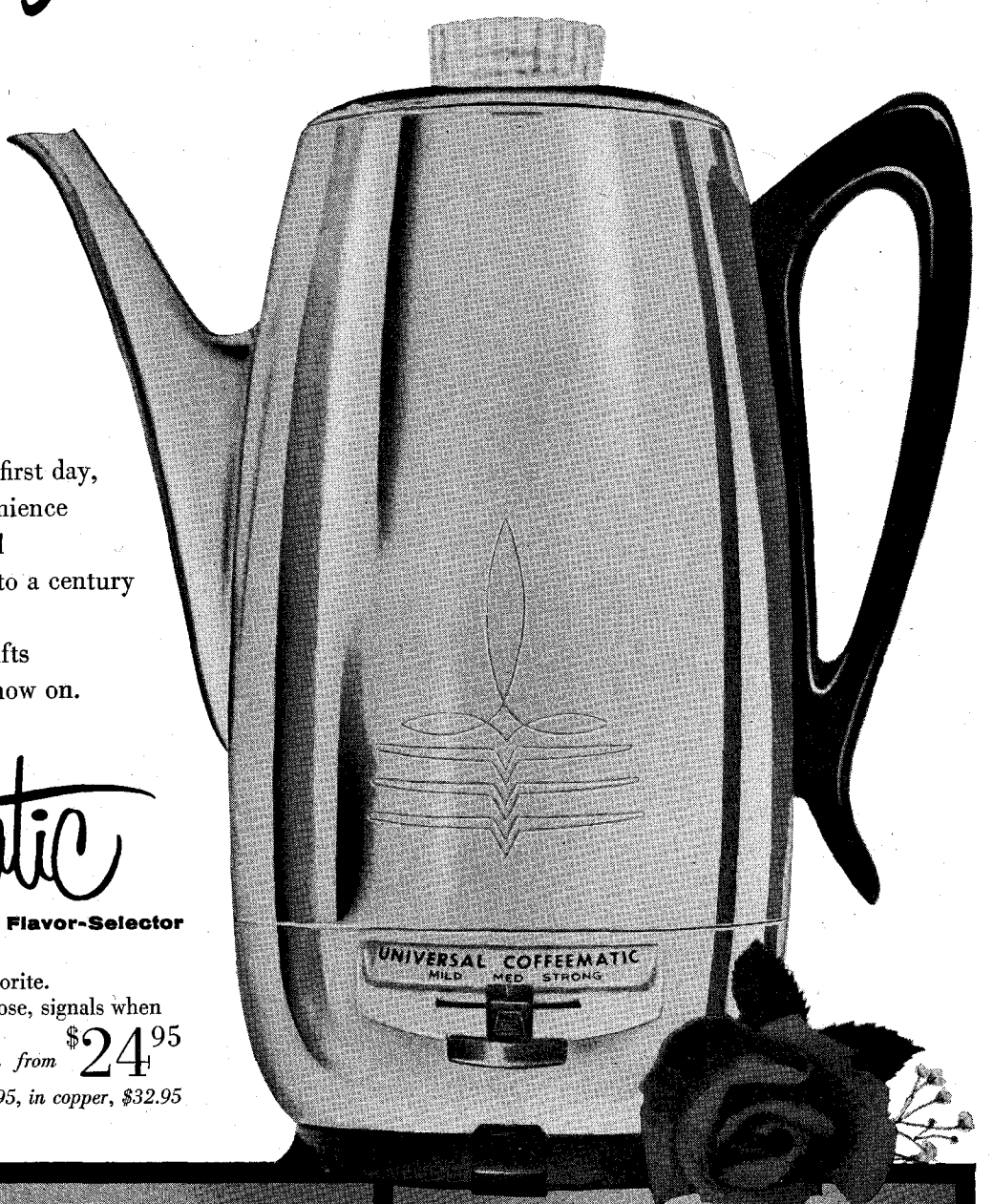
UNIVERSAL *Gifts* make every day honeymoon bright...



Make her housekeeping a joy from the very first day, with the wonderful automatic convenience of these Universal electric housewares. Practical as well as beautiful, each is a tribute to a century old tradition of matchless quality—each offers the ultimate in automatic perfection. Make her gifts Universal, for every gift occasion from now on.

UNIVERSAL *Coffeematic* with the Flavor-Selector

New, finer-than-ever models of America's favorite. Quickly brews to the exact strength you choose, signals when ready and keeps serving temperature without increasing the strength . . . all automatically. *from* $24.95

10-cup model shown, $29.95, in copper, $32.95

Universal Toastamagic

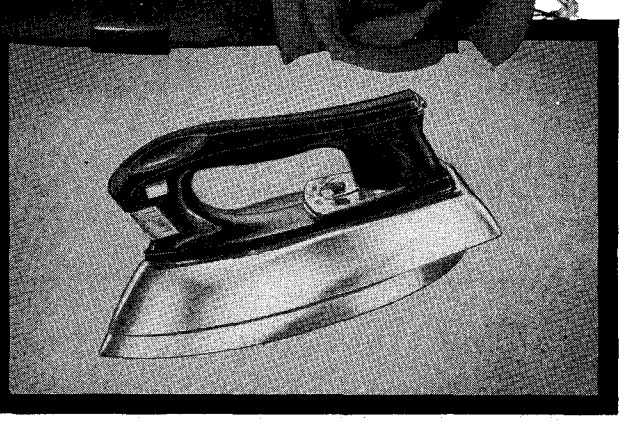
Uses a new toasting principle controlled by reflected heat from the toast. Reflector-Control browns *any* type of bread without adjustment . . . and faster, too! Hi-Rise racks even bring muffins within easy reach. **$17.95**

in copper, $21.95

Universal Automatic Frying Pan

Automatically maintains exact heat you dial. Cooks foods better without sticking or scorching. Sealed-in heating unit lets you immerse the entire pan and the controls in water up to the Signalite for easy cleaning. **$17.95**

cover, $2.00



Universal Steam 'n Dry Iron

Switches from steam to dry at a touch of the *Jiffy-Switch* and without emptying water. Rounded, wrinkleproof heel irons in any direction. Cord switches over for left-handers. Accurate heat for any fabric. **$14.95**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or a Refund of Money if not as advertised therein

UNIVERSAL LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

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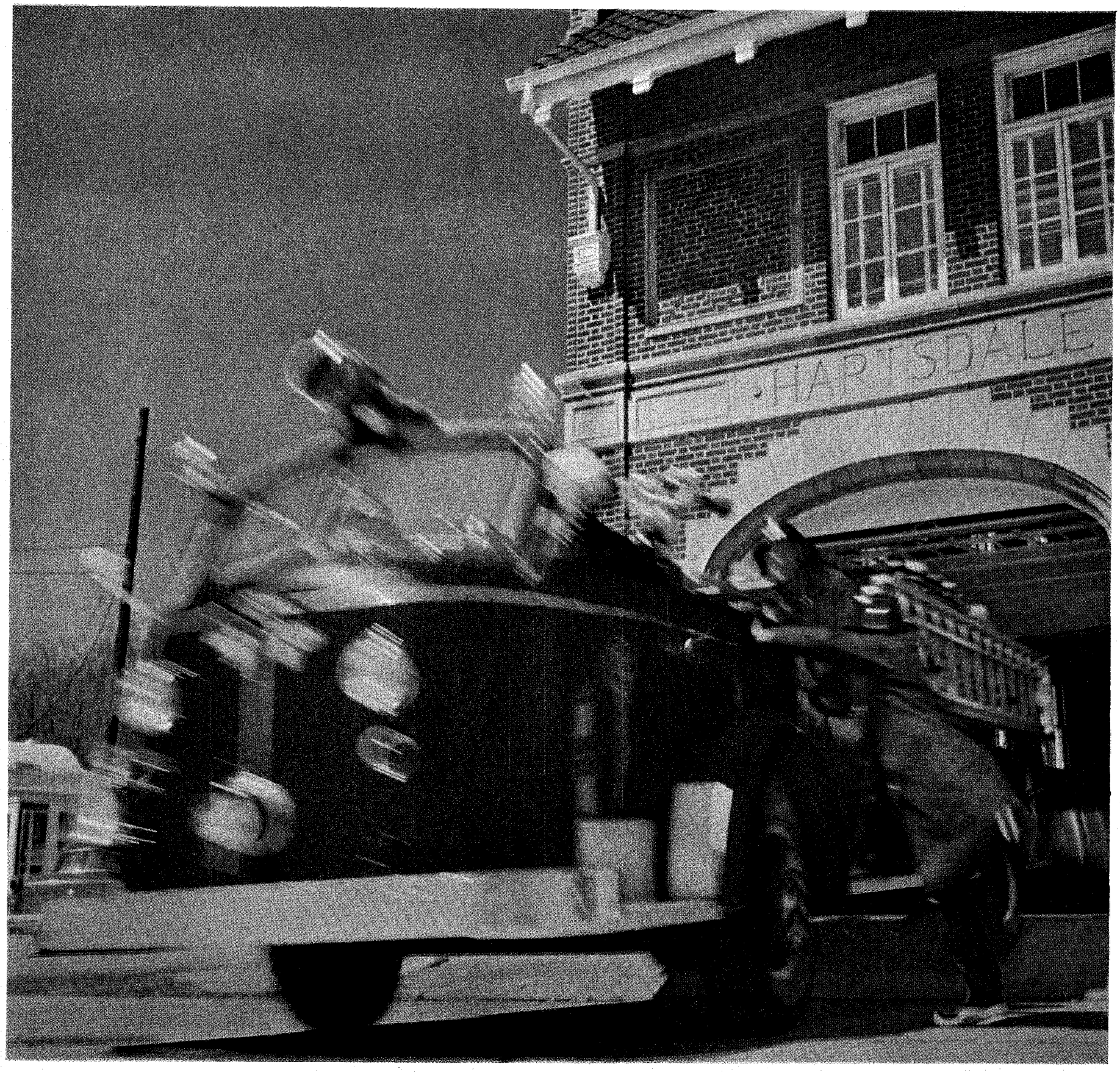
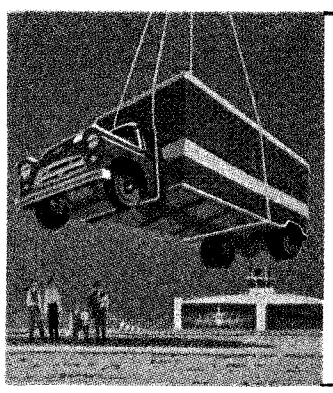


For safety in emergencies...Rayon Hi-Test Tire Cord

Nearly all fire trucks rely on rayon tires for hard, high-speed driving...proof that you can depend on rayon!

Instant get-away... sudden bursts of speed ... tire-punishing stops. If Rayon Hi-Test Tires are safe for fire trucks, you should know they're *safer* for you. Now 20% stronger than ever, Rayon stands up under the toughest driving conditions. Rayon is the only cord that actually gains in strength as tire heat builds up at high speeds. No wonder 9 out of 10 cars ride on Rayon. For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on RAYON HI-TEST Tires. They're standard equipment on every car manufacturer's new '56 models. American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



The Rayon Cord from only one tire is strong enough to lift this 12,000-pound truck ... safely! Pound per pound, Rayon Tire Cord is as strong as steel.

Be sure you ride on RAYON—world's leading tire cord

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Unless you face these facts about FALSE TEETH – you may be in trouble!

If you are one of the many false teeth wearers who is not getting ALL the comfort and pleasure to which you are entitled—this is written for you!

Your denture is an important investment. It's important to your health and, yes, your happiness. Yet so many people who wear a plate or removable bridge just refuse to face the fact that *it can't be treated like natural teeth!*

You just cannot brush your plate or bridge with cleansers like toothpaste or powder (some people even use soap) and expect *to keep yourself free from Denture Breath.* And, *that's* one of life's little tragedies—when you unknowingly offend the people closest to you.

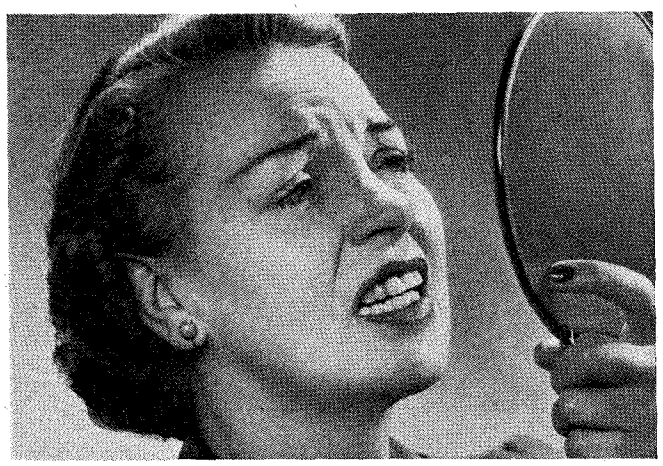
Another hard fact about dentures is this: The plate material isn't as hard as it looks! In fact, with daily brushing *you can wear the fit right off your plate.* And, you don't want to pay for another new denture right away, do you?

You and you alone pay the price of possible pain, expense, and unnecessary social problems when you clean your false teeth *the wrong way!*

So, isn't it time you gave up old-fashioned, ineffective cleansing—brushing of your dentures? Do what *more* dentists recommend—use Polident, the revolutionary cleanser. Polident actually dissolves away film, stain, tarnish, odor—WITHOUT brushing! With Polident it's a soak . . . a rinse . . . a clean, fresh mouth! Remember . . . your investment in your denture is worth *protecting* with Polident!

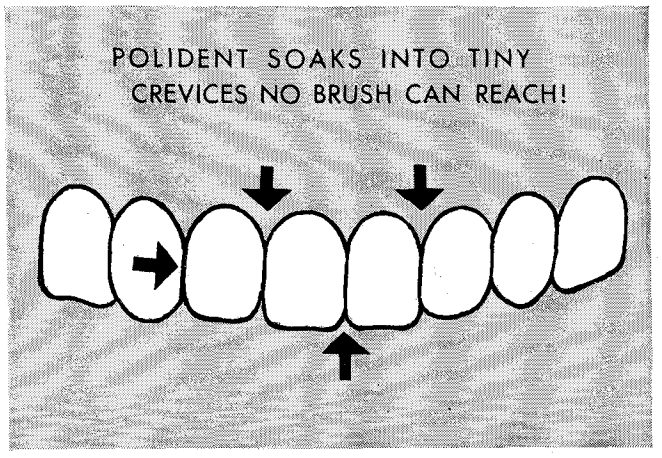
Denture Breath CAN'T be brushed off!

If you wear dentures and brush them, you run the risk of offending with Denture Breath. However, you are *safe,* sure of your charm when you soak your plate in Polident just 15 minutes a day! For amazing Polident, the modern denture cleanser made especially for false teeth, gets into places that no brush can reach, keeps your teeth *hygienically* clean, odor-free.

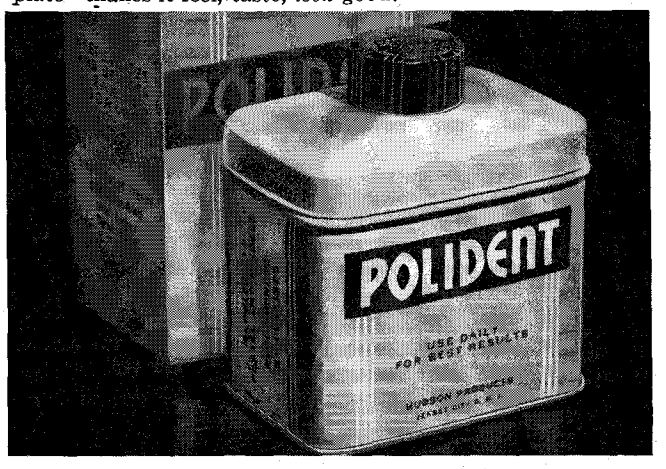


Your Smile Is Spoiled If Your False Teeth Are Dingy, Yellow! Why suffer from unattractive, old-looking teeth? Keep them sparkling-bright with all their original natural look. One quick soak in Polident dissolves that tough, dingy film—keeps your teeth odorless—clean—attractive!

Brushing Makes Scratches Which Trap Odors, Food Particles! Your plate material is so much *softer* than natural teeth. Hence, more dentists recommend Polident—the ideal cleanser—because it swiftly, *safely* removes food and stains without scratching or harming plate material. Polident *purifies* your plate—makes it feel, taste, *look* good!

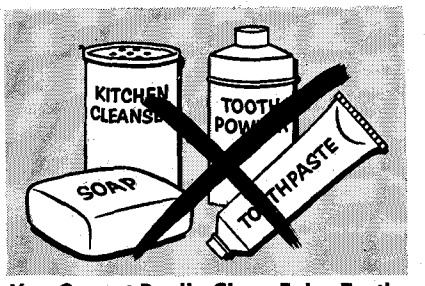


Gentle Polident Cleans Deep where brushing cannot possibly reach. Polident's *soaking* action gets deep down into tiny cracks and crevices you can't reach when you use a brush. And Polident is safe, cannot harm plate material which is *many times softer* than natural teeth.



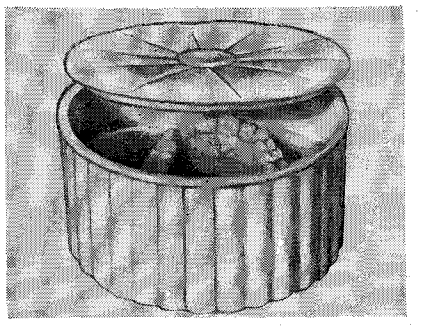
Full Dentures or Partial Plates—You Are Scientifically SAFE with Polident's 15 Minutes a Day Soaking! That's why MORE dentists recommend Polident than *any* other denture cleanser in America. Buy Polident today...at any drug counter. Try it! Only 35¢ and 63¢.

NO!



You Cannot Really Clean False Teeth The Old Way. That tough, almost invisible film which collects on your plates is a nest for impurities! Household cleansers *ruin* plates. A brush cannot reach *all* danger spots!

YES!



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• *Get the Beautiful Denture Bath for quick, easy soaking of dentures. See offer on every Polident package.*

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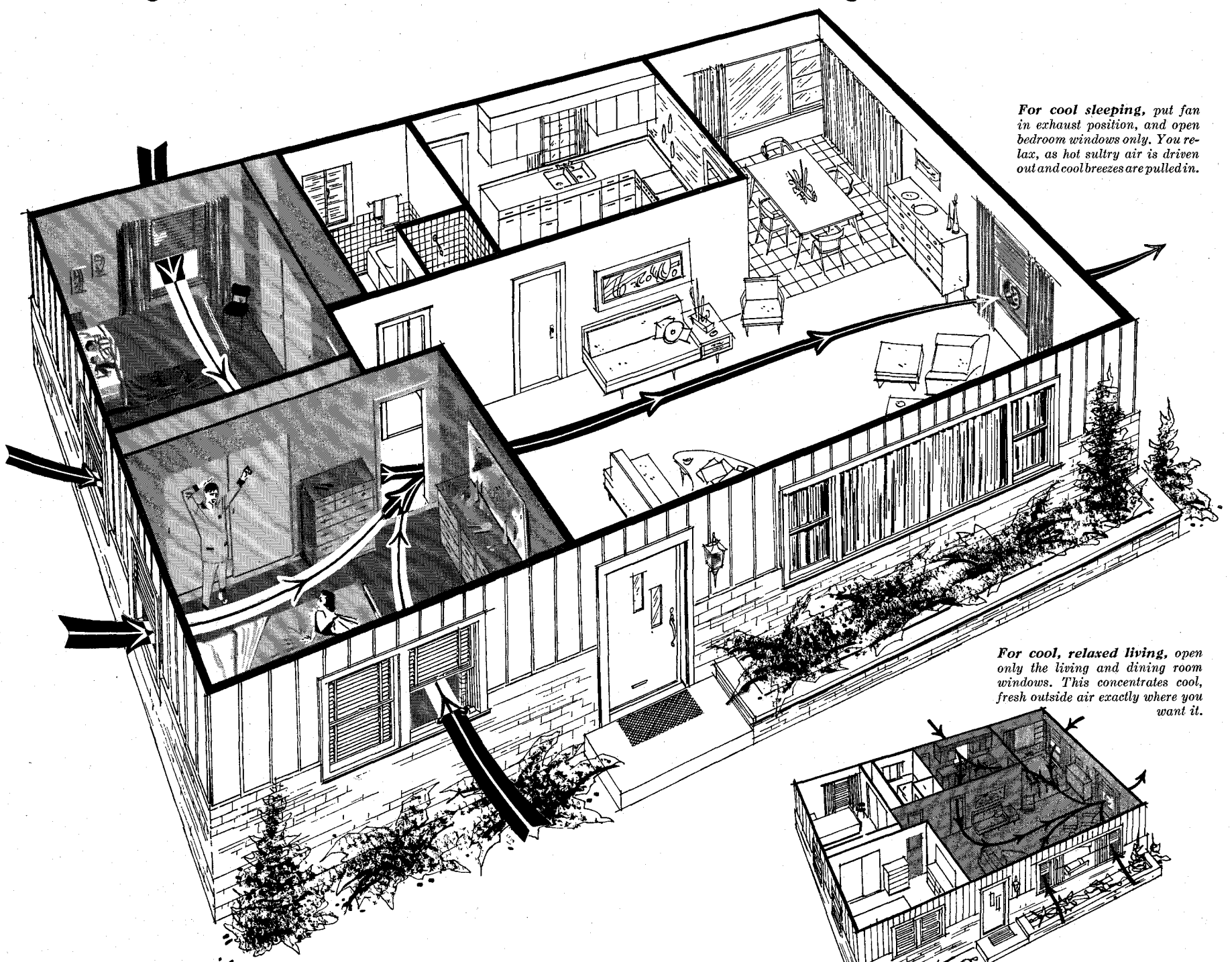
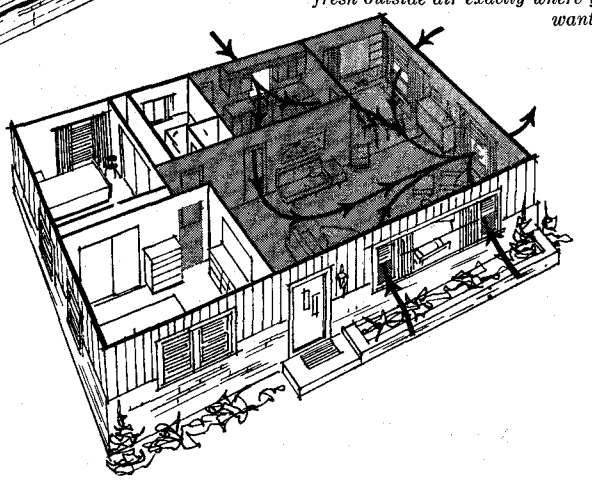


For cool sleeping, *put fan in exhaust position, and open bedroom windows only. You relax, as hot sultry air is driven out and cool breezes are pulled in.*

For cool, relaxed living, *open only the living and dining room windows. This concentrates cool, fresh outside air exactly where you want it.*



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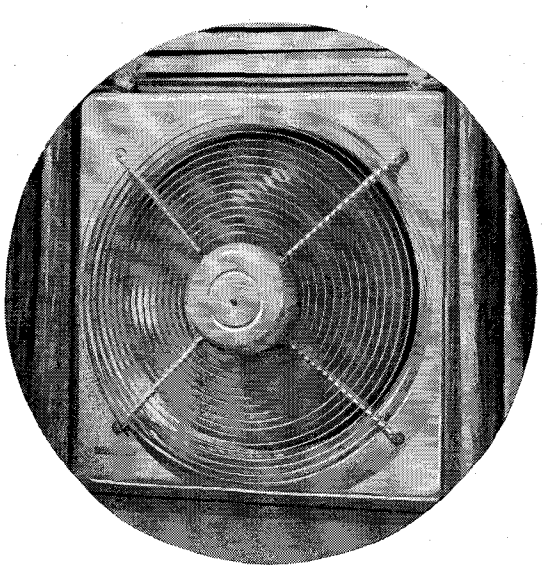
This "happy marriage" of parts explains how a single R&M Window Fan can cool up to 4 rooms. It explains where this fan gets the power to pull breezes around corners and through doorways!

All you do is open the windows in the room or rooms you're using, and close all others! Then set your R&M Window Fan in exhaust position, and watch the curtains rustle, as cool, fresh breezes fill 2, 3, or 4 rooms!

Electrically reversible, intake and exhaust. High and low speeds. Install with a screwdriver, and plug in! 5-year guarantee. 18″, **$64.95;** 22″, **$84.95** (with thermostat, $3.00 more). For free literature, write *Robbins & Myers, Fan Div., SP-66, Box 3737, Memphis 14, Tenn.*

R&M® design means more breeze per dollar!



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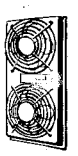

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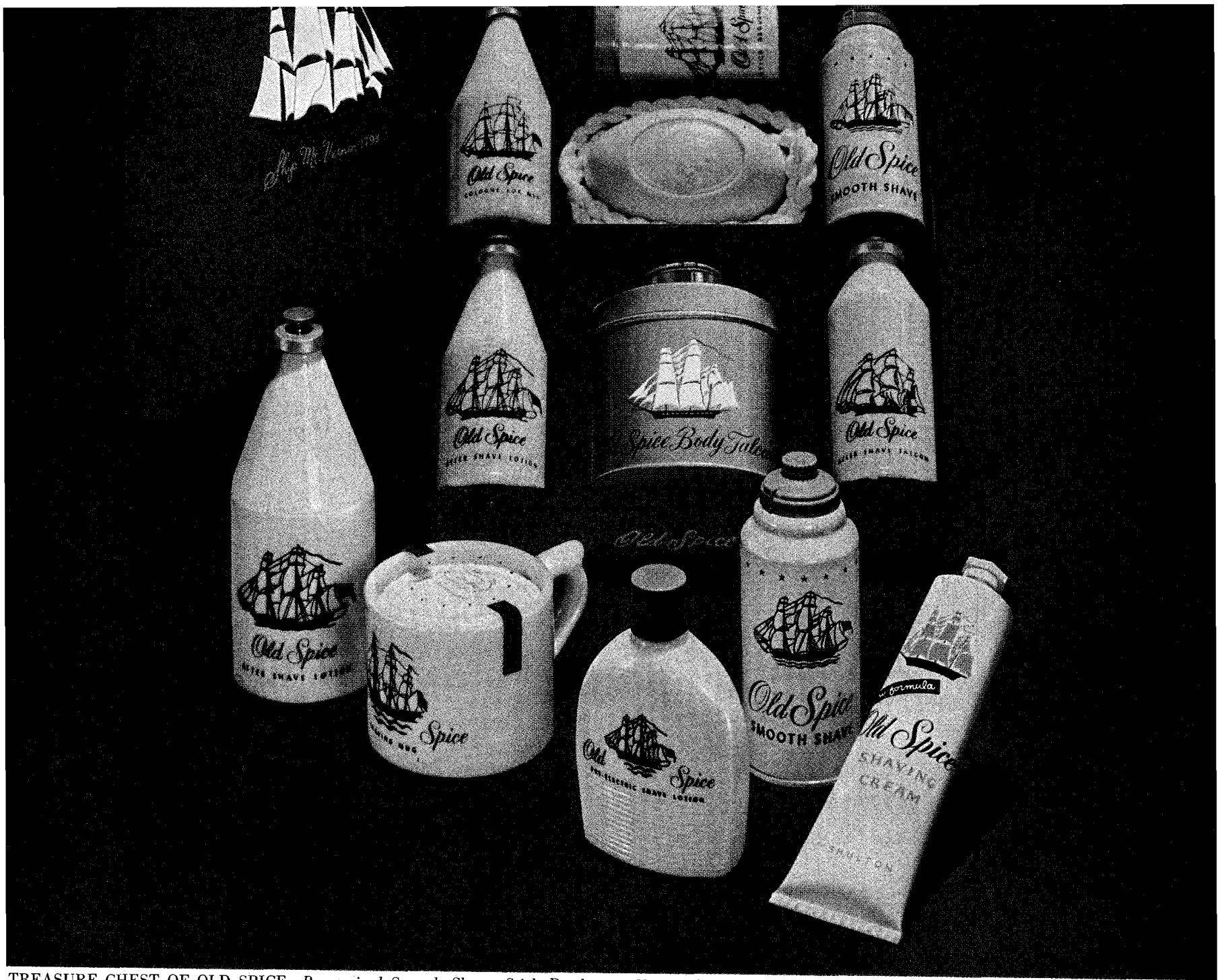

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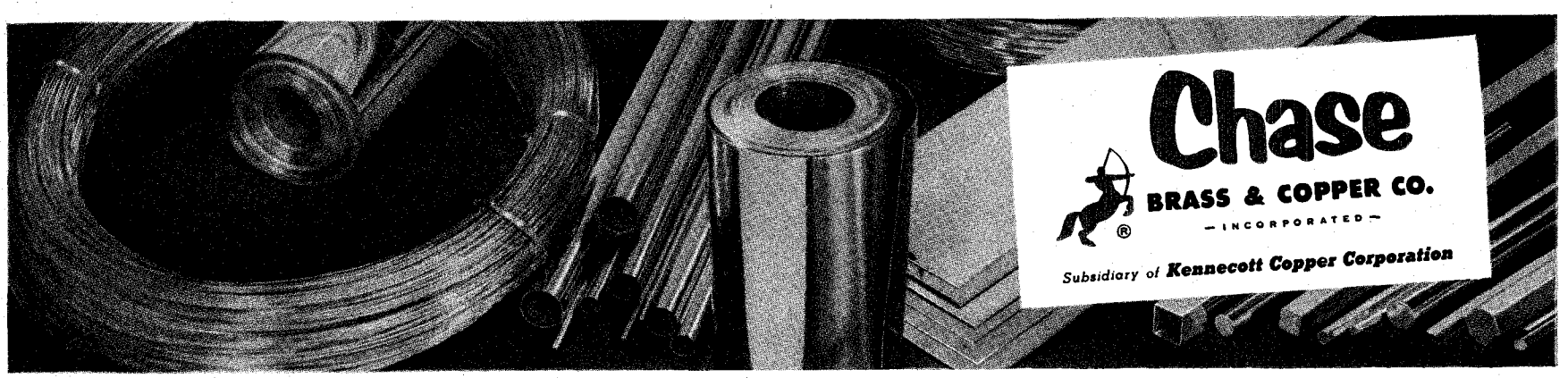

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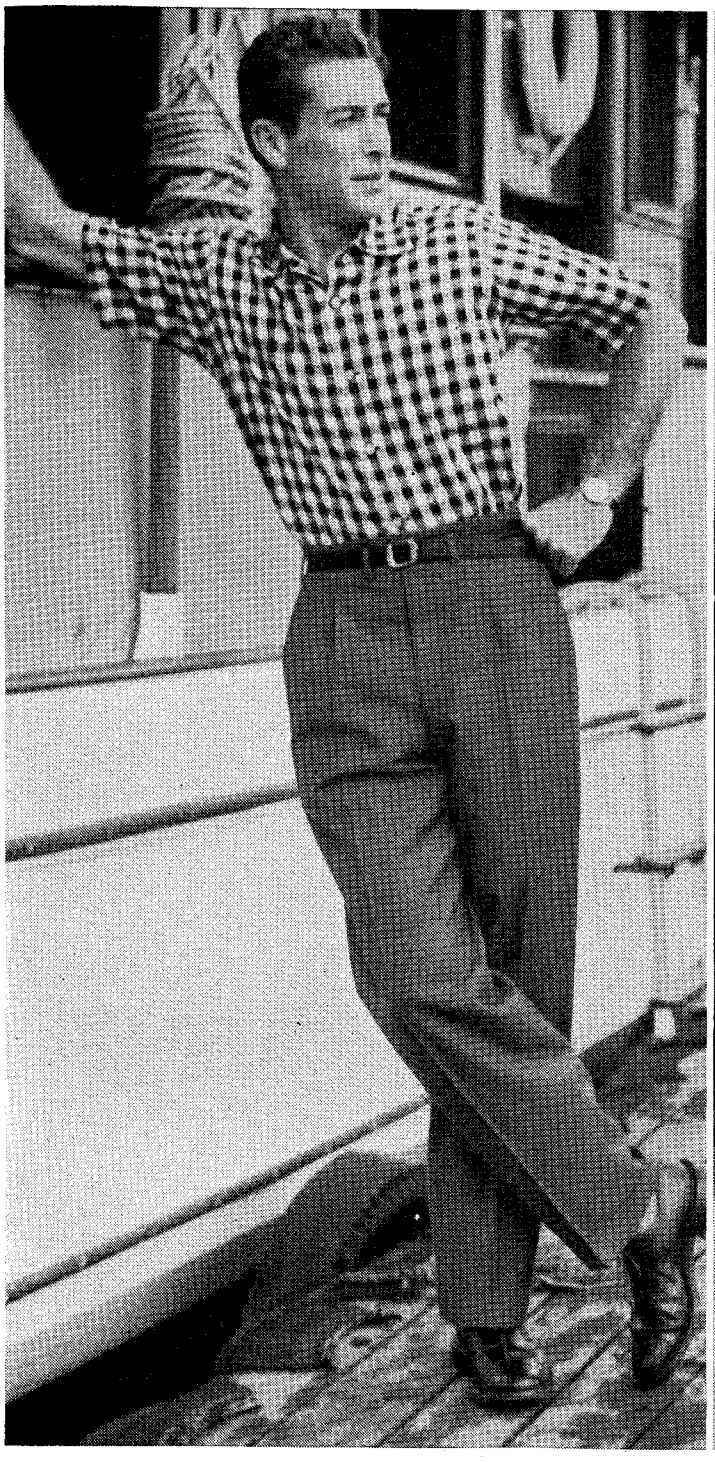

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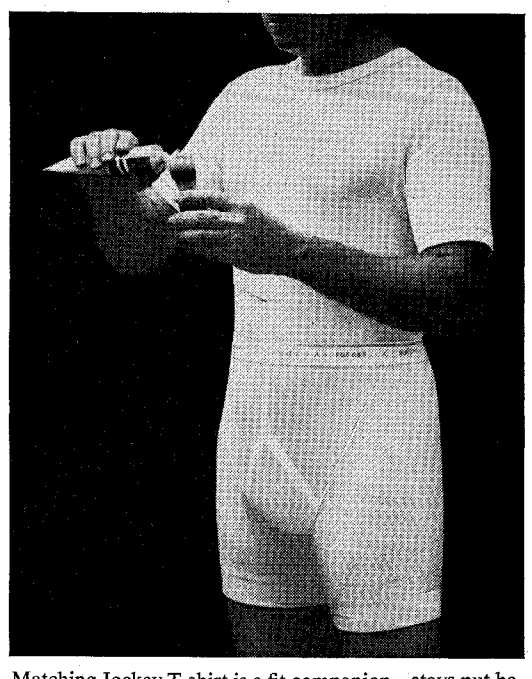

Matching Jockey T-shirt is a fit companion—stays put because it's extra long. Choice of round crew or "V" necks.

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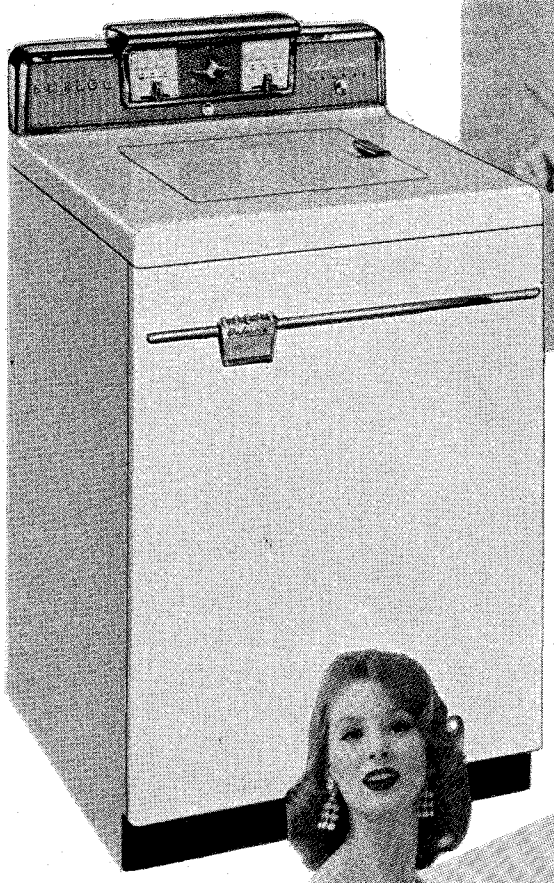
Ceil Chapman famous fashion designer an

"Here at last..

that safely washes

lovely new



ONE OF CEIL CHAPMAN'S LATEST CREATIONS, A GORGEOUS COCKTAIL DRESS THAT IS EASILY WASHABLE IN A PHILCO AUTOMATIC WASHER.

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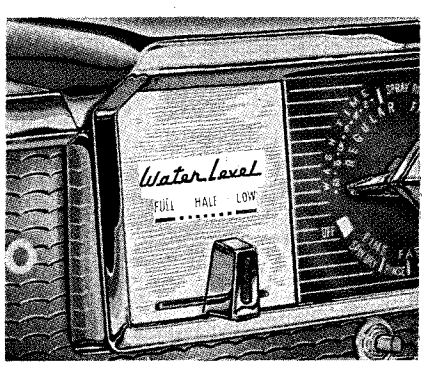
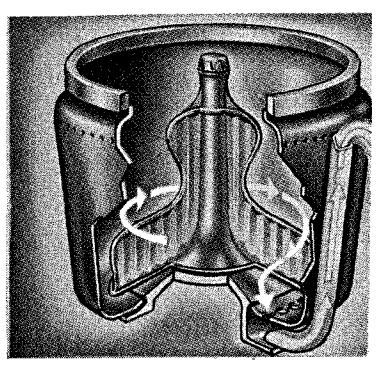
1 Separate Cycle for FINE FABRICS

Philco's Fine Fabric Cycle takes far less time, and it's as gentle as hand care . . . especially necessary for clothes with *any* fibers that are *weaker in water!* And Philco lets you shorten or skip any cycle as *you* please!



AUTOMATIC WATER SAVER. Matches the right amount of water—at the right *temperature*—to the size of the clothes load. Saves up to 15 gallons of water per load.

AUTOMATIC FILTER RINSE. Insures *hygienic* cleanliness for your clothes. Floats lint and unsanitary scum up and *over* the spin tub. Never squeezes dirty water through clothes.



AUTOMATIC SEDIMENT EJECTOR. I washer of sand, grit, loose dirt and "p et particles". Here's a feature you'll p when washing summer play clothes.

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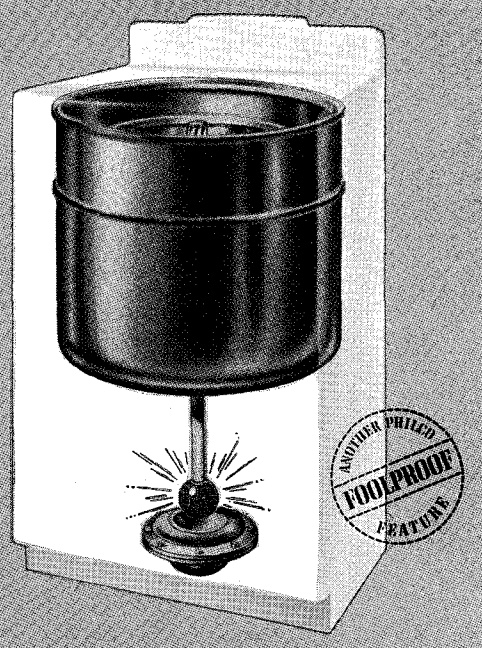
ric expert, says:

foolproof automatic ven the liracle Fabrics!"

More and more of the clothes worn by every member of your family are being made of the new miracle fibers, often blended with cotton, wool, or each other. To wash *all* these fabrics without putting harmful strain on fibers, stitches or buttons required a *new kind* of washer, one that would handle them *without* ROUGH ACTION! Yet the *same* washer had to be capable of getting the dirtiest work clothes super clean!

Philco has answered this *double* problem with BALL POINT BALANCE, a foolproof mechanism that eliminates all ROUGH ACTION that is so hard on both clothes and washer. See it demonstrated at your Philco dealer's now!



Ball Point Balance*

The exclusive Philco development that means ruggedness without rough action . . . the secret of

No cut-offs— no half-washed clothes

No jerk, no pull, no stretch

No harmful vibration

Automatically adjusts to ANY load

Longer washer life

Philco's amazing Ball Point Balance uses just *one* part to absorb all the stresses and strains of washer operation—not a complicated system of weights, springs, dampers and shock absorbers. **Pat. Pending*

2 Separate Cycle for REGULAR WASH

Philco gets the dirtiest work clothes *super* clean . . . and because of Ball Point Balance, Philco handles washable rugs, blankets, bedspreads and other bulky articles that cause "cut-offs"—or can't even be washed—in some automatics.

PHILCO®

Ball Point Balance

AUTOMATIC

PROVEN BY OVER 6,500,000 FAMILY WASHINGS

Good Companion
PHILCO Sun-a-matic Dryer
Dries your clothes "sunshine fresh" and sanitary . . . at any *time*, in any *weather*. Electric or gas models.

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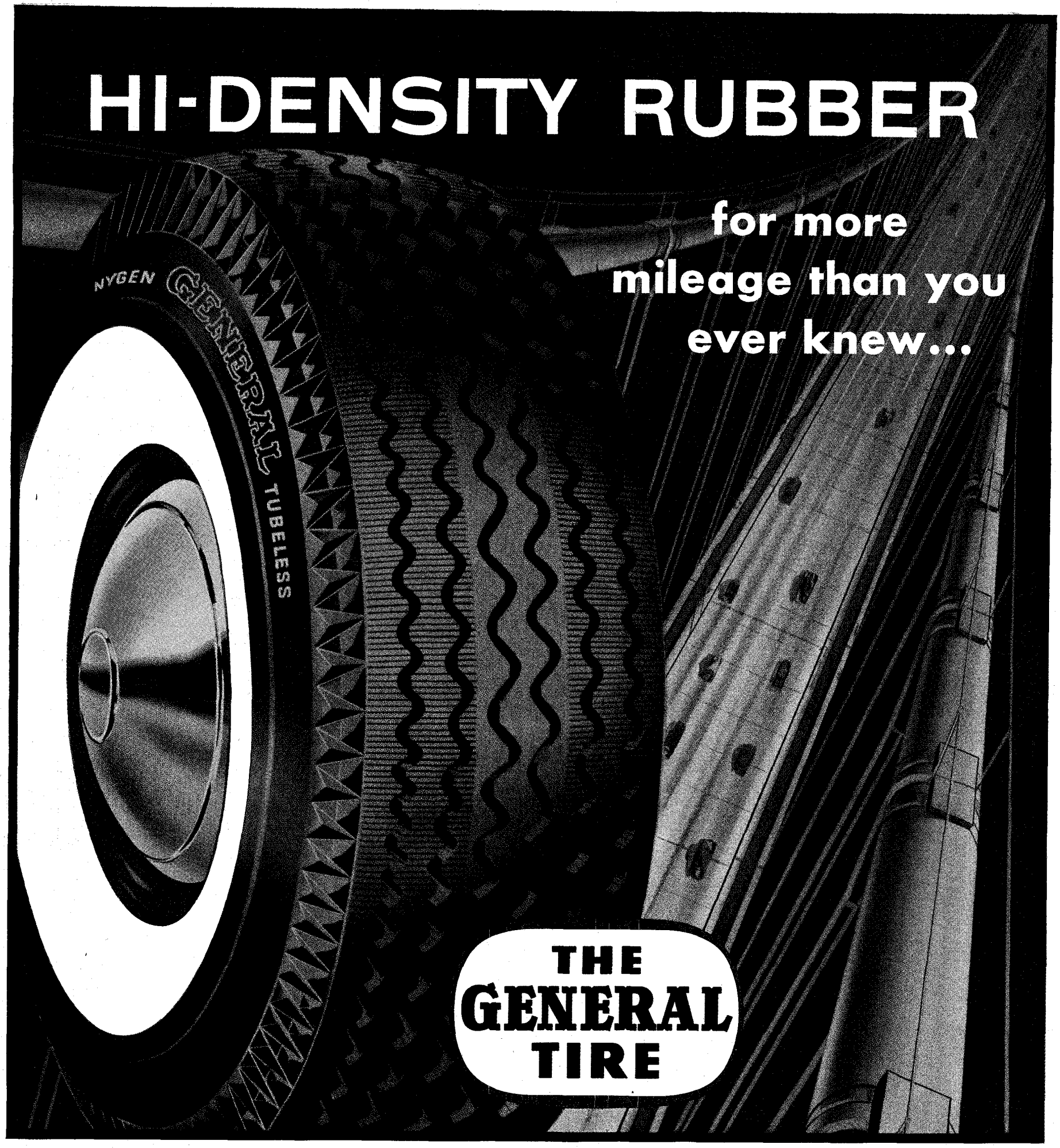
HI-DENSITY RUBBER

for more mileage than you ever knew...



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pound for pound,
stronger than steel cables!

HI-DENSITY Rubber gives you all the extra-long, extra-safe mileage you have ever wanted in a tire. It combines tremendous toughness with ground-gripping softness for skid-safety. You get quick, straight stops and quiet running, even on wet pavements.

Your General Tire Dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration.

THE GENERAL TIRE...GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

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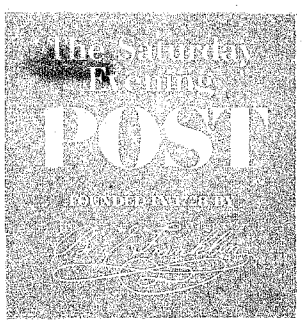
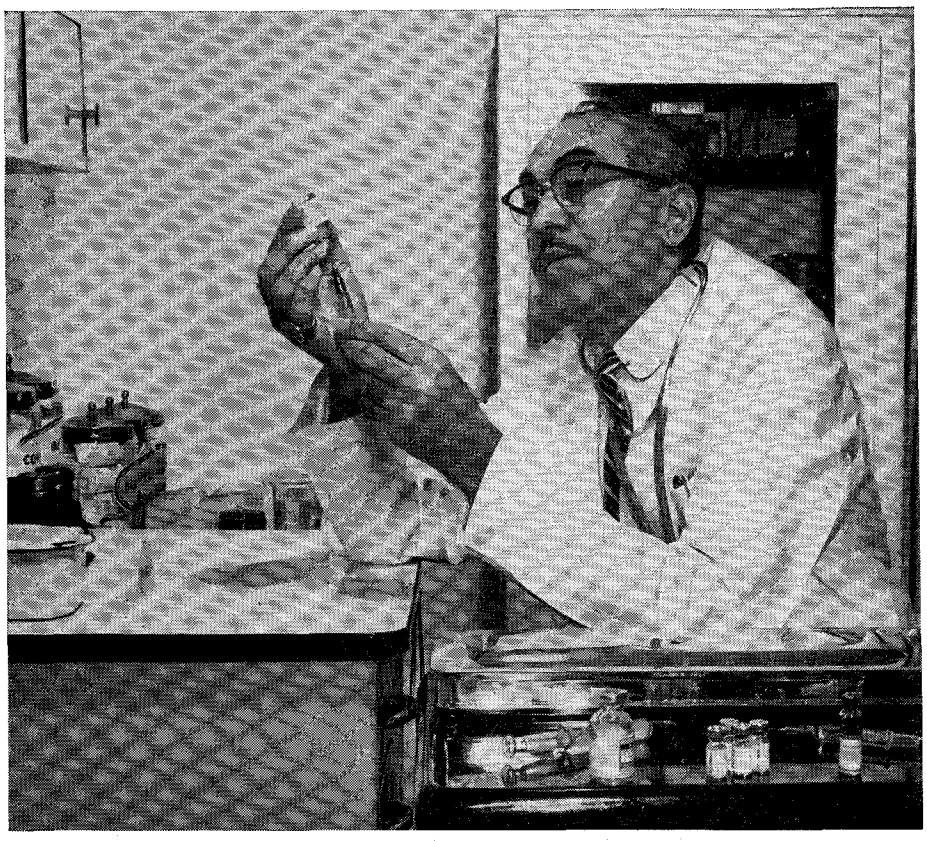


DOCTORS SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH

By I. PHILLIPS FROHMAN, M.D.,
as told to Sidney Shalett

"The time has come for doctors to stop treating patients like backward children," says this physician, who tells how lives could be saved by medical candor.



Doctor Frohman: "Medicine is a scientific profession, not a mysterious cult, and there is no reason why we cannot talk about what we are doing."

Mrs. Jones, who had just moved to Washington, had been unpacking crates and pushing furniture around when the internal bleeding began. Her former doctor was more than 1000 miles away and Mrs. Jones didn't know any Washington doctor.

In desperation, Mrs. Jones called to her next-door neighbor. The neighbor, a patient of mine, drove Mrs. Jones to my office. Mrs. Jones, an intelligent woman, told me what she could, but, regarding the vital information which I needed to have, she was as vague and uninformed as a child from another planet.

"I had an operation, doctor," Mrs. Jones said. "It was about five weeks ago. The doctor told me it was something like a tumor or a growth in the womb. I'm not sure, but I think he burned it out. He didn't tell me much. I guess he thought I wouldn't understand all those medical words."

As a general practitioner, I do not perform abdominal surgery, but it was my responsibility to diagnose what was causing the bleeding. If the services of a surgeon were indicated, it was up to me to give my surgical colleague the benefit of my diagnosis, as well as the patient's past medical history as fully as I could trace it. What was causing her bleeding? Was it the strain of pushing the furniture so soon after her operation? Was it an abnormal menstrual period? Or was it some complication in the wake of that operation for "something like a tumor"?

Above all, what had that operation been? Was there actually a tumor? If so, where had it been located? Had it been removed by surgery or had it been "burned out"—by electric cauterization—as Mrs. Jones thought? Or had there been merely an exploratory "D and C"—dilatation and curettage—which is a scraping of the uterus? In either event, what were the pathological findings—benign or cancerous?

These were the things we had to know, and these were the things Mrs. Jones could not tell me. A card or a letter from her gynecologist would have made it so simple.

Mrs. Jones was losing blood at an alarming rate. There were other complications which made me and the surgeon who was called in decide that immediate action was imperative. Efforts to reach the distant gynecologist immediately by long-distance telephone were not successful.

So, following the obvious course, the surgeon performed an exploratory scraping, found a condition known as hyperplastic endometrium (an excessive thickening of the side wall of the uterus), and removed it. Both of us worked at a disadvantage, being in the dark as to the patient's past history. As it happened, we did the right thing. But what if an entirely different course of treatment might have been indicated? The results could have been less fortunate for Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones was not fully to blame, of course, but in her (Continued on Page 118)

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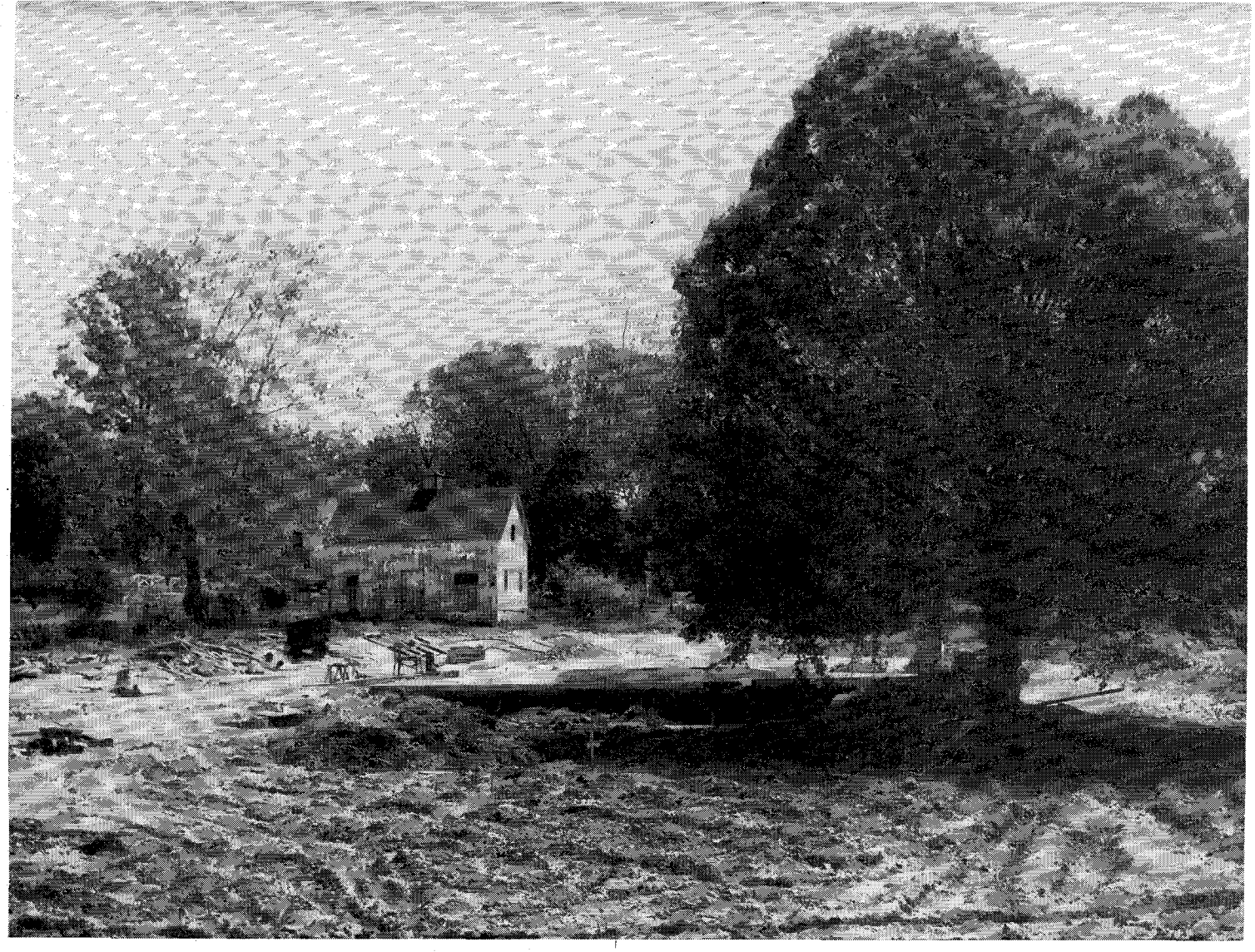
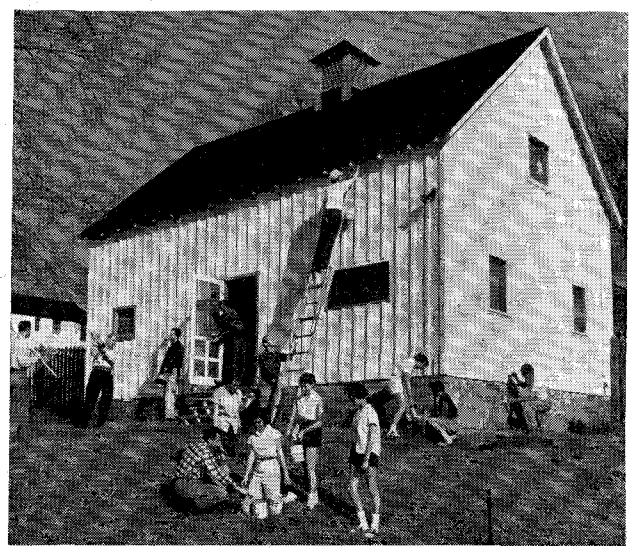


How We Built Our Pool

By DONALD S. STROETZEL

The author and his neighbors decided to build a community pool, and did. But they found that the job involved more than just digging a hole and filling it with water.



Above: the pool site as it appeared when construction began in early spring last year. Note old barn in background. Left: Volunteers spruce up the club grounds for the coming season. The refurbished barn now serves as a snack bar and manager's office.

From where I sit in a sometimes sweltering suburb of the nation's capital, I figure that a man of moderate means has five choices if he wants to go swimming. By stretching his budget, he may join a country club or build a back-yard pool. He may flee to the beach with bumper-to-bumper traffic on the way, or to the public pool, with shoulder-to-shoulder crowding on arrival. Or he may—if he's foolhardy and farsighted—join with neighbors and build a community swimming pool.

Such nonprofit pools, co-operatively financed by 200 to 600 member families, are springing up from California to New Jersey. In our Washington, D.C., suburbs alone, nineteen bands of do-it-yourself citizens have put in pools in the past three years. All found the co-op path lined with thorns. All felt that achievement of their goal was worth the scars.

That's the way we found it, a group of twenty men who undertook to create a community pool in our particular patch of suburbia—one square mile of mostly look-alike houses on the southwestern rim of Kensington, Maryland. We were men of varied occupations, ranging from writer to architect, doctor to Government worker, rug cleaner to dairyman. Our incomes ran from around $4500 to perhaps $12,000. We dreamed of an uncrowded, sanitary and well-supervised place where pop could take a quick dip before dinner, where mom could entertain friends, where junior could learn to swim. We got just that when we finally stumbled out of our strange new world of scum gutters and underwater vacuum cleaners, but never again will any of us say, "Building a pool must be simple—just like making a basement and filling it with water."

Before we finished the job, our twenty men faced the likelihood of being personally stuck with a $10,000 tract of land we had bought on credit. We jousted with a fast-talking contractor who turned out to be fresh from jail. We got talked about at a national convention of urban planners. We plunged into politics and

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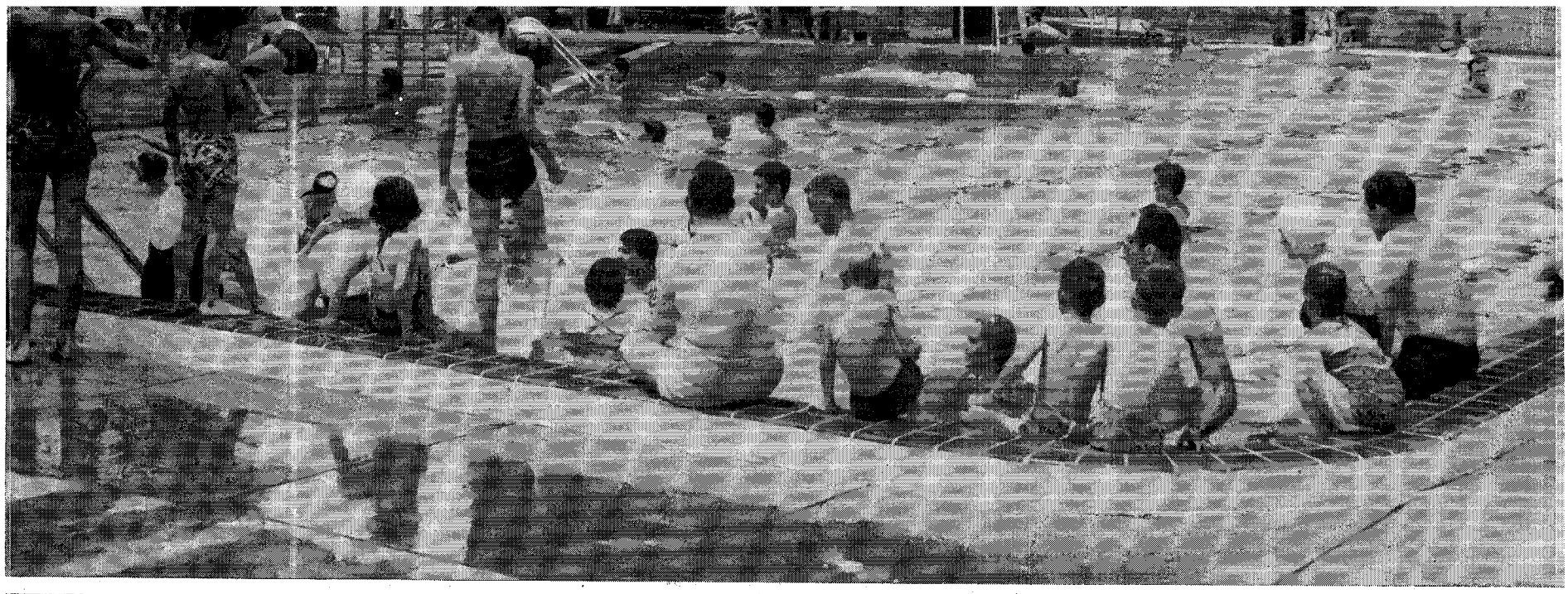

Originally, the planners intended to build a stripped-down, $10,000 pool. They ended up with a tile-bordered de luxe model which cost nearly $60,000. Left: The youngest members squeal with delight in their private wading pool.

Peggy Whilden, a recreation specialist, heads the community swimming club's professional staff of seven.

The author and his wife, Dorothy. She started it all with the casual remark: "What we need is a pool."

put amendments into a law. Our little neighborhood pool ultimately generated a stack of press clippings six inches thick, and sparked an editorial in the Washington Post quite as long as a piece on Statehood for Alaska.

On one occasion our project was almost smothered by an outhouse. An earlier pool group in another neighborhood had installed this unsightly two-holer as a temporary convenience for swimmers, and at one of our zoning hearings a picture of it was displayed by a property owner living near our site. "Is this the kind of 'highly sanitary facility' I'm to have under my window?"

We cringed. We only wanted to build a pool, yet our struggles with Montgomery County and state bureaucracy seemed to pivot on toilets. "You must have one for every ten people using the pool," an official of the Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission told us.

This meant that our pool, with 350 member families, and an average of four people to a family, would need 140 toilets. We visualized row after row of porcelain bowls crisscrossing our site. Where would we find room for the pool, if we could afford a pool after buying so much plumbing? Only through patient negotiation did we reduce our quota of flushing fixtures to a workable number, three for women and five for men—a discrepancy of accommodation reflecting a most peculiar prejudice among Maryland health officers.

In our first days of high-riding enthusiasm, a contractor had told us, "I can build your pool in less than three months, weather permitting." But our project took three years, not three months, from civic-association send-off to first dip. No fault of the builder's; we spent most of this time untangling miles of preconstruction red tape.

Our cost estimates didn't hold up either. Jim Jacobs, who occupied the three-bedroom rambler next to my Cape Cod, had told me, "Don, I'm with you if the whole thing doesn't cost more than (Continued on Page 75)

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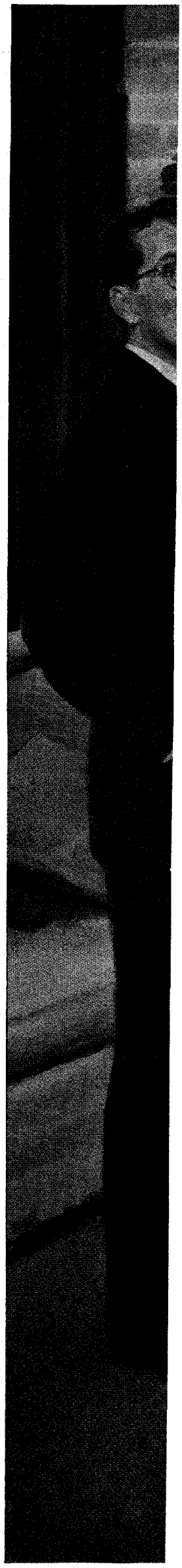
Nancy changed her tactics when she discovered

BOYS ARE AFRAID OF GIRLS

By JOHN DE MEYER

Illustrated by R. G. Harris



Nancy was presumably doing her homework, but when Walter Fenton left his beloved tulips and walked into the house, what he saw in the living room caused his mouth to fall open. His fifteen-year-old daughter was draped across an overstuffed chair, she had on faded dungarees, a tired sweat shirt, antique saddle shoes, her pony hairdo was tied with a limp red ribbon and she had an enormous dish of ice cream in her lap. She was also reading a magazine, the television set was on full blast and the radio was apparently doubling in brass for the entire neighborhood.

"Nancy!" Walter Fenton exploded.

Nancy sighed. "Yes, father?"

Walter Fenton recognized the sigh as his daughter's the-rebellion-is-here-so-let's-see-how-bad-it-is-before-we-get-excited question mark. Which didn't help his feelings a bit. When Nancy had first become fifteen and had made the glorious discovery that there were boy creatures in the world, he had gone by the familiar "daddy." But now that Nancy was an elderly fifteen and wise to the ways of catching boy creatures, she had suddenly taken to the more formal "father." At first Walter Fenton, starved for dignity within his own household, had been pleased. Then he had discovered the enormous number of implications to the word "father." The word could imply everything from woebegone poverty, dire exhaustion which required automobile transportation to school, acquiescence, tolerance and a need for assistance with her homework, to impatience, lofty scorn, forbearance, martyrdom, renunciation, sacrifice and a complete resignation to the utter impossibility of ever being able to cope with retarded parents.

"What about your homework?" Walter Fenton demanded.

Nancy reached behind her for a notebook. "See, father?"

Like most fathers, Walter Fenton hated to be confronted with a *fait accompli* in the face of parental indignation. Fortunately, there was still the ice-cream, magazine, radio and television ensemble.

"Nancy, shut your eyes and tell me what's on television!" he ordered.

Nancy shut her eyes and licked ice cream from her spoon. "The kidnaper in the checkered shirt is sneaking up on Roy Rogers; on the radio Our Miss Brooks is saying no again, on account of she wants more time to think; the story in the magazine is about a juvenile delinquent with obtuse parents, and the judge has just told the father to give up golf if he wants to save his boy; and this ice cream is chocolate, lemon and lime, orange sherbet and peppermint stick. Is there anything else you want to know, father?"

"No," said Walter Fenton, deflated.

The telephone rang.

"Will you please pass me the phone, father?"

"Nancy! How can you possibly know the phone is for you?"

"I bet it is."

"Well, I bet it isn't!" said Walter Fenton.

He answered the phone and a young female voice said, "May I speak to Nancy, please?" Dismally, Walter Fenton handed the phone to Nancy.

"Thank you, father," Nancy said.

Which caused Walter Fenton to stomp out of the house. Something undefinably baffling and exasperating had come into his life and he intended to find out what it was.

He found his wife, Emily, raking up the debris he had left from weeding his tulips. "Emily, will you tell me what's going on around here?" he said. As usual, he approached Emily with the indirect, for after seventeen years of married life he had learned that the outcome of approaching Emily directly was unpredictable; he was always in danger of winding up arguing against his own premise.

Emily handed him the rake. "You dug these weeds; you rake 'em," she said.

"I asked you a question, Emily."

"Isn't her homework done?"

Walter Fenton flapped his hands helplessly. "Yes," he sighed.

"Well? She can't get much better than straight *A*'s, you know."

"But she's in there dressed like a queen of the hoboes!"

"Last month when the females of this house bought a few frocks, you howled like a banshee."

"And she's eating a gallon of ice cream, reading a magazine, listening to the radio and watching television, all at the same time!"

"Poor kid."

"How about poor me?" Walter Fenton cried. "Emily, my own daughter is beginning to treat me like a backward child!"

(Continued on Page 114)

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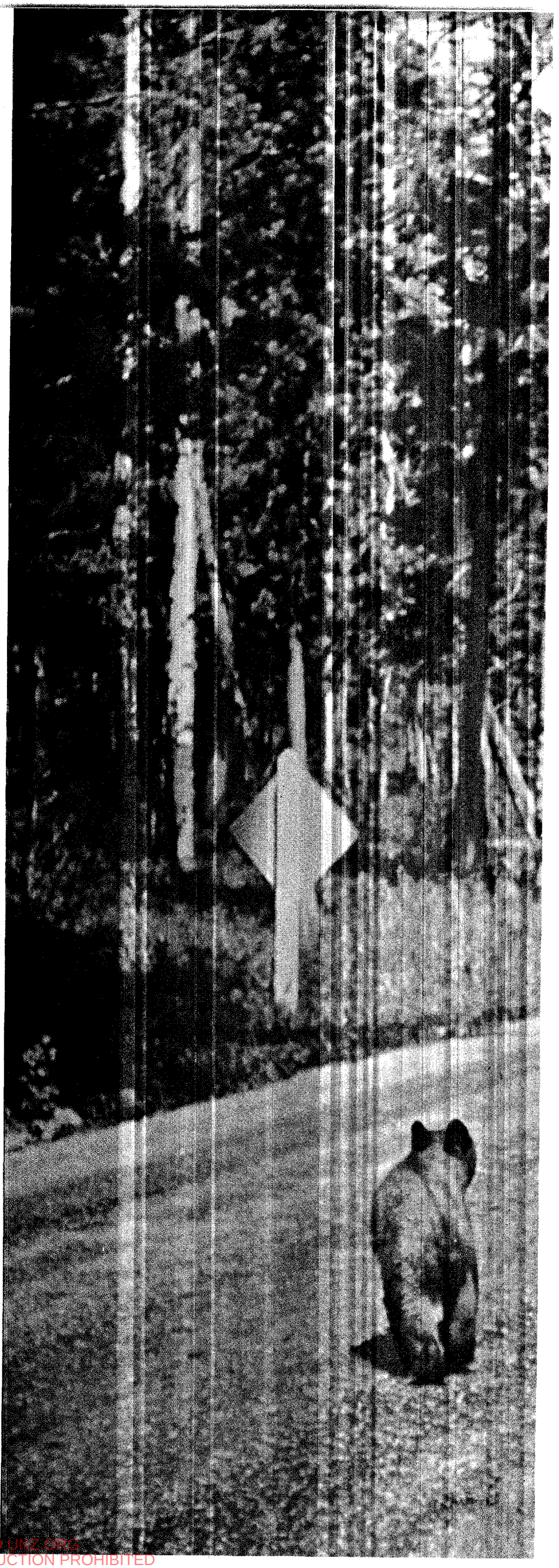
The Face of AMERICA

"Howdy, Folks!"

You're driving in Yellowstone National Park one fair summer's day, somewhere between Lower Falls and Dunraven Pass, and you pull up at the edge of the hardtop, perhaps to put fresh film in the camera, or maybe just to take a quiet look at Nature. When suddenly Nature in the form of Mamma Bear ambles over to get a close-up view of *you*. What now, Vacationer? First off, don't encourage the beast's evident desire to rub noses with you, because if you roll the window 'way down you're apt to have a shaggy passenger in the back seat. You can start the motor and pull away slowly, but Mère Bear may show her displeasure at this gambit by removing a goodly supply of paint from your car with her sharp fingernails. Better lower the window gingerly and sacrifice that turkey sandwich, the one that had *your* name on it all morning, then edge away while Mamma is busy. But toss your offering on your side of the white line. Junior is working the other side of the road, and he seems bent on rubbing noses whether that oncoming car stops or not. ○ Photograph by D. W. Curtis.



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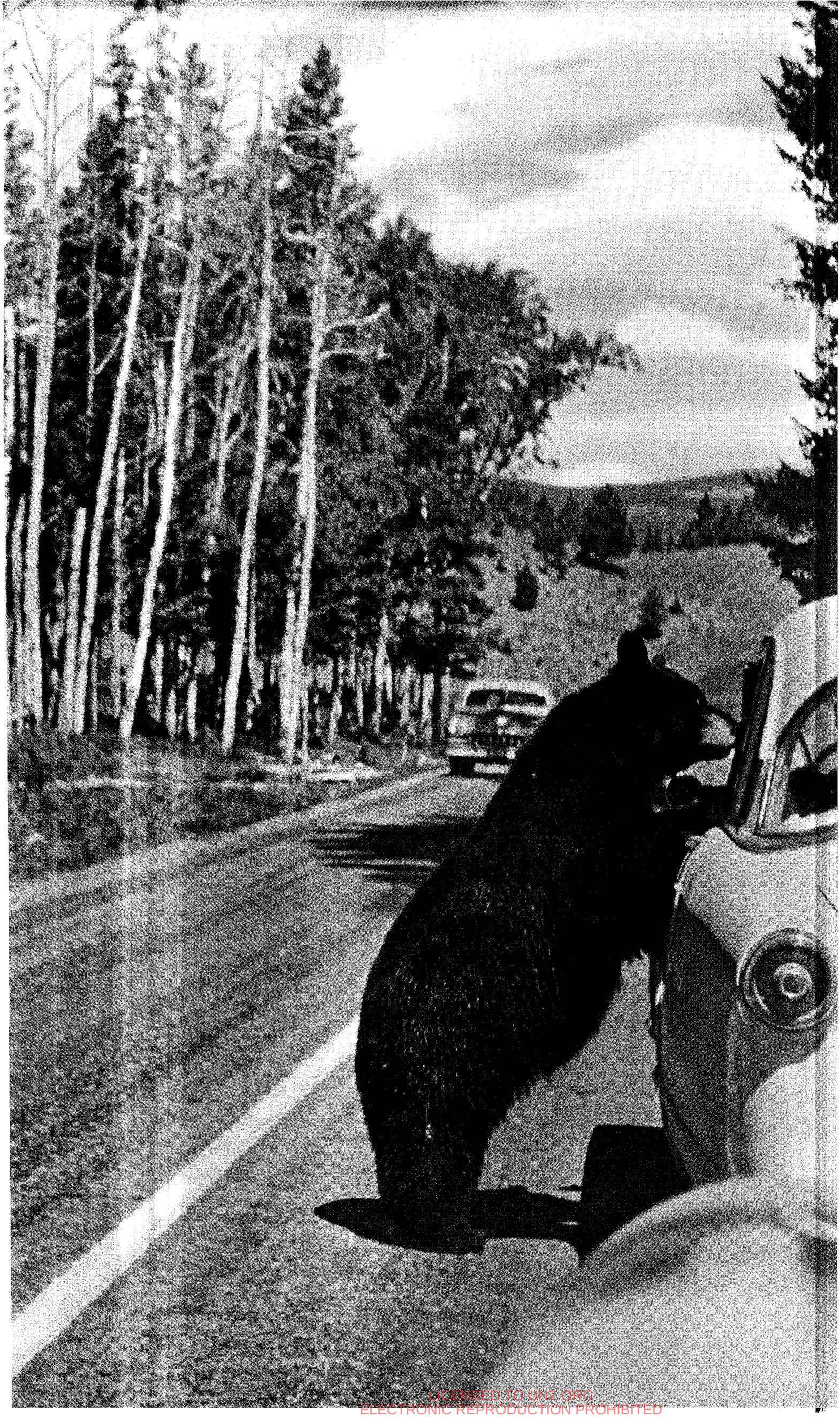

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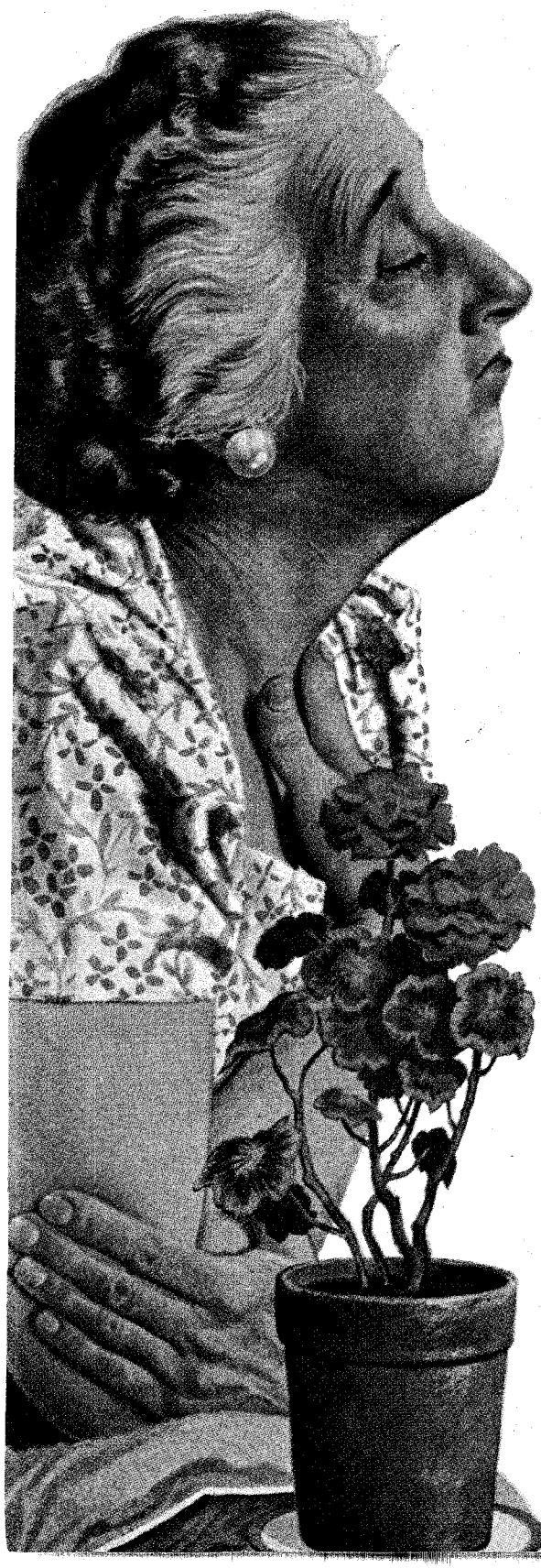
He had a wife and two kids. It was a crime the way he carried on with . . .

The Merry Widow of Flatbush

By WILLIAM HEUMAN



Brooklyn is a place where people are always moving. You go to work one morning, and you come home, and you got a new neighbor. You can figure how it is yourself. We live in these two-story, four-family houses in Flatbush. You got four families in your own house, which is attached to the house on the right and the house on the left, both of which have four families each, making twelve in all, and you have a fight with your wife and the whole twelve families know about it.

But they move around a lot, and one morning when I'm leaving for work I see this moving van backing up to the house next door, and I say to Dave Rosenthal, who works with me over in Greenpoint, I say, "Who's movin' out, Dave?"

"Epstein," he says, "that Giant rooter."

"So I should cry about that," I grin. "One less bum on the block. Anybody don't have more sense than that should move to the South Pole."

We have plenty arguments with this Epstein during the summer when we're sitting out on the stoop talking baseball, so this guy we miss like we miss the measles, only less.

"Maybe," Dave says, "they get another clown in there who thinks the Brooklyns are lucky, so I'll shut up till I meet him."

If Dave Rosenthal waits till he's three hundred and ninety years old he'll never meet him, because it's a her. She's sitting out on the stoop when I come home this night, and she has red hair and she's not hard to look at. This I can see without even trying; this you can see from the corner where I get off the trolley.

It's about quarter past five in the afternoon when I get back, and it's summertime, so it's still light, and it's much cooler sitting out on the stoop than in the house, which is hot. So I don't blame her if she can arrange it.

I notice she has blue eyes when she looks up at me as I go past, and I give her a little nod, because in Brooklyn we're friendly people. You got neighbors and you have to live with them, even if they root for the Giants. I guess with this redhead, though, it don't matter who she roots for.

I go into the house, and my wife, Mabel, is in the kitchen getting supper ready. The two kids are in the front room, and they have these TV cartoons on.

Mrs. Rosenthal looked at Manny, and she looked at Mrs. Greenlea, and her nose went up in the air.

I hang up my coat, and I say to Mabel, "So we got a new neighbor."

"Stop frothing at the mouth," she says, "and wash up. Supper's ready."

This I don't get. You're a married man fifteen years, and you live in Brooklyn, and you have a couple of kids, and you expect insults now and then. The least you can expect, though, is to know what the insults are about.

I say, "I don't get it, baby."

She's frying pork chops over the stove, and she turns her head a little to give me one of those looks. You know the kind.

"She's a widow," she says. "Aren't you lucky?"

"I'm lucky?" I repeat. "Who's lucky when there is a widow? Even the insurance company ain't lucky. So it's tough she's a widow."

"It's not tough," she says grimly, "for all the married bucks on the block sitting on their stoops every night ogling the women as they go by."

So now I know what the insult is about. So now the

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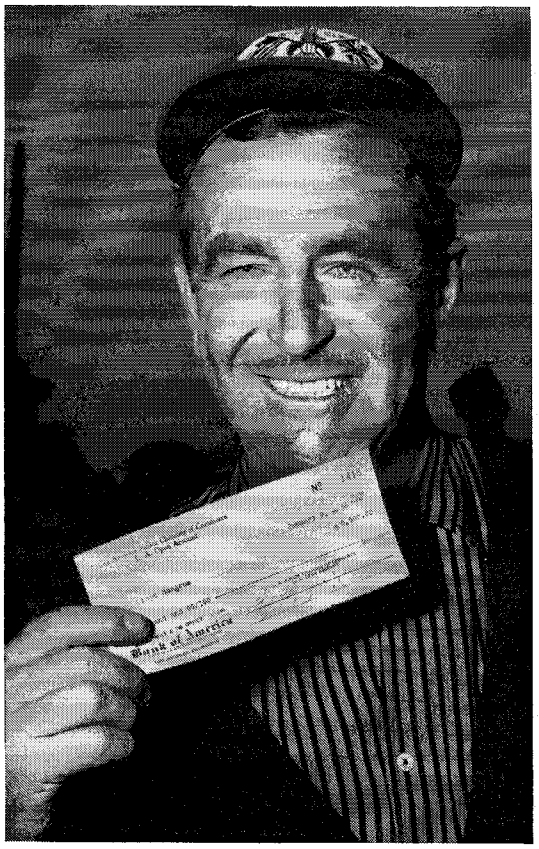

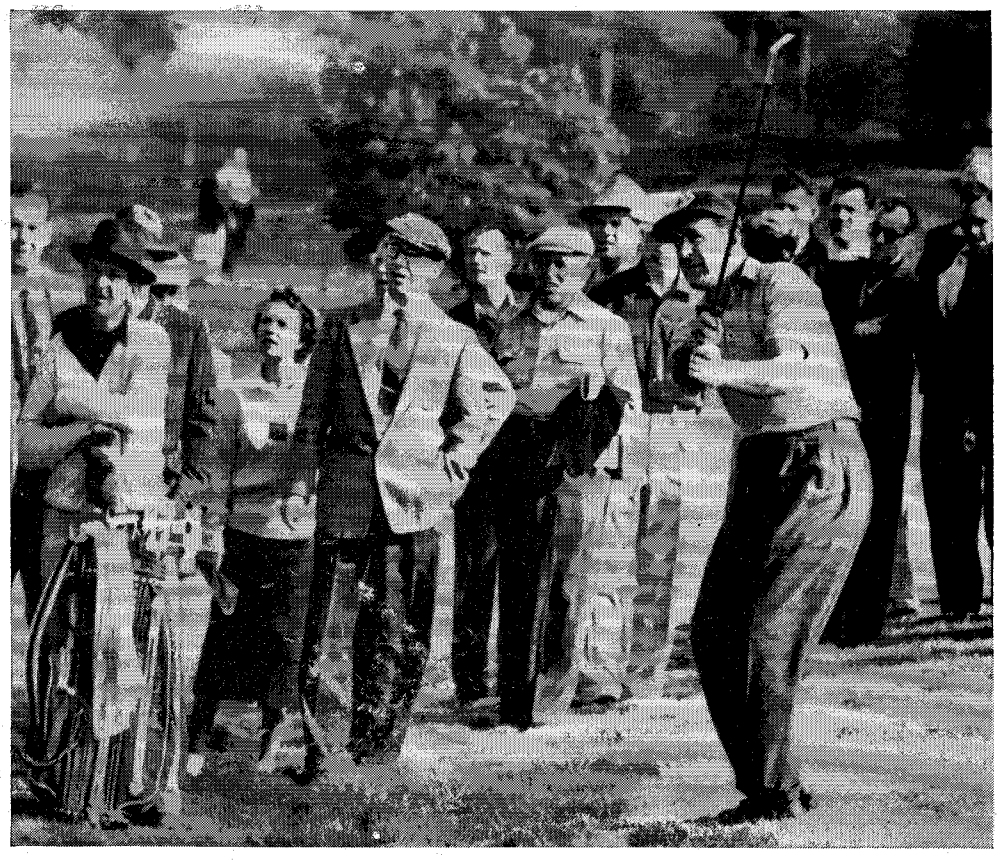

Easygoing Mangrum took top money and set a course record at this year's Los Angeles Open. "Pro golf," he insists, "has no more pressure attached to it than any other business. I don't know a single pro on the circuit who is nursing an ulcer."

I Say Pro Golf Isn't So Tough

One of the game's winningest players debunks "the myths about pro golf," and tells what's really behind all the locker-room dramatics.

By Lloyd Mangrum, as told to Charles Price

I have been making my living at golf since I was fourteen. I am now forty-one, almost forty-two. During the past ten years I have managed to take a slice of the pot in more than 80 per cent of the tournaments I have played. This has amounted to some $250,000. To my knowledge, that is more money than any other pro has won during the same period, not excluding Ben Hogan and Sam Snead.

I don't say that this was easy to do. Nothing worth a quarter of a million bucks should be easy. But it certainly was not the grim business that some pros make our profession out to be. There are those who complicate the game out of all proportion to what it actually is. Then there are the members of the knickers set, the old-timers who would have you believe that their entire careers once hung on the execution of a single, near-miraculous shot, like holing a mashie to win the British Open. Next in line are the martyred also-rans. They're at their best in a locker room, discussing such nonsense as "pressure," "choking" and "tournament nerves."

This talk reaches its loudest every year when it comes time to play the Open Championship of the United States Golf Association—the so-called National Open—which is being staged this week at the Oak Hill Country Club, near Rochester, New York. Well, despite all you may read or hear, take the word of a guy who has played against everybody from Hagen to Hogan: pro golf simply isn't that tough.

I say this in spite of the fact that this past decade has not been exactly downhill for me. I returned to the tournament circuit ten years ago, after three years of Army service, during which I received wounds in my chin, a knee and a shoulder. Three years later I broke the other shoulder, and spent six months on the side lines. I lost three months more from a bruised vertebra, still another three months from a rib separation and an additional six months from an attack of hepatitis, a sometimes fatal infection of the liver.

Some of the tournaments I have won and some that I have lost have not been played under what you could call ideal conditions. One year I won a tournament in St. Paul, Minnesota, after having been told by hoodlums the night before the final round that I would lose my life if I did. I walked the fairways in the middle of a police cordon. Another year I won the All-American

(Continued on Page 101)

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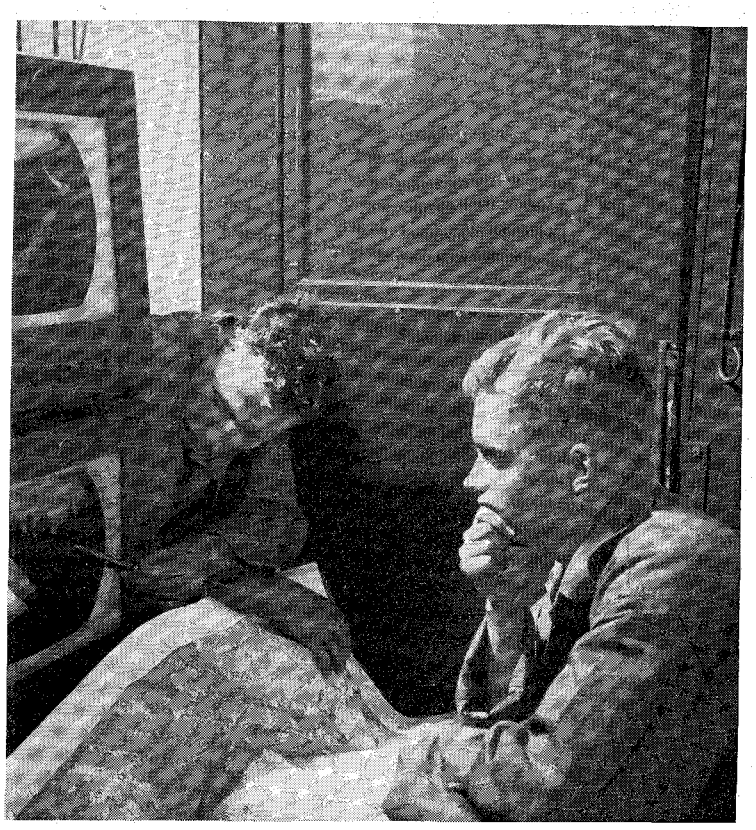
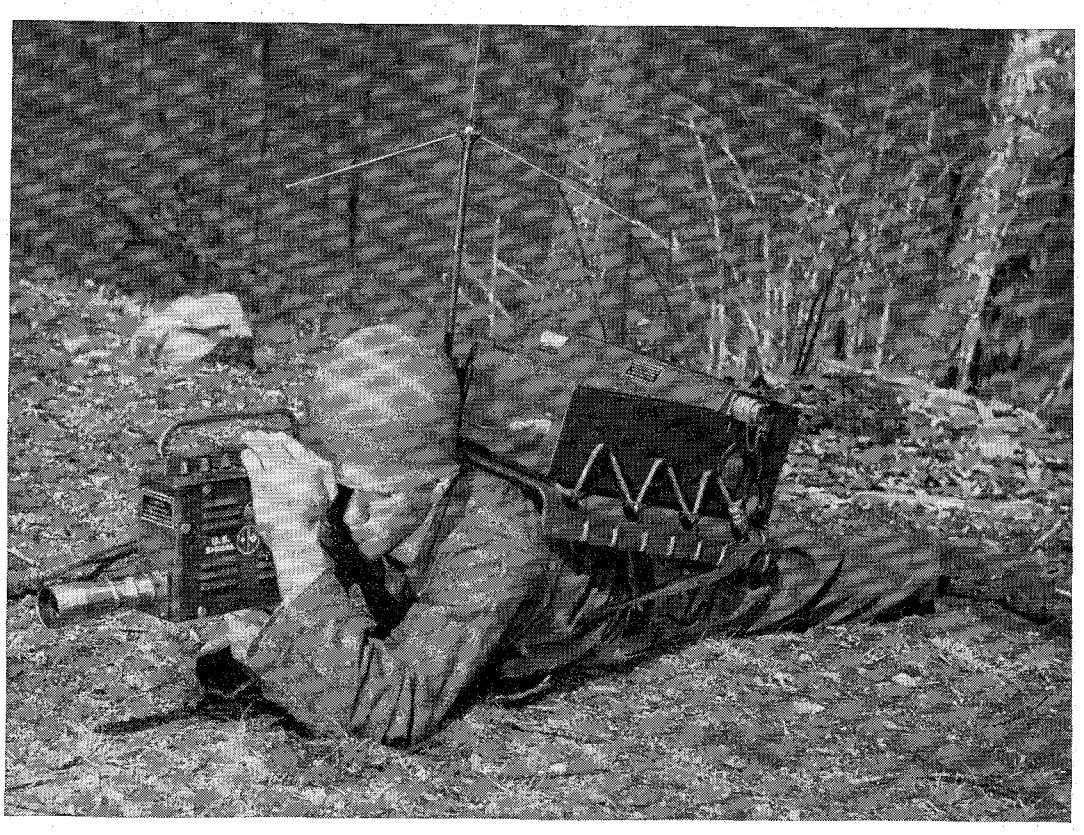


GI's monitor a simulated battle, at Fort Belvoir, Va. "It's like giving sight to a blind man," says one combat commander.



This portable TV camera, the "creepie-peepie," may become as standard as the walkie-talkie radio. Battle reports via the creepie-peepie will be supplemented by closed-circuit TV, to link command posts.

Magic Eyes for Fighting Men

Generals watch their front lines, Navy skippers look into the depths and Air Force officers scan distant targets . . . all with military TV.

By MILTON LEHMAN

At Dayton, Ohio, Air Force experts are developing television for long-range reconnaissance job.

Until recently, the American private soldier had two advantages over his superiors in uniform. First, he could never be busted in rank, because he was already at the bottom. Second, he could usually escape from the brass at his rear by advancing to the front. In the perilous land of mine field and booby trap, he was reasonably sure that no one looked over his shoulder.

But today, thanks to electronic science, the private's privacy is threatened. The Army has discovered that television can close the gap between the general's command post and the soldier's foxhole. At military posts across the country, the Army Signal Corps is busily testing television, and proclaiming it the most promising means of communication since man sent up his first smoke signal.

The electronic eye had its first large-scale workout during last year's Army maneuvers in North Carolina. While TV cameras watched men of the 145th Infantry Regiment from the ground, and a TV-equipped plane peered at them from the air, a crop-haired colonel in the rear observed his distant troops through a battery of television receivers. Without stirring from his tent, the "old man" issued his orders:

"I don't like the way those soldiers are bunched up. Tell them to spread out. . . . They're supposed to be digging foxholes, not gopher traps. Let's have some digging! . . . I don't care what the patrol says; I can see those tanks coming up on my flank."

Afterwards, the colonel summed up his impressions: "It's like giving sight to a blind man. Now I can actually see what I'm trying to command." Result: TV is now included in plans for all major training maneuvers, beginning this year.

To the military, television's seeing eye was a challenge long before TV became familiar in our living rooms. The armed services first considered TV some twenty years ago. Some enthusiasts foresaw the dawn of push-button warfare, with robot planes, tanks and ships doing battle on orders of a distant commander.

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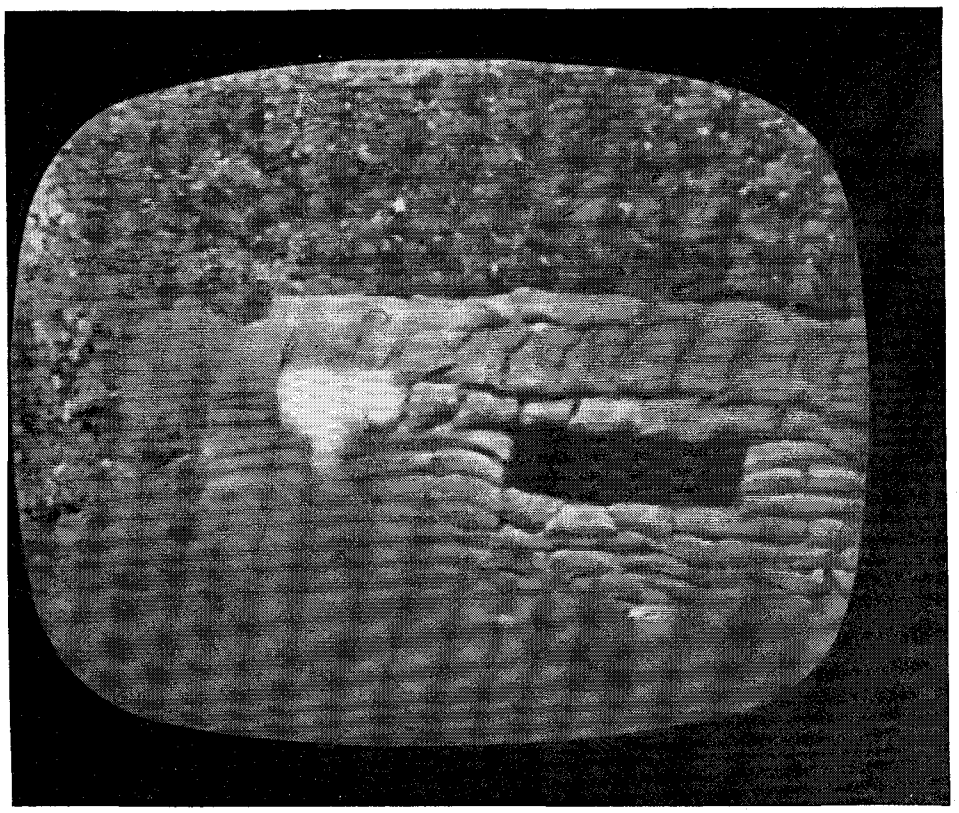
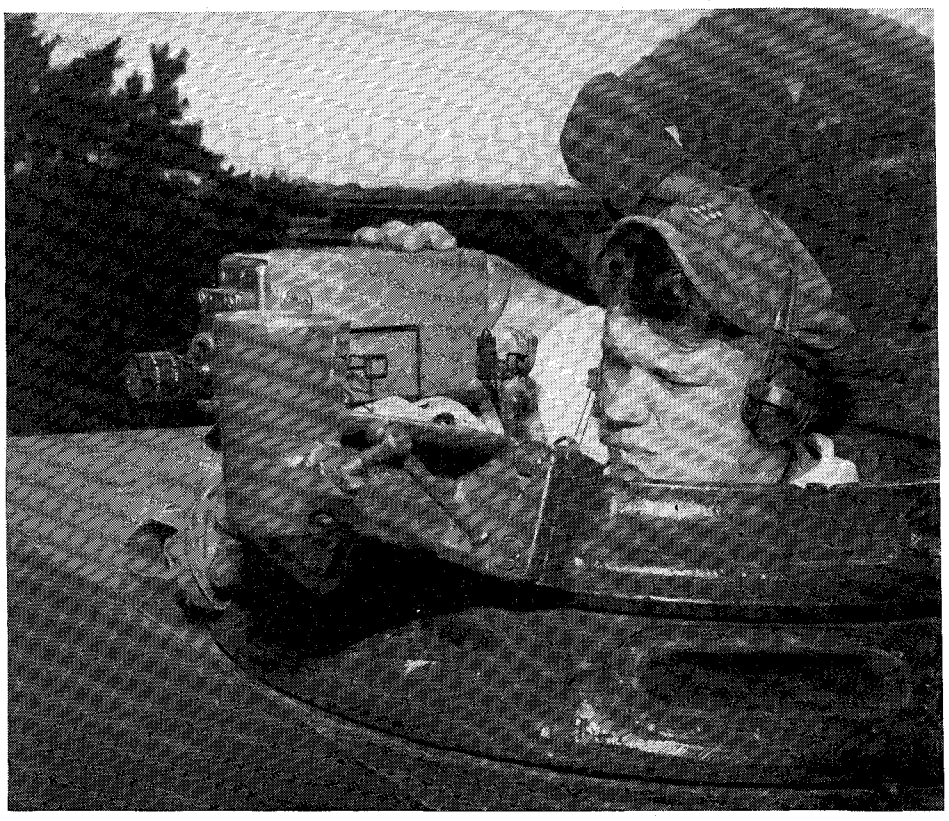


A TV close-up of a mock pillbox under attack, as seen by the 100-inch lens of a Signal Corps camera. In the future, television may even replace artillery forward observers.



A television cameraman, in the turret of an amphibious tank, keeps his headquarters abreast of progress on a river-crossing operation at Fort Meade, Md.

The military's wonderful eye is still largely experimental, but the objective remains in view. During World War II, the Navy and the Army Air Force set out to create the first workable guided missile—a "television bomb" which could equal the exploits of Japanese kamikaze pilots. Under a plan called Operation Campbell, the Navy also experimented with television-guided crash boats, crammed with explosives, planning to send them against the coastal defenses of Japan; but before they could be tried, the war was over. Other wartime experiments examined the possibilities of robot-controlled tanks and planes, and the sort of command-post television which the Army Signal Corps is now demonstrating.

For the Navy, TV may become an underwater eye, replacing the diver in places of danger. Three years ago, the electronic eye located a sunken German submarine off the coast of Newport, Rhode Island. The ocean bottom was thick with unrecovered mines from World War II, making human exploration hazardous. But the expendable TV camera, mounted in armor plate, was dragged over the questionable area by a destroyer. Salvage experts identified the rusting sub on their television screens.

Television cameras have been installed in the world's first atomic-powered submarine, the Nautilus. Aboard this super-sub, TV may serve two functions: within the ship, it can scan internal damage and communicate charts from point to point; as an external eye for the deep diving craft, it can warn of reefs and underwater dangers.

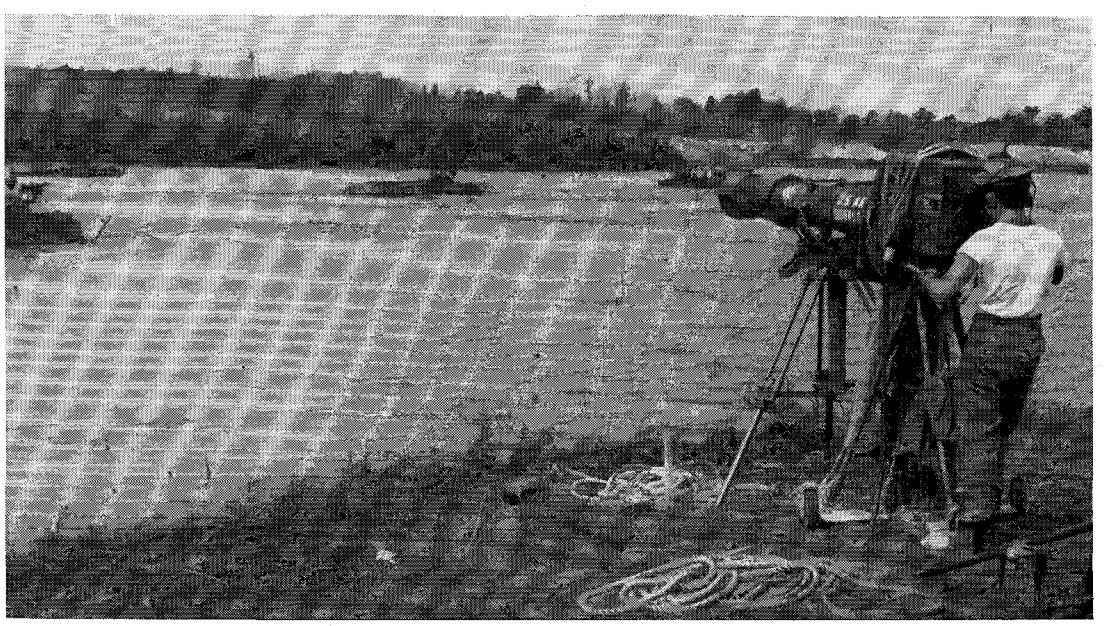
On the surface, the Navy is exploring the possibility of using television in amphibious landings. As early as 1944 the Navy tried out TV as a command instrument, during fleet exercises off the California coast. The TV camera, mounted in a Navy reconnaissance plane, transmitted pictures of maneuvering ships, landing craft and troops on the beachhead, to the commander in his distant flagship.

The Air Force is now testing television's use for a variety of jobs, some fairly simple, others extremely ambitious. Television, of course, is already able to transmit weather maps and other charts from base to base. But further improvement is needed before TV can manage some really spectacular jobs: long-range reconnaissance, whereby the pilot with a TV camera can give his commanders a view of the enemy's back yard; instant reporting of aerial combat, making the ground-based commander an eyewitness of supersonic battle; even the pilotless air squadron, which sees by television, maneuvers by radio control and has not one living man aboard.

The focal point of such research is the Aerial Reconnaissance Laboratory at the Wright Air Development Center, in Ohio. Col. C. H. Lewis, Assistant Director of Development, is enthusiastic about television's promise as an Air Force tool. "But we're still dealing in futures," he warns, "and we've got new problems. Our planes fly at much greater speeds, higher altitudes and longer ranges than in World War Two."

Younger technicians see television's promise as reality the day after tomorrow. "Television will turn us into taxi drivers for the video camera," said Major Charles Seymour, a test pilot now serving with the Air Research and Development Command at Baltimore headquarters. "What our camera sees, they'll see at headquarters—whether we get back to base or get clobbered on the way."

Even so, the Army may be the first service to harness tactical television. Ground commanders who have seen mobile TV units at work in tactical maneuvers (Continued on Page 105)



The Army's 100-inch lens in action. Military TV was proposed as far back as 1934, by a Russian-born inventor who fled the Red revolution, but the TV equipment of that era was too cumbersome and unreliable.

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Marriage Was Her Racket

Sam claimed he didn't even know the girl, yet she insisted she was his wife.

By ROBERT STANDISH

In the early summer of 1936 I received word that an aunt, whom I knew but slightly, had died in France and that she had willed me her house in the hills behind the French Riviera. The news reached me in New York a few days before I was due to sail for Europe in the old Berengaria. The sailing day—not that it has the least importance—was July second. I am tempted to be precise about this because I wish to emphasize that it was on this sailing day, in the small midships bar, that I met Sam Bolton for the first time in my life. It has been alleged on more than one occasion that Sam and I were old friends long before this date. If this were true—and I most solemnly affirm that it is not—Thérèse might have some justification for the unpleasant things she has said about me. But this is getting ahead of my story.

Sam and I seemed to like each other on sight. We had a couple of drinks together before going down for lunch and arranged to sit at the same table. I had some business in London, after which I planned to go down to the French Riviera to look at the house I had inherited. Sam, who was at a loose end, fell in with my plans eagerly, with the result that in London we bought a small car for the drive across France.

We drove southward out of Calais in the early afternoon of a blazing July day and around six o'clock entered the market place of a small Normandy town whose name, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten. At the far end of the *place*, seen through a green tunnel of plane trees, was a pleasant-looking hotel called the Grand Cerf.

On the outskirts of the town we had passed an even more pleasant-seeming hotel called the Cheval Blanc. Just why we did not stop there, I don't know, but it is decisions of this nature which so often govern our lives.

It was the *apéritif* hour when Sam and I, bathed and changed, found a vacant table in the space reserved for the hotel under the plane trees. We ordered our drinks while waiting for dinner, but I noticed that Sam had grown unaccountably silent. I don't think he saw me; his eyes were fixed on a spot over my left shoulder.

"Have you ever in your life seen a more beautiful girl?" said Sam at length in a dazed, awe-struck voice.

I turned to look in the direction indicated. "Yes, often," I replied tersely. "There are half a dozen better-looking girls sitting around these tables right now."

At Sam's insistence, I moved my chair in order to get a better view of this vision of loveliness. She was tallish, with quite good features. But she had cold bluish-green eyes, set too close together. She was evidently the daughter of the house, for in France supervisory jobs in small hotels and restaurants are seldom given to outsiders. Then a poor wretch of a waiter made an error in a bill and I watched while those bluish-green eyes crackled with fury and the man winced under the lash of her tongue.

But Sam Bolton couldn't, or wouldn't, see what I saw. Thérèse—for that was her name—seemed to have numbed his critical faculties. At dinner we sat even closer to her, and I was forced to admit that she had beauty of a kind. But it was the kind I don't like, for there was no warmth in it.

I was seeing Thérèse in a characteristic pose. There was a subtle something about her which reminded me of Kreisler, Elman, Heifetz, or one of the other great instrumentalists. Her fingers played so lovingly over the instrument in front of her that one knew, instinctively, that here, engaged as she was, she was finding fulfillment. Her touch was a caress. But the instrument, instead of being a Stradivarius, was a cash register.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded Sam to continue the journey on the following morning. He was ready to stay indefinitely at the Grand Cerf. This, he assured me, was no passing infatuation. He was—and for the first time in his life—deeply in love. Did I think he stood a chance?

"I don't know, Sam," I was forced to reply. "I haven't seen your bank balance!"

The coolness engendered by this lasted a couple of hundred miles.

My Aunt Violet's house was true Provençal, built in the eighteenth century, with stone walls thirty inches thick. An olive grove forty-odd acres in extent went with the house. My aunt had spent a lot of money making and maintaining a gem of a Provençal garden and had expressed a desire that I should keep it up. Her trusted servant, Alphonsine, had remained on as caretaker, so that upon receipt of my telegram everything was ready for our arrival, even to some crisp cheese straws, fresh from the oven, which made their appearance with a bottle of cracking cold white wine.

There was a fine library, a well-stocked wine cellar, every vase was full of flowers, and the newly cleaned swimming pool was being refilled.

Sam, as I already had cause to know, was a man of swift enthusiasms, but he amazed me that evening just before we went to bed by saying: "This is the kind of house I've always dreamed of, but never thought I would see, let alone live in. Do you want to sell it?"

"I don't think so," I replied, "but even if I did, what good would it be to you? You have your living to earn, like I have. Places like this aren't for young fellows like us. But it would be a wonderful place to retire to."

After rhapsodizing for some minutes, Sam concluded, "Promise me that if you ever decide to sell, you'll give me the first refusal."

I refused to promise because I didn't believe that his enthusiasm meant anything. I assumed that in another week he would have forgotten the house and Thérèse. But there I did less than justice to Sam.

Before leaving for the north I changed the name of the house. Hitherto it had been known by the name of the family which had originally owned it. In gratitude to my Aunt Violet's memory I called it the Mas des Violettes. It was doubly appropriate, for there was a fine bed of long-stemmed violets.

Nothing of note occurred on the northward drive until we came to the little Normandy town where Sam had seen Thérèse. Here—and I don't think Sam played any monkey tricks with the engine—we had a mechanical breakdown.

Sam spent the evening with Thérèse and on the following morning he tossed a bombshell into my lap. He intended to allow me to return to London alone as Thérèse and he were to be married as soon as the legal formalities could be completed. Would I return to be his best man?

(Continued on Page 128)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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He was astonished when Thérèse appeared, and tried to convince him that he had married her.

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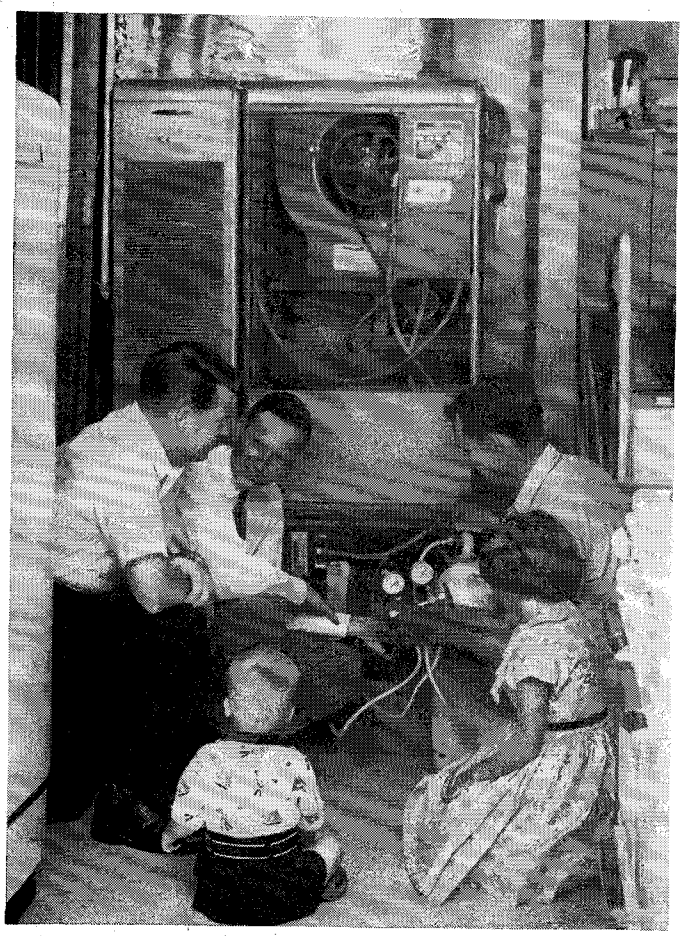
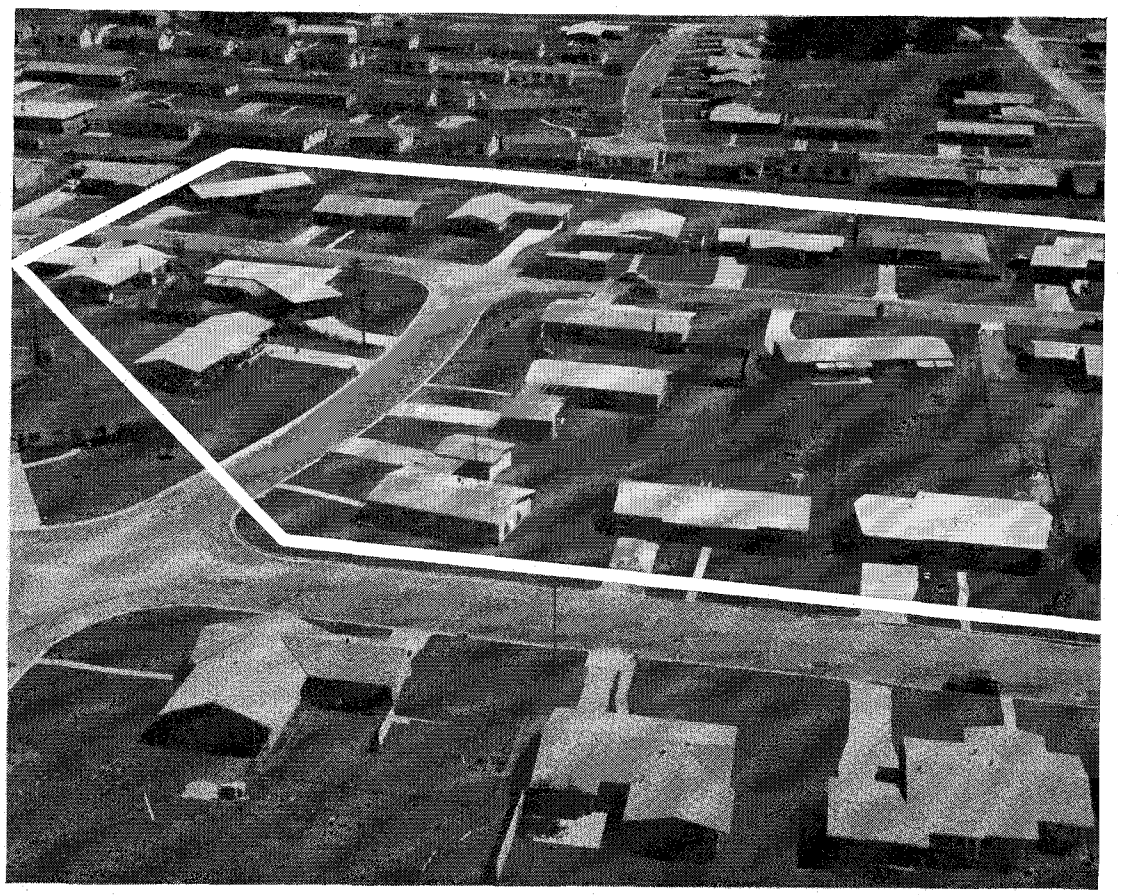


Architect Ned Cole (center), who conceived Air-Conditioned Village, checks a unit at one of the houses in the Texas project.

While outside summer temperatures often exceed 100 degrees, residents of Air-Conditioned Village (within outline, below) maintain a constant 75 to 80 in their homes. Average cost of a year's cooling: $90.



They Lock Hot Weather Out

Here, from a Texas experiment, are the costs and effects on your health, of living in a modest neighborhood where all the houses are completely air conditioned.

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

Air conditioning in a 1956-model automobile costs from $300 to $650. You can have it in almost any make, and the industry expects that more than a quarter million new car buyers will go for cooling this year. One hundred and eighty-four thousand did in 1955.

By contrast, only 65,000 new homes equipped with central air conditioning were sold last year. An equal number of installations were made in old houses. This relatively meager acceptance of complete cooling in homes puzzles a great many people. The builders, who turned out 1,330,000 houses last year, are particularly concerned.

"The air-conditioning equipment in an automobile," they point out, "has more than enough capacity to cool a small house. The car needs this excess capacity because it soaks up heat through metal and glass. What we'd like to unravel," they say, "is why the public will buy air-conditioned cars, patronize air-cooled theaters, restaurants and motels, invest in room air conditioners every time there's a heat wave, but stay away in droves when a builder tries to sell a house with summer cooling to match winter warmth."

The explanation, many think, can be found at Austin, Texas, where the National Association of Home Builders, the National Warm-Air-Heating and Air-Conditioning Association, the Air-Conditioning and Refrigerating Institute and fifty manufacturers recently pooled their knowledge and cash in an experiment called Air-Conditioned Village. Twenty-two homes were built and sold to young families for a year-long study. The facts were all in last winter, but some of the sponsors are still arguing over the conclusions. Their disagreements delayed a final report until just a few weeks ago.

There's no disagreement or disappointment evident when you visit the people who live in the village or talk with the two Texans who engineered its construction. The Austin project, to these two men, is the clincher in their long-range campaign to make this the year for home air conditioning to come into its own.

The older of the pair, millionaire builder Dick Hughes, of Pampa, a West Texas oil town, went on record five years ago. By 1956, he then

(Continued on Page 132)

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Is it wrong
to steal
from a thief?

The False Step

By JAMES HENSEL

The afternoon was sunny, real Indian-summer style. Tom's favorite program was on the truck radio. What more could he ask! Of course his salary as engineer for the Centerville Independent Telephone Company never seemed to put him more than a couple of bucks ahead of his and Nancy's living expenses—but wasn't that every wage earner's complaint today? Tom reflected contentedly as he rattled along the Old County Road: single party line with five subscribers.

The five subscribers lived in five run-down farms practically in the woods. And since it was probably only a question of time before all five would tire of listening in on one another and cancel service, all Tom had to do on the beautiful October day was try to figure out which of the partly rotted, woodpecker-hole-ridden poles could reasonably be depended on to stand the rigors of another winter, and which would have to be replaced before frost set in.

And then, abruptly, the radio music was cut off. In a moment, Jim Blaine, the local announcer, came on. "We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin ——" Good old Jim—Tom regularly went fishing with him in trout season—trying in vain, as usual, for the impersonal, blasé accents of the big-network boys! "—— the Centerville National Bank has just been robbed of eighty thousand dollars. Eight *hundred* thousand —— One moment, please."

Tom grinned. Someone had finally played the inevitable joke! Probably Bill Burns. The other night at the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Bill had been burlesquing poor Jim's radio manner—how Jim would describe an earthquake, a foreign invasion, an H-bomb dropped on Centerville. How could anyone get away with robbing the Centerville Bank, on the middle of Main Street, in broad daylight?

"The exact amount taken is not as yet verified ——" Jim's voice came on again. "But it has been established that a man of medium height, wearing either a blue or a brown or a gray suit, and with a paper bag over his head to conceal his identity, entered the building about ten minutes ago."

Tom yanked the steering wheel hard to the right, barely in time to avoid a head-on collision with a black coupé tearing toward him around the bend in the road. He dropped his right front wheel into the ditch, and was stuck.

Son of a gun! Crazy fool kid, probably! Trouble with these narrow, unimproved roads: everyone on them thinks he's the only one on them! (Continued on Page 94)

Tom counted out a thousand dollars in bills, and put them in his pocket.

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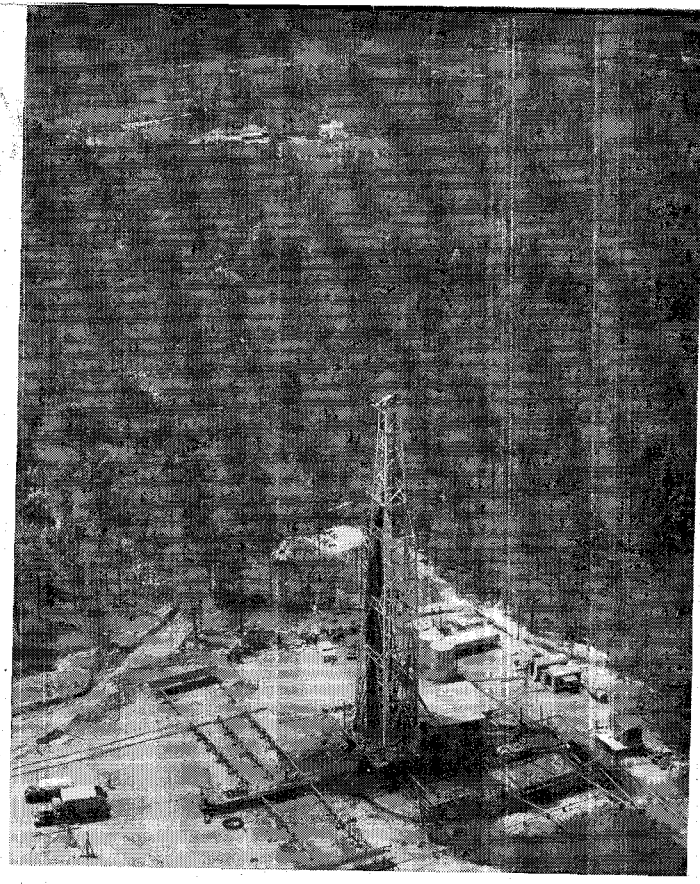


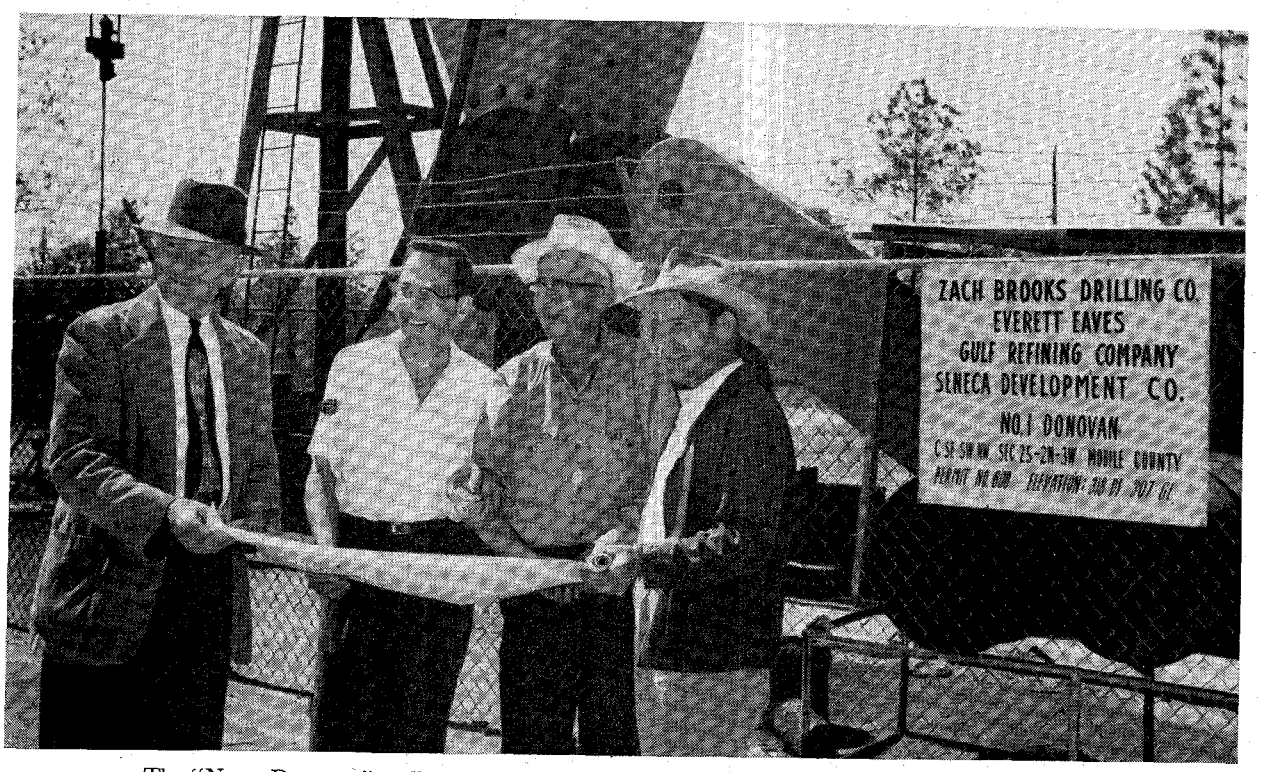
Citronelle oil well. The boom won't produce many millionaires, but should make "thousandaires" of nearly everybody, townspeople say.

The Day It Rained Money

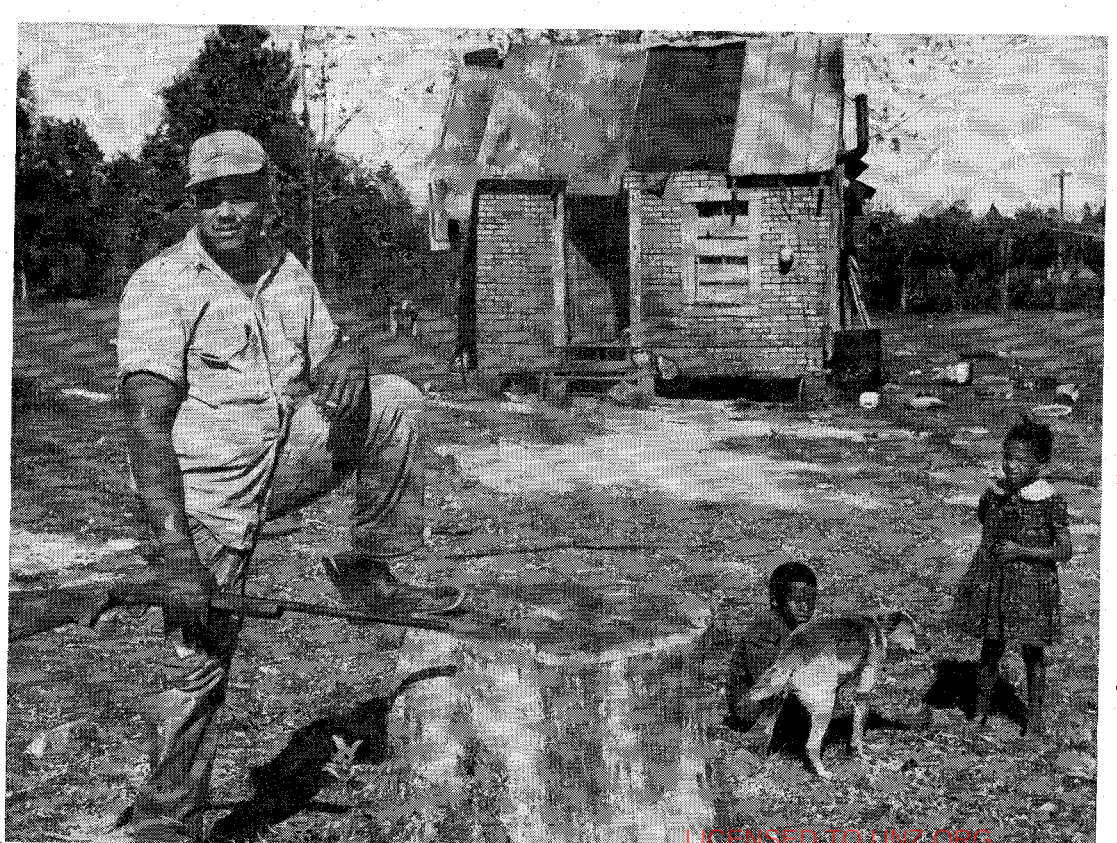
A Post editor's account of what happened to the poor, friendly, law-abiding citizens of Citronelle, Ala., when oil was discovered on their land.

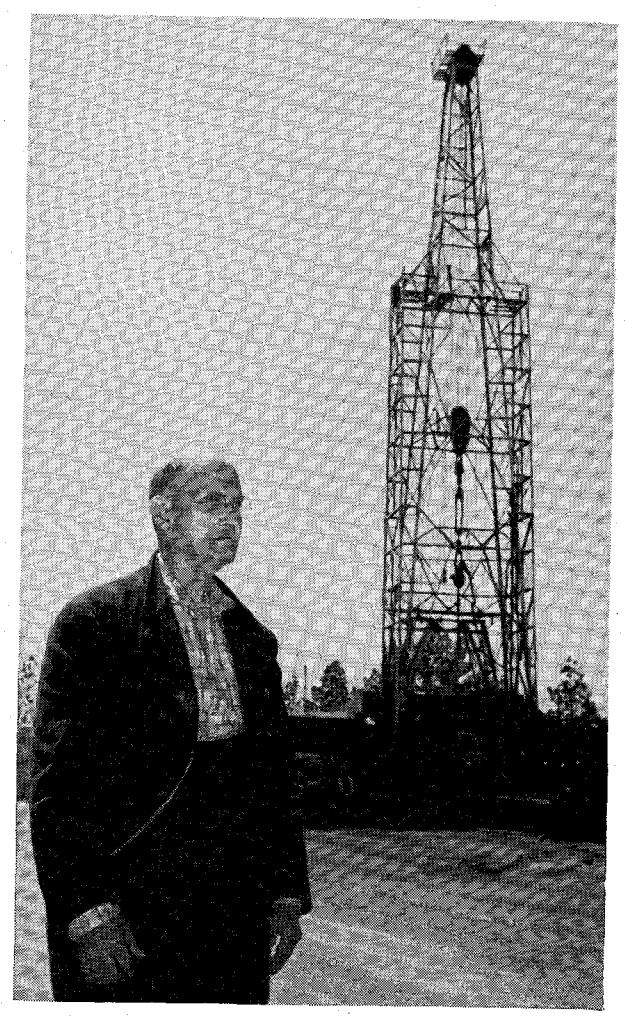
By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Photographs by Bill Shrout



The "No. 1 Donovan" well, on the site of a former pecan grove, is where the boom was born. Here, Mayor Dewey Wyatt, lawyer Z. B. Skinner and councilman Sam Hester meet with John Donovan, son of the owner.





Before the oil boom, onetime Rhodes scholar Q. U. Thompson was night clerk in a small Washington, D.C., hotel. His friends are glad he has a fat bank account at last.

"I am not going to let any title busters get my land," says Raphael Safford, one of many embattled landholders whose homesteads have been threatened by legal maneuverers.

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John Henry Mason, who leased his land for $1000 an acre, still works as a plowman. "The Lord may have made a fool out of me," he says. "But money ain't gonna do it."

The day after the oil well blew in up in Mrs. Will Donovan's pecan grove, the lease hounds found John Henry Mason's house. John Henry, a stoutly built, mahogany-colored man with white hair and white-rimmed eyes, had gone out in the yard to feed his dog and his mule when he saw the first car coming down the dirt road, pulling a cloud of dust behind it. It stopped in front of John Henry's sagging gate, and a man got out. He came into John Henry's yard, walking fast, and his hands were full of money.

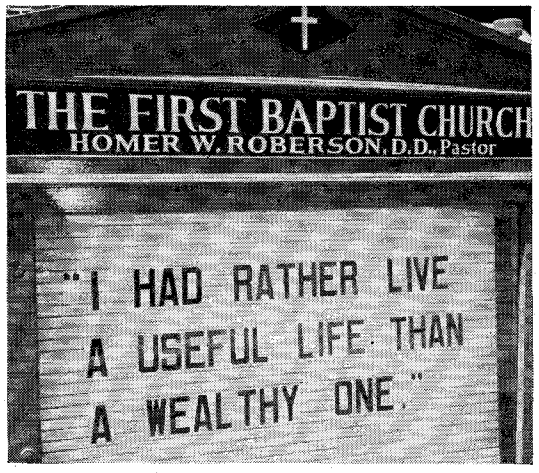
"Jack," he said, "I have come to lease your land."

"That's nice," John Henry told the man, "but I don't know nobody around here name' Jack, except this dog. And so far as I knows, he don't own no land."

Before the man had time to answer that, another car drove up, and then another, and other men came into John Henry's yard with money in their hands. They kept coming until the yard was full of men, waving money at John Henry. But John Henry knew his manners, and every time a man came up he'd go into the house and bring out a chair and a jelly glass full of cool water. Finally, when he had them all sitting down comfortably, he went over and squatted down on his heels with his back against a pecan tree.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "what was it you all wanted to see me about?"

John Henry didn't have to ask that. He knew as well as they did that the long, lean years were over for the folks of Citronelle. The 1200 white folks, and the 400-odd Negroes who lived in the little South Alabama town wouldn't have to earn their meager living any longer by selling timber, turpentine, tung nuts and pecans. All they had to do now was sign a piece of paper and the oil men would give them money and an eighth of all the oil that was found when a well came in, And that meant that every man who owned an acre around a producing well would have about eighty dollars a month coming to him for the next fifteen or twenty years.



The preachers admonished the people from the pulpit, and loose offerings in the collection plates doubled.

Ever since John Henry was a little fellow, nearly sixty years ago, folks had been saying there was oil under the rolling, sandy pinelands that lay thirty-odd miles to the north of Mobile. Every few years, as far back as John Henry could remember, the rigs had been coming in. Rough, sweating men would work night and day, and Sundays, too, drilling deep holes in the ground, and the town would buzz with talk and hope for a while. But pretty soon the derricks would be torn down and the strangers would be gone, and there'd be nothing to show that they'd been there except the plugged-up holes, for they never had gone deep enough to strike the oil-bearing sands.

But this time it looked like a different story. John Henry had been standing there, with his little grandbaby, Silas, squatting between his knees so he wouldn't get trampled, when the discovery well came in. But he hadn't run around hollering that the heavens were raining money, the way some folks had done when the oil spewed into the sky and fell back on the people in a black, foul-smelling rain. He'd just reached down where a puddle of oil made a rainbow on the ground, and filled a little bottle full of oil. Then he'd gone on home through the fields to his house three quarters of a mile away, looking at the oil in the bottle and smelling it and tasting it, and studying about what it meant. (Continued on Page 58)

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Bernstein, his daughter Jamie and son Alexander Serge. "I am doing the work I love to do," he says, "and I am surrounded by the people I love."

THE HAPPY GENIUS

By Eleanor Harris

Versatile young Leonard Bernstein is a talented pianist, conductor, composer and jazz virtuoso. But it took TV to discover his mass audience appeal . . .

"I do not think America is a good place to be a genius. A genius can never expect to have a good time anywhere, but America is about the last place in which life will be endurable."

So wrote Samuel Butler, the Englishman who shone in the nineteenth century as writer, painter and musician. If he were alive today he would have to recant, particularly after meeting a young fellow named Leonard Bernstein. Composer-conductor Bernstein, often dubbed a genius by music experts, has been having himself a glorious time in America for the past twelve of his thirty-seven years.

Last fall, on the CBS television show Omnibus, Bernstein gave forty-five-minute lectures on such complicated subjects as the Art of Conducting and the World of Jazz. His lit-

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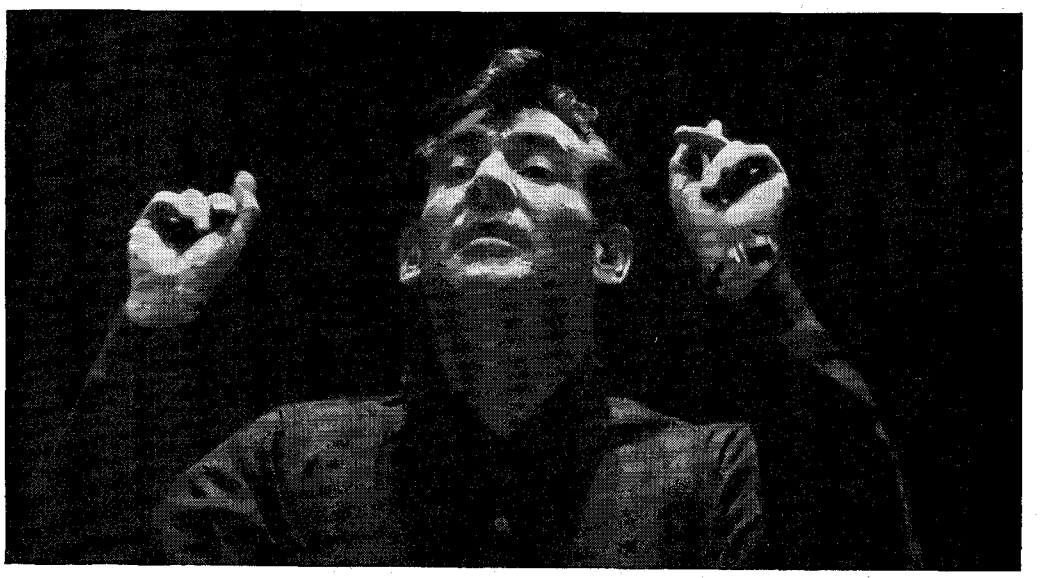
erate discussions, his illustrative piano playing and his fiery conducting of a sixty-two-man orchestra bemused a TV audience of 15,000,000 viewers. Dazed but triumphant, CBS executives claimed that women watch Bernstein because he has sex appeal, and men because of his compelling salesmanship.

Television executives are not the first to "discover" Leonard Bernstein. He has been a hotly discussed figure in the world of music since 1943, when he made the front page of The New York Times, at the age of twenty-five, by conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. During the past twelve years he has composed such popular music as the scores for the Broadway musicals On the Town (1944) and Wonderful Town (1953), as well as the score for the Academy Award-winning motion picture On the Waterfront. He has also been the composer of serious music, including the symphonies Jeremiah and The Age of Anxiety, the ballets Fancy Free and Facsimile, and the opera Trouble in Tahiti. He has become famous as the guest conductor of nearly all the great symphony orchestras in the United States and in Europe. As a pianist, he is best known for his playing of Beethoven's First Piano Concerto and the Ravel Concerto. Now, on television, he has become what one expert describes as "music's most articulate spokesman."

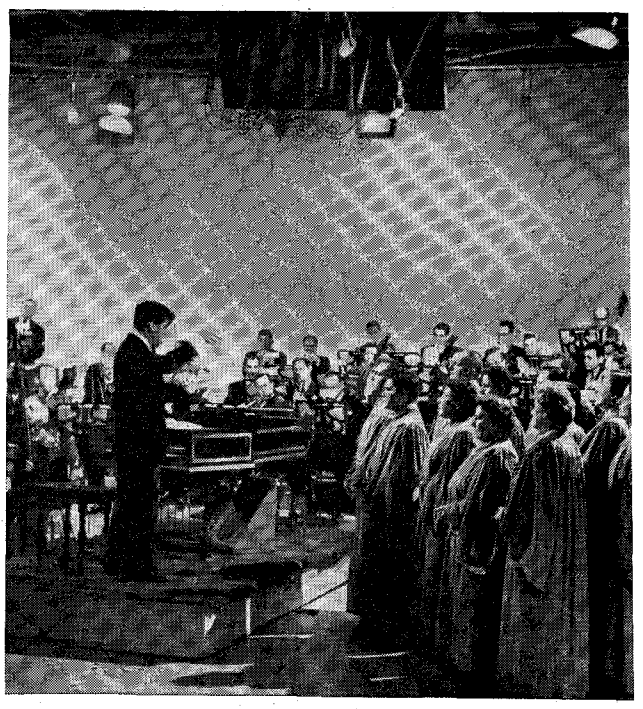
Bernstein is a notably eloquent man. He speaks with an outpouring of apt words, his body alive with movement, his face alight with expression. He stands five feet eight and a half inches, with the powerful shoulders and chest of a taller man. Locks of his thick dark hair bounce on his forehead as he talks. He uses boyishly enthusiastic phrases, like "I love it." Among other things Bernstein loves are all good foods, every movie, good or bad, any word game from anagrams to crossword puzzles, politics—he is an ardent Democrat—and friends—"I love people, I'm mad for people; that's my weakness." Above all, he loves his work.



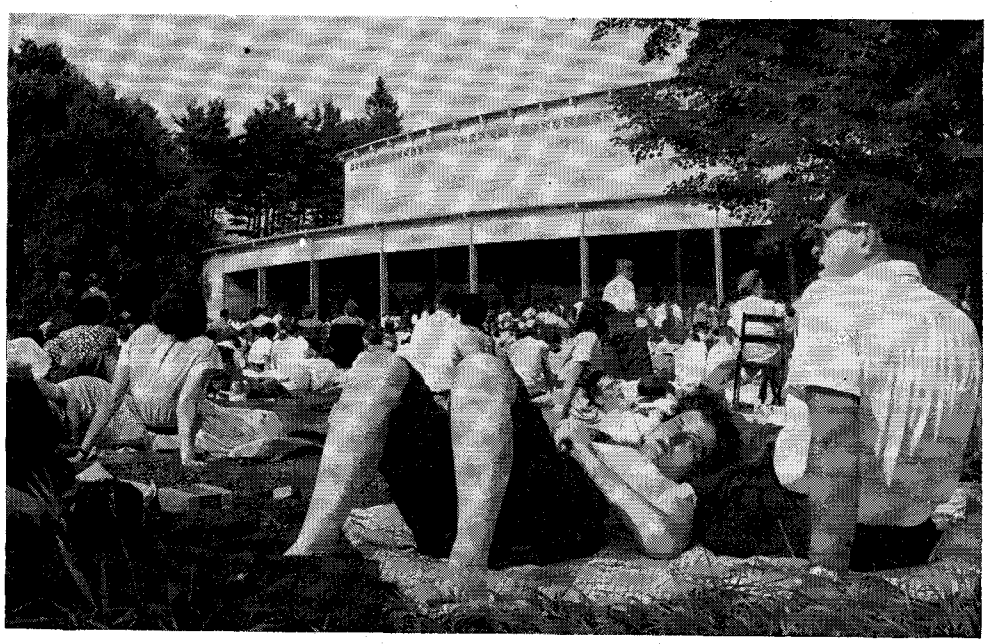
He never uses a baton. He becomes infuriated when critics call his style of conducting "clownish."

However, he is not always sunnily optimistic. He flies into a rage whenever he reads adverse criticism about himself. The music he draws from a symphony orchestra is generally praised, but his acrobatic style of conducting often has been damned as "shadow-boxing," "dancing" and "clownish." He was once called a "musical Dick Tracy" by critic Virgil Thomson. He has never used a baton. Waving both arms at once, and sometimes clenching his fists, he reaches, jabs, punches, points, even seems to pray. Sometimes he pantomimes the motions of the violinists and horn players. Often, standing in one spot, he simply bounces up and down.

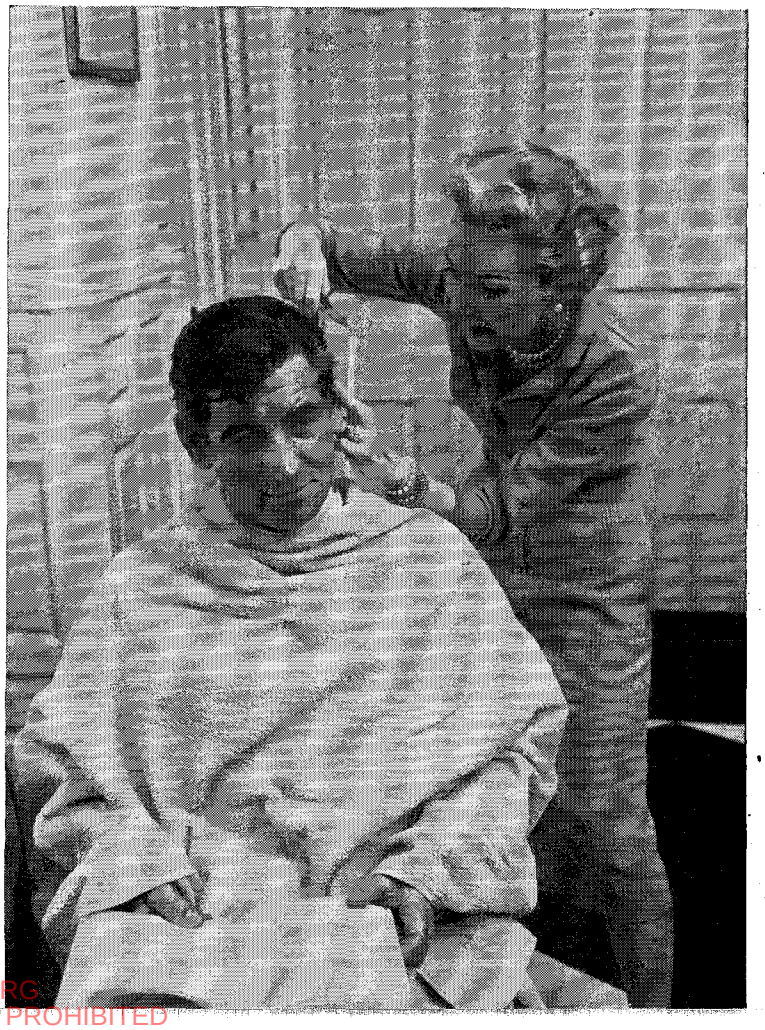
When conducting singers, Bernstein unconsciously roars out (Continued on Page 52)



On TV's Omnibus, he conducts orchestra and chorus—and roars the words along with the singers.



Open-air concert at the famous Berkshire Music Center, Lenox, Mass., of which Bernstein is the director. His predecessor was the late Serge Koussevitzky.



Trim for a long-hair: He trusts only his Chilean-born wife, Felicia, to shear his shaggy locks.

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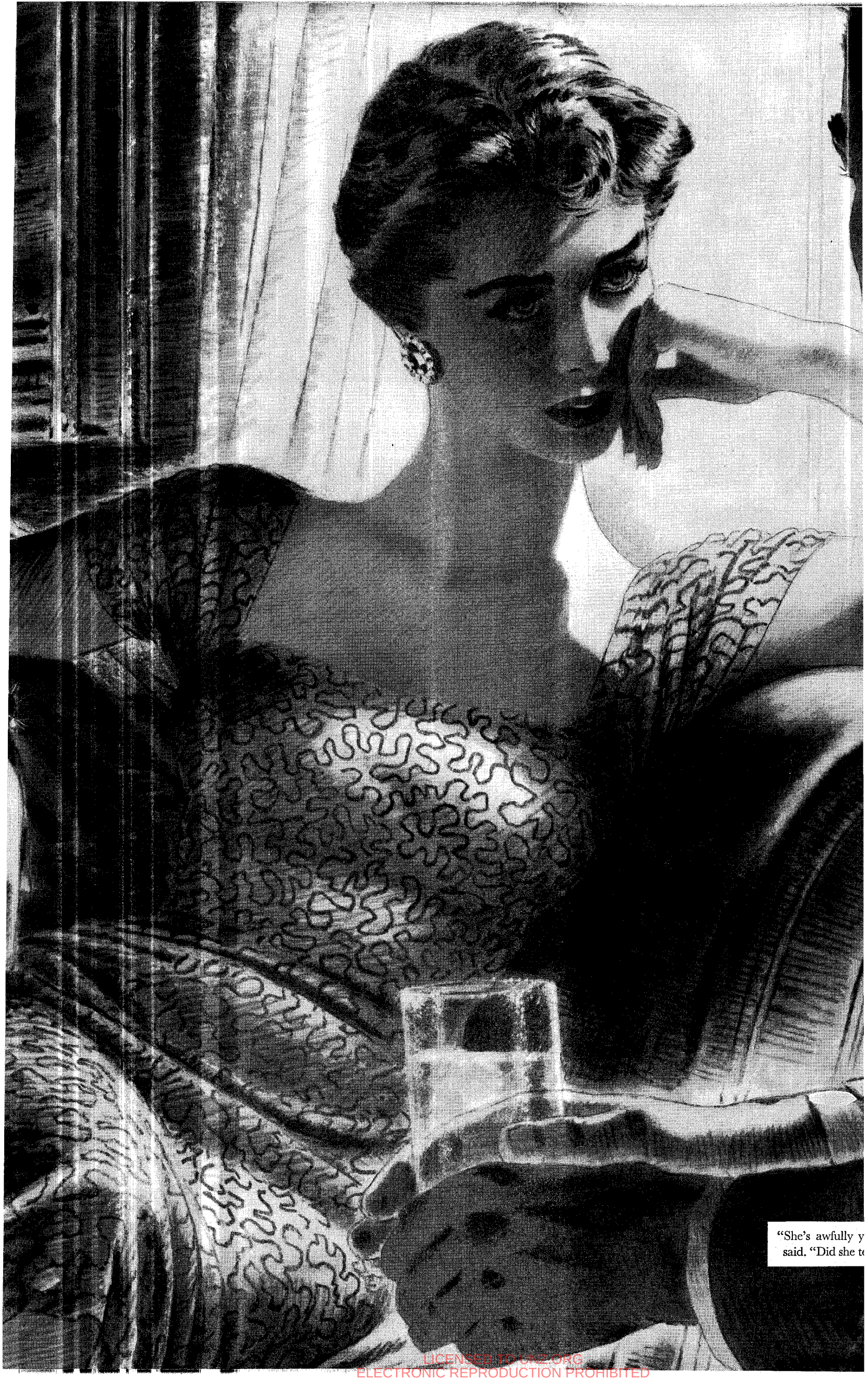

"She's awfully y
said. "Did she t

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By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

The Fall of Edie Markham

She had married a nobody. She couldn't let her daughter make the same mistake.

"When I hit this town," Edie Markham said, "I was twenty-one. I had a child. I had a husband who ran off and left me two days after she was born. I wrapped packages in the basements of department stores with one hand and fought off amorous delivery boys with the other. Then I moved up. And I fought the same fight, only with floor managers, buyers and customers."

"And you're doing it now with Gilbert," Sam Standish replied.

She nodded. "He's always been after me. He's a patient man, Sam."

Sam had watched Edie fight her way to her job as co-ordinator at Harrington's. She had redesigned the store into a great glass tower that could be seen from all over New York. Yet she knew that she would keep her job only until Paul Gilbert, the store president, lost interest in her. When Gilbert hired young Betsy Harris, Edie saw the writing on the wall.

Sam had loved Edie for years without satisfaction. He was "good old Sam." He came when Edie was sick and when she was lonely. The only other person who really loved Edie was her daughter, Maggie. Poor Maggie. She was a misfit, raw and raggedy, and not at all like her mother.

One morning at breakfast, Maggie read in the paper that the Blakely Arms Hotel, a run-down old place where she and Edie once had lived, was being torn down. Maggie decided to get a piece of stone from the place for a souvenir. When she scooted past the roped-off area at the hotel, a gruff young workman shouted at her, "Hey, you! You crazy or something? This is no playground!"

The young man intrigued Maggie. She left, reappeared shortly with some hot soup for him, then sat down to talk. "Thanks for the chow and good-by," he said impatiently.

"I'll see you tomorrow, then," she replied, and started off.

Crazy, he thought.

II

But she came back the next day. He didn't have time to talk to her. He didn't want to talk to her. An uptown screwball. Looked like an orphan. Who needed her? He held out till late in the afternoon. Then he came up and slouched against the fence where she stood.

"So," he said, "what's it today?"

She turned, her face lighting up. "I thought you didn't know I was here."

"I knew."

"Well, how are you?"

"Great. Great." His voice was dry, mocking.

"Would you like some coffee?"

"I'll drink some coffee. Only how come you cruise around town buying coffee for men you don't even know?"

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

He led her off the path and under the trees, then folded her into his arms.

"I know you. From yesterday." She smiled at him gaily. "You saved my life."

He ignored that. "If we're going to drink this coffee, let's get to it." He jerked his head. "Across the street?"

She nodded.

He fought down an urge to take her arm. What was he—some kind of a Boy Scout or something?

They found a booth at the back of the delicatessen and gave their order.

"You work pretty hard, don't you?" she asked.

He glanced at her, bewildered, momentarily off-balance.

"I'd like to work," she said fervently. "Do you think I could get a job?"

"Not with my outfit," he said.

"Please," she said painfully. "I'm serious."

He watched her face, pale, pinched, child-like. He suddenly felt restless and angry. "What can you do?" he said flatly.

"Anything at all." She stopped. "That's silly. Nothing, really."

"You broke?"

"No."

"Look," he said irritably, "you show up two days in a row with time to burn. If you're broke, say so. I'm good for a touch."

"Thank you. That's—that's terribly nice—but ——"

"All right. It's terribly nice." He fished into his pocket and came out with a folded bill which he put beside her plate. "Take it." He slouched back in the booth. "What a deadhead. I should have had this figured out yesterday. Go ahead. Take it."

"You don't understand," she said, flustered, "I'm not—broke. Not at all. I just wanted some advice about getting a job."

"Listen. All I'm sure of is that you're some kind of a screwball. You want a job. But you don't need the dough. What is this?"

"Why are you so angry? I haven't done anything to you."

He shoved his coffee cup away from him impatiently. "What do you want from me, lady? I just wreck buildings."

"I like you," she said simply. "I wish we could be friends."

"Friends?" He repeated the word thickly. "I thought maybe ——"

"What's your name?" he demanded bluntly.

"Maggie Markham."

"Markham. You live around here?"

"No. Uptown."

"Uh-uh. Alone?"

"With my mother."

"O.K. I'll pick you up tonight. Around eight. Write down the address."

"Just a minute," she laughed nervously. "You're going so fast."

"What do you wanna know? Ask me. My name? My name's Joseph Anthony Petrelli. O.K.? I live with my brother and his wife, Bess, and their four kids."

"I'll meet you," she said quickly. "Right here if you like."

(Continued on Page 108)

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CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 21

ATHENS

A Post editor takes you to democracy's birthplace, where the invincibly proud heirs of Socrates keep classic traditions alive in the midst of their material poverty.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

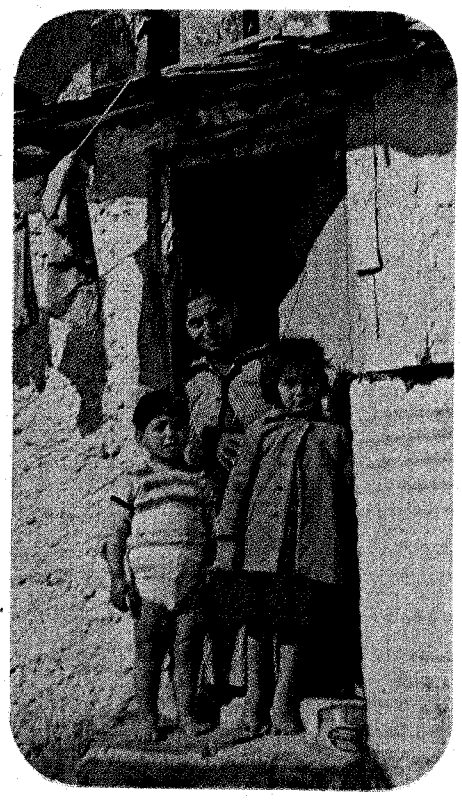
Athenians read their papers and talk politics at a coffeehouse on Constitution Square. "This," says the author, "is the city where Western man was born—and it won't let you forget this fact for an instant."

ATHENS. There is a purity about this ancient city that permeates the very atmosphere, shining forth from the marble of its temples, the clear, unhesitating outlines of the purple hills, the deep-blue sky above. The visitor to Athens somehow feels ennobled. And if, these last few years, this capital has seen a steadily increasing stream of tourists, Athenians understandingly explain that modern man finds something here he has been looking for all over—something that in his own harsh world has long become lost property.

Protected by that sturdy pair of guardian mountains, Hymettos, celebrated for its honey, and Pentelikon, famed for its white marble, the city basks in the warm sun of Attica, caressed by a (Continued on Page 121)

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE, THIS

Last December we asked our readers to tell us which city they most desired to read about in this series. Athens won in the balloting. We assigned Associate Editor Ernest O. Hauser, a specialist on Greek subjects for the last ten years, to go there. This is his report.



These shantytown dwellers live in squalor surrounded by "the glory that was Greece."

Constitution Square is the center of the modern area. Most of present-day Athens dates from 1834, when the city became the capital of Greece.

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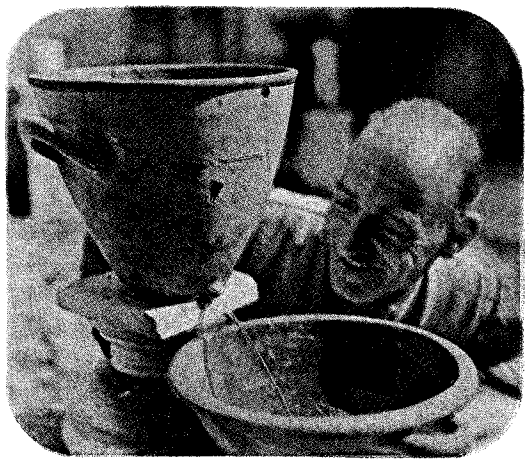
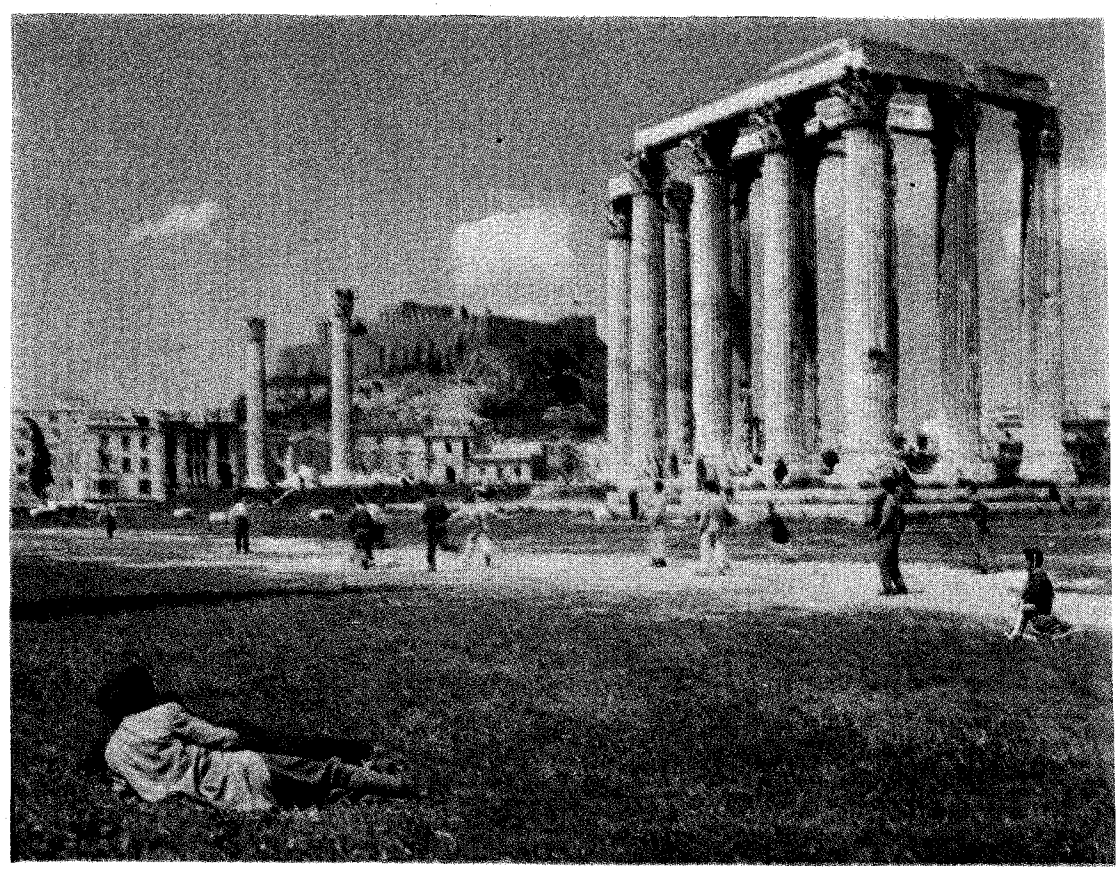
Acropolis Hill—"rocky garden of the gods"—dominates Athens. The Parthenon crowns the 300-foot-high knob; behind it stands 900-foot Mt. Lycabettus.

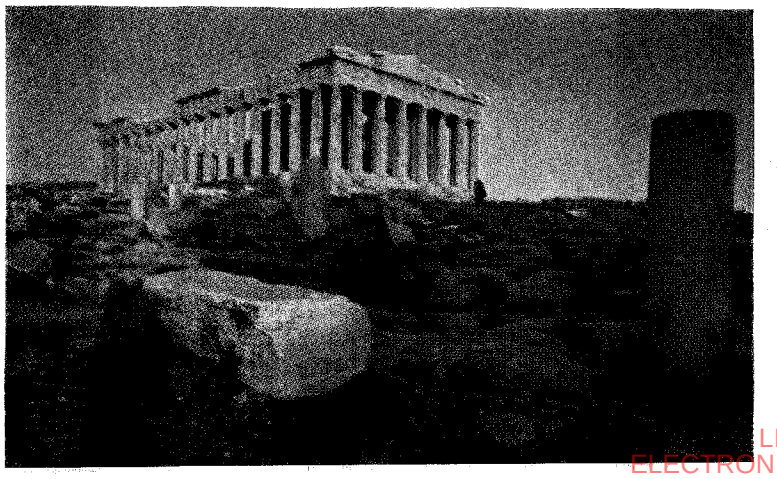
Photographs by David Lees



In classic times this ingenious water timer limited windbag senators to five-minute speeches.



Athenian schoolboys play soccer before the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, where their pagan forefathers worshiped.



The noble Parthenon has inspired a million Grecian structures all over the Western world, including the U.S. Supreme Court Building. Built in the fifth century B.C., it wasn't ruined until 1687, when it was shelled during a battle between Turks and Venetians.

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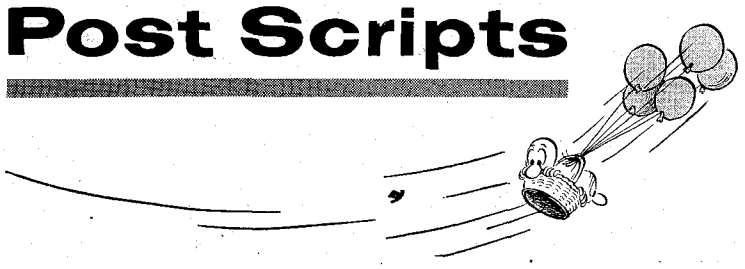
Post Scripts



How I Solved My Problem

"Our little girl is at the age when she loves to play 'dress up.' However, she has been getting into her mommy's expensive perfume. We explained to her that she had her own pretty things and should leave mommy's perfume alone. This didn't work. Then, talking things over sensibly, we realized that, what with one thing and another, mommy didn't have any business having expensive perfume anyhow, so ——"

"My brother-in-law moved in on us, along with his wife and three children; and our little boy Edgar, age five, took a great dislike to him. He kept calling him a 'no-good crumb.' We told Edgar he shouldn't talk to his uncle that way. This didn't work. Then, talking things over sensibly, we realized that my brother-in-law actually is a no-good crumb, so ——"

"I was 150 pounds overweight, and it was becoming difficult for me to get around. I decided to diet, but this didn't work. Then, thinking things through sensibly, I realized that there really isn't much of any place I want to go anyhow, and I certainly do enjoy eating, so ——"

"My husband and I were plagued with financial problems, and we realized that if we continued to live the way we were living, we would end up in the poorhouse. We tried to cut down, but this didn't work. One evening, talking things over sensibly, we decided it would be a good idea to go see what the poorhouse looks like. What was our surprise to find that it really isn't bad at all, so ——"

PAT MCQUESTEN

"Well, yes, you might say Friday is our busy day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Power to You!

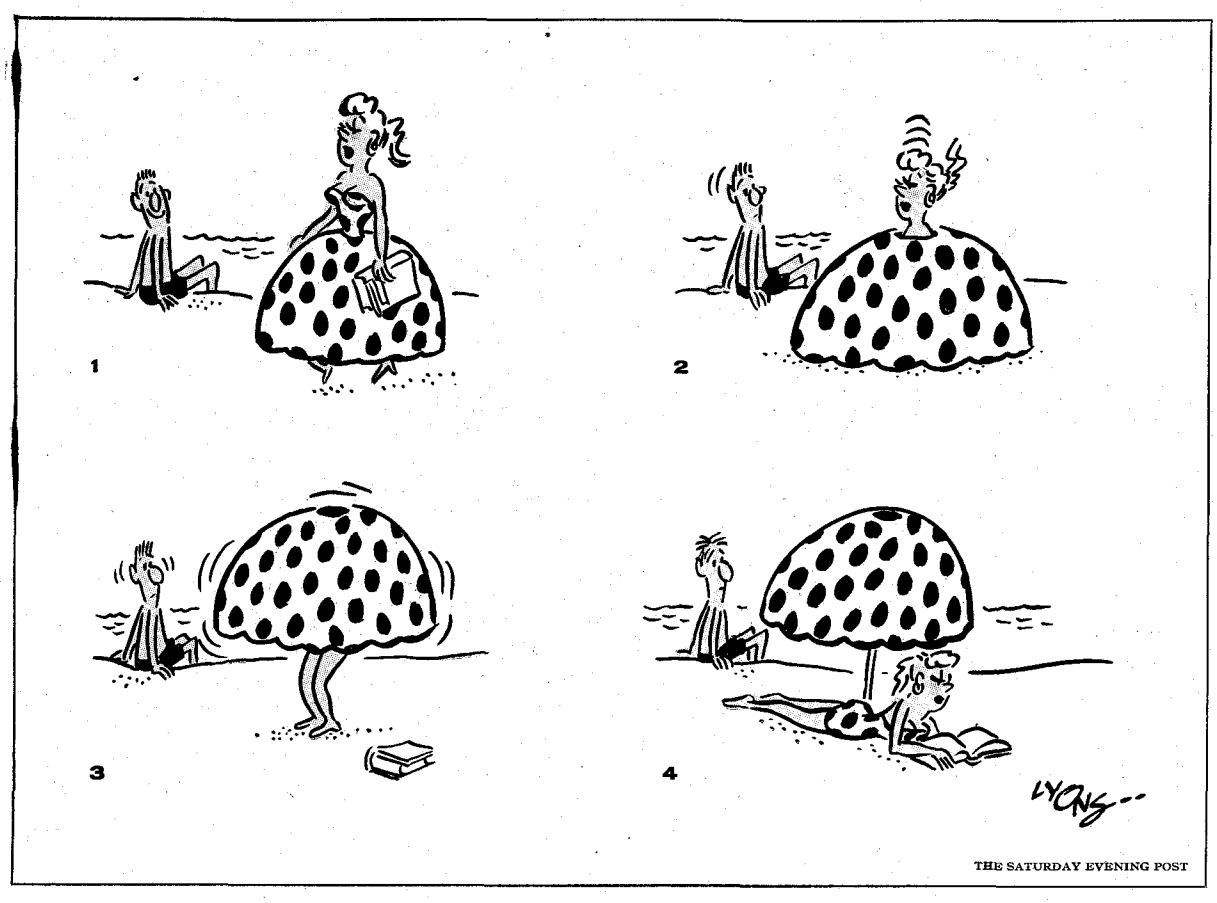
Power brakes and power steering,
  Power windshield wipers? Good!
Power seats and power windows,
  Power underneath the hood.
I admire these powerhouses
  Hued to match all shades of raiments.
All that I require is
  The power to meet the payments.

LEONARD A. PARIS

Maxim Silencer

Many's the proverb makes me burn
  And leaves me bewildered and in a fix:
Is it really, "Never too late to learn,"
  Or, "You just can't teach old dogs
    new tricks"?

MARGARET FISHBACK ANTOLINI



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Lady Tackles the Travel Bureau

"And now, madam, what can I do for you?"

"Well, my husband and I always take our vacation at Simpson's Lake—you know, rent a cabin and all—but this year George gets three weeks, and I thought—we thought we might ——"

"Of course, madam! Follow the highroad to adventure! Now, just what ——"

"Well, or anyhow go someplace different. Like maybe some hotel that wasn't too far ——"

"Say no more, madam! The fabulous Boca Roca awaits you, with an extravaganza of resort features—six swimming pools, seven putting greens, eight polo fields, nine *jai alai* courts ——"

"Well, George isn't much for ——"

"And a cosmopolitan program of cocktail bridges, dansants ——"

"What?"

"Dances."

"Oh. Well, George can't da—— I mean, I just thought if there was some little place that ——"

"Yes indeed, ma'am—El Grando Motelorama, miracle mecca for happy motorists! Nestled by the whispering sea, a sun-'n'-fun-filled paradise of memory-packed hours! Surfboarding, badminton, buffet brunches ——"

"Wienie roasts?"

"What?"

"Wienie roasts. George always seems to enjoy a nice wienie roast. At Simpson's Lake I used to take maybe a dozen wienies, and ——"

"I have it, madam! What you want is a cruise! Jolly carefree living with congenial companions, a sun-'n'-star deck for romancing to the rhythms of happy native bands, marvelous cuisine with that Continental flair ——"

"Well, of course, George has to be a little careful of his stomach. You take onions or curry or anything, like the time Grace Johnson put cucumbers in the salad, and George didn't know it until—that is, I always cook at the lake and that way I can be sure he won't ——"

"Or—listen. This place you mentioned."

"Simpson's Lake?"

"Simpson's Lake. You say you've been there a lot."

"Oh, my, yes. Every summer for fourteen y——"

"George ever kick about it?"

"Oh, no, he ——"

"Then look. We won't crowd our luck. I'll just get on that phone and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

NEW! Spaghetti Sauce by Franco-American rich with plump tender mushrooms!

LOOK, you can *see* the "secret ingredient" in this enticing new sauce by FRANCO-AMERICAN!

It's the *mushrooms*, of course! Very *special* mushrooms, handpicked at their plump, tender best and gently simmered in the sauce to bring out all the subtle mushroom flavor.

You'll taste lots of *other* good things, too. Onions and celery. Garlic, spices, and juicy, vine-ripened tomatoes. Altogether *thirteen* choice ingredients.

Good cooks say this new sauce has all the rich, "homemade" taste of the slow-simmered Italian kind. Yet all *you* do is heat it for three minutes and it's ready to serve.

Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms makes a wonderful "something-different" idea for meatless meals. For that matter, it's a great idea *any* day. And it costs less than 7¢ for a good, *hearty* helping! Why not plan to try some, very soon?

Spaghetti Sauce
with Mushrooms
by *Franco-American*

TRY THIS ONE, TOO!
Italian-style Spaghetti Sauce with lots of meat!

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They're Driving the Biggest Thrill of the Trip

Hitting the vacation trail? Pamper yourself—in a '56 Pontiac wonder wagon! From the spacious cockpit of today's station-wagon stand-out, pick a spot anywhere on the map:

As easy as wishing . . . you're there!

And every fleeting mile is a vivid experience in the excitement of *command.* For here is a wagon with a brilliance entirely new to its husky breed! In its every response you will feel the presence of its eager power team, the liveliest on any car *of any body style.*

Pontiac's Strato-Streak V-8 is literally the most modern power plant on the go today. Its surging 227* horses perform with such authority that even long-time Pontiac owners are thrilled as they've never been thrilled before!

And another great engineering triumph, Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic†, turns all this power to flashing action with an all-new, sparkling-smooth alertness *exclusive* with today's Pontiacs!

Remember, too, that along with this go comes glamorous *bigness*—the kind of bigness that gives your Pontiac wagon its "limousine" riding qualities—safeness, steadiness, solid stability.

And you've four to choose from! And, for all their massiveness and power, any of these sleek Pontiac station wagons is astonishingly easy to own. A Pontiac wagon can be yours for less than many lower-powered, "small-car" wagons!

Test pilot a Pontiac station wagon before you complete your vacation plans. You'll reset your sight-seeing sights!

*227 h.p. standard on Star Chief Series. †An extra-cost option.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The '56 Strato-Streak PONTIAC

WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC

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Jennifer's quick eyes caught the bit of gold as it slipped from Artemus' fingers. "Why, Mr. Baldwin," she exclaimed, "that looked like gold."

Counterfeit Cavalier

It was one of the oldest swindles in the business. And he pulled it on the perfect suckers.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Artemus Baldwin opened the door of his motor-court cabin to admit Marvin Leeds, a lawyer who had asked to see him. "It was gracious of you, Mr. Baldwin, to receive me on such short notice," said Leeds.

"Skip the baloney," Artemus replied rudely. "What's your racket?"

In the guise of a fugitive Chicago gunman, Baldwin, a Secret Service undercover operative, had come to Arizona to track down a gang of counterfeiters. Baldwin soon established his reputation as a tough mobster who aimed to muscle in on the Phoenix rackets.

Leeds, front man for a big Phoenix gang, offered Artemus a chance to join the racketeers rather than fight them. If Artemus refused, Leeds threatened to call the Chicago cops.

Baldwin's first assignment was to work a gold swindle on Col. Semmes Beauregard, a wealthy Southern gentleman. Baldwin already knew the colonel and his daughter, Jennifer. He even had a date to go riding with Jennifer that afternoon.

On their ride, Artemus and Jennifer were joined by Jick Roche and her precocious brother, Pomfret Lionel. Artemus had first met Jick at a party in the desert. There they had discovered a corpse with a wad of money stuffed in his mouth. One of the bills was counterfeit. The dead man was Sweet Lips Chavez, a small-time racketeer and boy friend of the Roches' cook.

With Jick and Jennifer, Artemus rode out to the house of Walker Bayside, an artist who had invited Jennifer out to see some of his work. Artemus, who was suspicious of Bayside, sensed that Jennifer and the artist were not just casual acquaintances.

That evening Artemus' informant, Porque the Egg, told Artemus to expect some trouble. "The boys," said Porque, "don't like your hornin' in."

When Baldwin returned to his cabin that evening, he was greeted by two gunmen. "We're a committee," said one gunman. "We're appointed to escort you out of town." The two men then forced Baldwin to return to his car.

IV

"Start her up," ordered Moose.

Artemus turned the key and pressed the starter button. Nothing happened. The car was dead. He pressed the button again, with the same result.

"Looks like we're not going for a ride, boys," he said grimly. (Continued on Page 80)

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Switch to KELLYS for SAFETY...

Get the KELLY Prestige TUBELESS

built for Worry-free Driving!

The Prestige is truly tubeless... a complete air-tight unit in itself! It's free of gummy sealants, heavy liners, or other "tube substitute" devices. What's more, it has a super-strength cord that's pre-stretched and heat stabilized. And it's Safety-Welded with new bonding compounds into a single unit that's air-tight . . . lighter, cooler and smoother-running . . . and incredibly strong. In addition to all this, Kelly's famous Armorubber tread on the Prestige gives you extra *thousands* of miles!

For economical, *worry-free* driving, switch to Kelly Prestige . . . the perfected tubeless tires!

Blowout Safety!

The stronger, Safety-Welded cord body gives the Prestige almost unbelievable resistance to impact damage . . . makes it lighter, cooler-running, softer-riding.

Puncture Safety!

You can forget about dangerous road-side flats. Prestige Safety-Weld body c-l-i-n-g-s to puncturing objects, prevents air loss, keeps you rolling *safely*.

Stopping Safety!

The instant you touch the brakes, the Prestige tread is converted into thousands of sharp-angled "stopping edges" that grip the road . . . and hold fast

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Switch to KELLYS for SAVINGS!

Get the Tops in Trades at your Kelly Dealer's!

Are you driving on worn or out-dated tires? Why take the risk? Especially when it's so easy to "safety-tire" your car with the Kelly Prestige and get *the most advanced tire safety available anywhere!* See your Kelly Dealer as soon as you can! He'll give you full details of the three big ways in which you save when you switch to Kellys!

1. The Kelly Tubeless Prestige gives exceptional value at low price . . . costs no more than a regular tire and tube. So it's a bargain to begin with!

2. When you switch to Prestige Tubeless Tires your Kelly Dealer will allow you the *full* value of all the mileage left in your present tires—plus the full value of tubes you no longer need! You get the *maximum* allowance . . . and it'll go a long way toward putting tough, safe Kellys on your car!

3. What's more, your Kelly Dealer will give you expert tire service and maintenance advice . . . help you get maximum mileage while you drive worry-free!

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Only Royal Gelatin Dessert gives you the "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"-C

And Tastes So Delicious—Like The Fresh, Ripe Fruit! Yes, new ROYAL Gelatin Dessert gives your family the vitamin so important to sturdy bodies, good teeth and bones. There's actually more Vitamin C in each package than in three ounces of fresh raspberries or five ounces of tomato juice. *No other Gelatin Dessert does this for you!* Get ROYAL today. 7 Favorite Flavors!

FOR SCRUMPTIOUS DESSERTS EVERY TIME . . .

Always Reach For Royal

Lemon-y, Lemon Pie with Royal Lemon Flavor Pie Filling

74% more food energy than the fresh, whole milk in every serving of Royal Pudding

The Happy Genius (Continued from Page 41)

every word right along with them; that's why microphones are never placed close to him. As the music goes on, his mobile face mirrors every feeling from bitter sadness to ecstasy, making him seem emotionally drunk. He once said, "I honestly don't realize what I'm doing on the podium. When I'm conducting, nothing else exists but the music and the players."

Bernstein has an uncanny ability to grasp a complicated musical problem instantly and to solve it as quickly. This lightning facility was displayed some time ago at the Curtis Institute of Music, where he studied for two years. One class assignment was to bring in a specially prepared orchestral score to play on the piano in front of everyone. That morning Bernstein arrived without any preparation at all. Before class started he told the other students that he was going to the library to pick out an easy score to play at sight. They went with him and helped choose Beethoven's Coriolanus Overture. Once in class, Bernstein opened up the music and played it right through—to the disgust of the rest of the class.

"They refused to believe I'd never laid eyes on it before," he says now. "They thought I'd secretly worked on it for days, and that I was putting on an act to seem superior. It was a whole year before they began to be friendly."

Bernstein has wrestled all his life with a feeling that he must be two different people at the same time. One Bernstein is a performer; he teaches, conducts, appears on television, plays the piano, goes to parties and gives press interviews.

"A performer," he says, "is a highly public figure, an extrovert, whose whole compulsion is to get out there in front of people and let it out. On the other hand, I'm a composer. Now, the creative person is a whole other guy. He has a complex inner life. His big relationship is with himself, or his Muse, or his God, or his unconscious; he has to seek out that dreadful gray solitude where he's stuck with himself. Most people of the arts belong to one group or the other. My misfortune is to live in a schizophrenic world of both."

He has managed to straddle his two different lives by living both of them simultaneously at full blast. He earns his estimated $30,000-a-year income in one quiet room of his nine-room apartment in New York City. The eight other rooms are used by his actress wife, Felicia, his four-year-old daughter, Jamie, his baby son, Alexander Serge, two Chilean women servants, and his secretary, Helen Coates. Telephone extensions in these other rooms ring all day long. At night, friends come for dinner and stay to play anagrams.

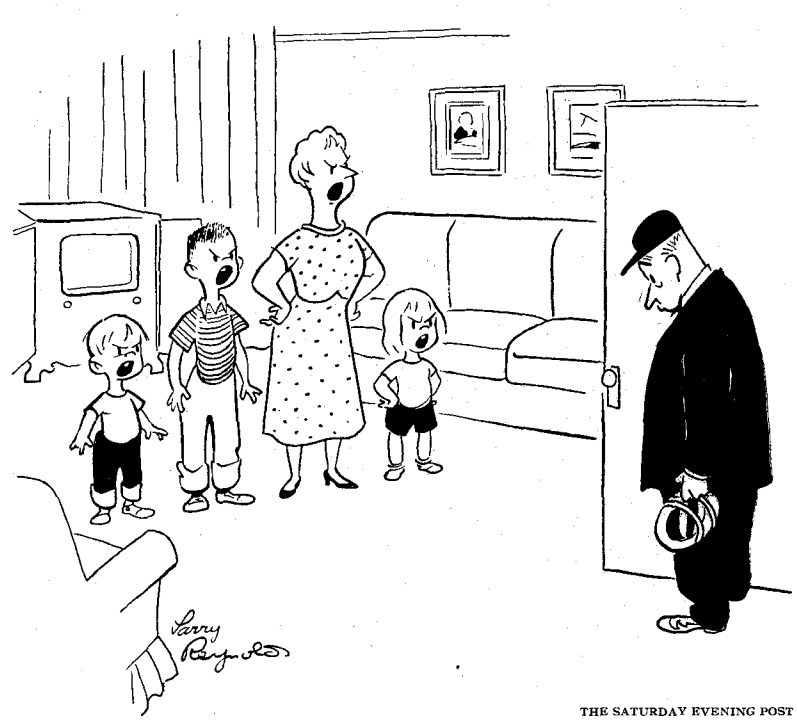
"Lenny never does anything in moderation," says his wife. "If we're playing anagrams, he always wants to play until dawn. If we watch the Late Show on television, then we watch the Late Late Show. If we go to the opera, we stop at a midnight movie on the way home. He always carries a pocketful of antiacid pills; if he decides he must eat a raw-onion sandwich, he first eats the sandwich and then the pills."

In contrast to this zestful life, Bernstein spends most of each day alone in what he calls his "thinking room," a gloomy cavern whose walls and carpeting are elephant gray. This space is sealed off from the world; only the air-conditioner and the closed Venetian blinds indicate that a solitary window exists. Here, sitting in a storm of cigarette smoke, he works by lamplight. His tools are a grand piano, a large work table loaded with pencils, paper and two telephones, a portable phonograph, a recording machine and a couch on which he often lies while composing. Big cupboards hold opera scores, sheet music, books about music, and seventeen scrapbooks containing Bernstein clippings.

He works on several projects at once, deciding on which one to concentrate by standing in the middle of the room and letting his body lead the way. If he moves to the piano, he starts improvising in search of a melody. If he lies down on the couch, it usually means he needs a period of introspection before composing. If he sits down at his work table, he starts writing his next Omnibus piece or reading over the score of a symphony he has agreed to conduct.

"I never have to force myself to work," he says. "An artist has a compulsion to work—he'd go crazy if he didn't. I love my work, all of it."

Leonard Bernstein was born in 1918, in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and for the first ten years of his life there was no musical instrument in his home, not even a radio. (*Continued on Page 55*)



"He was safe!"

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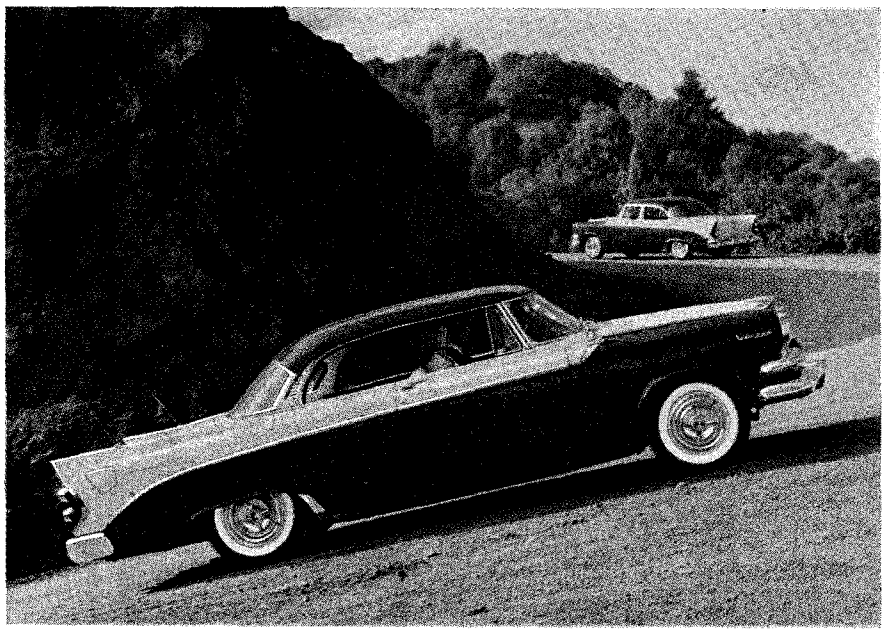
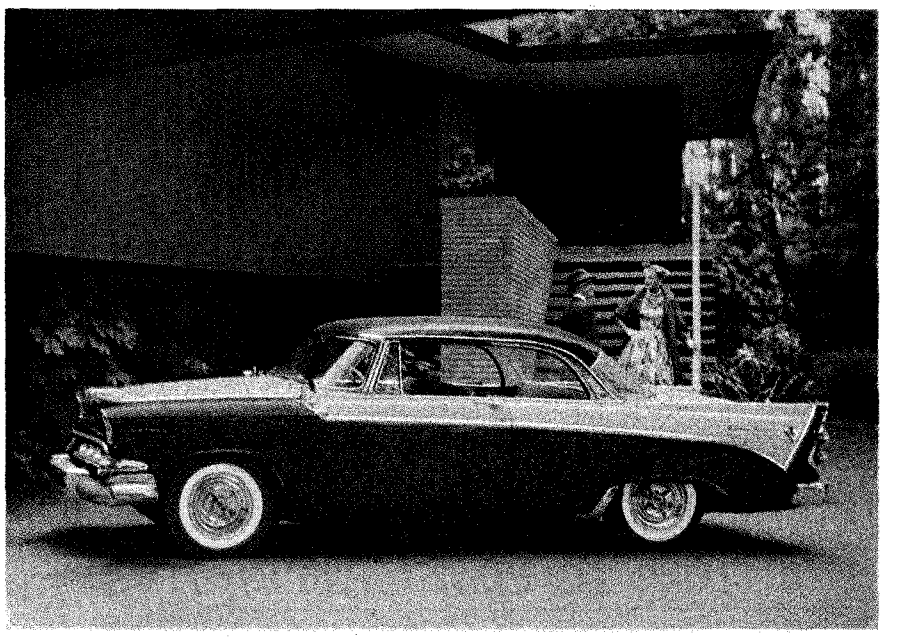


Coronet Lancer—lowest priced hardtop in the Dodge field! Here's pace-setting style with performance to match. On the Bonneville Salt Flats, the new '56 Dodge shattered 306 AAA records held by expensive American and foreign cars.

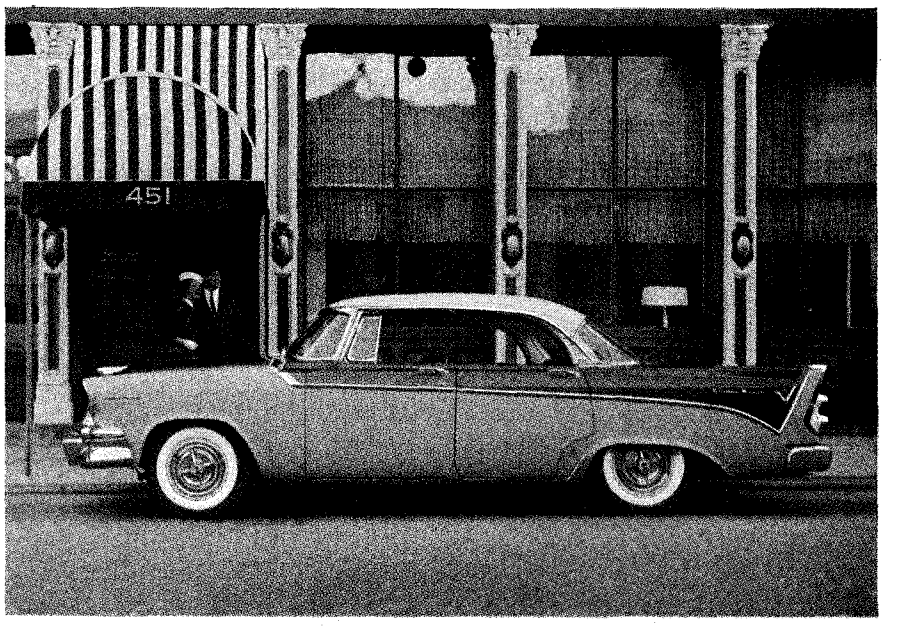


Gown by Sorrello Steiner of Milan

This Custom Royal Lancer gives you the looks and luxury of cars costing a thousand dollars more. And keep this in mind: Dodge *outperformed* all cars in *every* price class in the recent NASCAR acceleration runs—the true measure of performance.

Make way for the Lancers *by* Dodge

Gallant and gay . . . the Dodge Lancers put *adventure* back in motoring! Here are daring "hardtops" in 2-door and 4-door models, and their dashing companion—the Dodge convertible. They are available in all 3 Series: Custom Royal, Royal and the sensationally low-priced Coronet. *Discover the Difference in Dodge!*



Coat by Bonnie Cashin for Phillip Sills

The Lancer goes 4-door! This fabulous Dodge blends dashing Lancer style with 4-door convenience in spectacular fashion. There's a 4-door Lancer by Dodge in all 3 Series: Custom Royal (above), Royal and Coronet.

Dashing companion to the Lancers! Dodge convertibles steal the "Oh's" from the costliest cars. And just wait till you discover the Magic Touch of Dodge push-button driving! It's mechanically perfect . . . *the easiest, safest, surest way of driving ever developed!*

VALUE LEADER OF THE FORWARD LOOK

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When little angels turn into little devils . . . it's time to call Carrier!

Horns turn into halos when you turn on air conditioning. Call Carrier and see.

Refreshing Carrier air conditioning soothes peevish dispositions. Yours *and* the youngsters. The cool comfort perks up listless summer appetites, makes sleeping easier. Every hour of the day you'll enjoy your home so much more.

Carrier Room Air Conditioners cool a bedroom or living room. Carrier Weathermakers air condition a whole house. (See the column at the right.)

From Bombay to Boston, from mile-deep mines to lofty skyscrapers, Carrier air conditioning is serving more people and more purposes than any other make.

Look up your local Carrier dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory. He's the man in your town who knows air conditioning best. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

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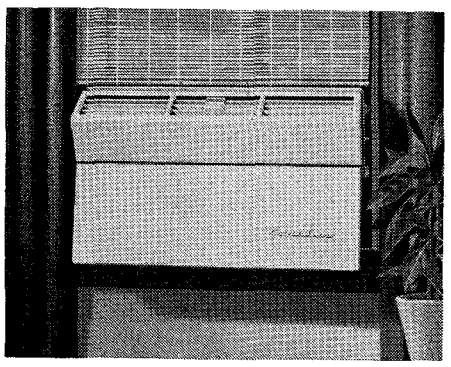
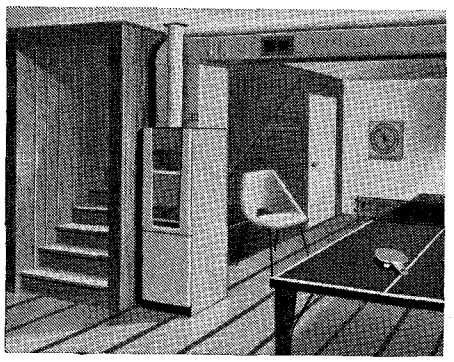
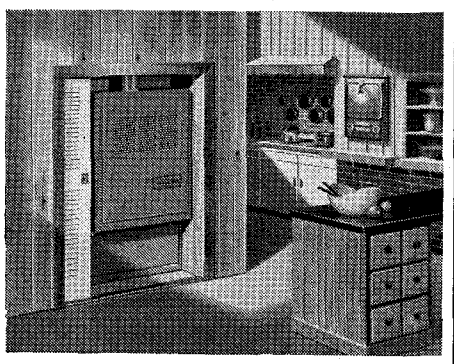


The Carrier International Room Air Conditioner cools, dehumidifies and filters the air in one or more rooms. Harmonizes with any interior. Quickly installs in almost any window. Other models with between-season heating.



Carrier Conversion Weathermaker which cools the whole house is shown at the top of a warm air furnace. Saves you money by using the same fan, filter, and ducts as your present heating system. It's air-cooled so it needs no water.



Carrier Year-round Weathermaker heats and cools the entire house. Build a new home around the Weathermaker and construction savings will help you pay for it. Or replace a worn-out furnace and modernize your present home.

Carrier

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING

(*Continued from Page 52*) Neither of his parents was interested in music. Samuel Bernstein had emigrated from Russia in his teens. After several years of work in sweatshops, he had become a successful Boston jobber for beauty supplies. He and his wife, Jennie, also a Russian émigré, expected Leonard to take over the beauty-supply business when he reached manhood.

Leonard was a sickly child, suffering from colds and asthma. His parents worried aloud over his appearance, thus giving him a feeling of inferiority. "I didn't mix with the other kids; I felt like an underdog," he says.

One afternoon the frail ten-year-old came home from his schooling at the Temple Mishkan Tefila and discovered his first piano right in his own home—a heavy upright. It belonged to his Aunt Clara, who, on getting a divorce, decided to store it with the Bernstein family. Leonard fingered the keyboard in curiosity. Then, absorbed in the sounds it made, he climbed on the bench to experiment with both hands. From then on, he was possessed. He spent the rest of that afternoon and evening pounding the keys.

He demanded piano lessons, and his father agreed. Soon one-dollar-an-hour neighborhood piano teachers were coming and going—mostly going, because Leonard swiftly gobbled up each one's knowledge and hungrily awaited the next. At last, when he was a fourteen-year-old student at the Boston Latin School, he started three years of study with Miss Helen Coates, a noted piano teacher. His father paid for the expensive lessons after some protesting; by this time he was beginning to feel both pride and shame over his son.

He was proud that shy and sickly Leonard had changed into a vigorously handsome boy whose popularity with schoolmates was assured. What shamed him was that, in conservative Newton, the boy was regarded as an eccentric. Neighbors would see him reading sheet music, nodding and smiling to himself. When questioned, the boy would explain, "I can hear the music in my head as I read it."

He took opera scores from the Newton Public Library, so that he and his nine-year-old sister, Shirley, might sing them together at home. Often the youngsters' voices floated over neighboring lawns for hours without pause. They sang in French or Italian. They didn't know those languages, but they sang anyway.

Leonard was consumed by music, and by all music—jazz or classical, it made no difference. In his teens, during summers at the quiet vacation town of Sharon, he produced and directed enormous musical productions, badgering fifty vacationing children into participating. At fourteen he was responsible for a burlesque version of Carmen with himself in the leading role; at sixteen, playing Nanki-Poo, he produced The Mikado. His father supplied wigs for the shows, and one summer his mother reluctantly supplied the Bernstein maid, Leila Gianpietro. "I made Leila the lead in Pinafore," Bernstein recalls, "and I kept her rehearsing so much that dishes went unwashed in our home all that summer."

Bernstein and son began to have bitter arguments. Mr. Bernstein reminded Leonard again and again that he was expected to take over the family beauty-supply business. Again and again Leonard refused. For a time the father stopped paying for his son's expensive piano lessons. He relented after Leonard began coming home with bruised fingers; the youngster was playing interminable jazz piano with a high-school band as a means of earning lesson money. Sam Bernstein wrote letters to the boy's music teacher, begging her not to encourage Leonard's interest.

Miss Coates ignored these letters; she was already engrossed in her pupil. "He absorbed in one lesson an arrangement that took most of my pupils five or six lessons to learn," she has since said. Years later, when Leonard Bernstein telephoned to say that he needed her help in handling his affairs, Miss Coates uprooted herself and moved to New York. Today she is his devoted secretary.

By the time Leonard entered Harvard as a music major, it was agreed that his father would pay all college expenses, while Leonard would pay for his outside studies of the piano. He taught piano to pay for his own lessons with Heinrich Gebhard. He still recalls one bargain-rate arrangement—lessons for three children for two dollars, with his supper thrown in. He composed for the Greek Society and played concerts with the Massachusetts State Orchestra (WPA). In his senior year he codirected the production of the Massachusetts-banned play The Cradle Will Rock. State censorship was unable to reach inside the Harvard enclave.

In 1939, when he was graduated cum laude from Harvard, he faced a dilemma. No further money was forthcoming from home, now that he was grown. How would he support himself? He tried his luck in New York City, spending a hot summer there in misery. No jobs were offered him. But Adolph Green, a friend from summer-camp days, invited Leonard to share his shabby apartment, and he spent cheerful evenings with the composer Aaron Copland, whom he had met during his Harvard days.

Finally, at the end of the summer, when he was deeply depressed, he saw another acquaintance, the conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos. Agonized, he demanded of Mitropoulos the answer to his problem: What work could he do in music? Mitropoulos' brief answer changed the pattern of Leonard's life forever: "You could study conducting."

It had never occurred to Bernstein to conduct. He had no idea how one learned conducting. But he asked the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia for an audition.

Dr. Fritz Reiner agreed to hear him play. Leonard arrived at the Institute tense with anxiety, and swollen-faced from an attack of hay fever. He found, propped on the piano, a thick orchestral score opened at the middle.

"Play it," Reiner commanded, "and also see if you can recognize it."

Leonard sat down and began playing. Suddenly, without breaking off, he shouted, "It's Brahms' Academic Festival Overture!" Doctor Reiner nodded. He has since said, "Leonard Bernstein is the most all-around talented student I ever had."

For two more years, then, Leonard was back in the comfortable security of a scholarly routine. At Curtis, which he attended on a fellowship, he studied conducting, orchestration and piano. The summer of 1940 brought him a magnificent opportunity. Serge Koussevitzky started the Tanglewood School of Music and chose Leonard as one of four student conductors for the six-week summer course.

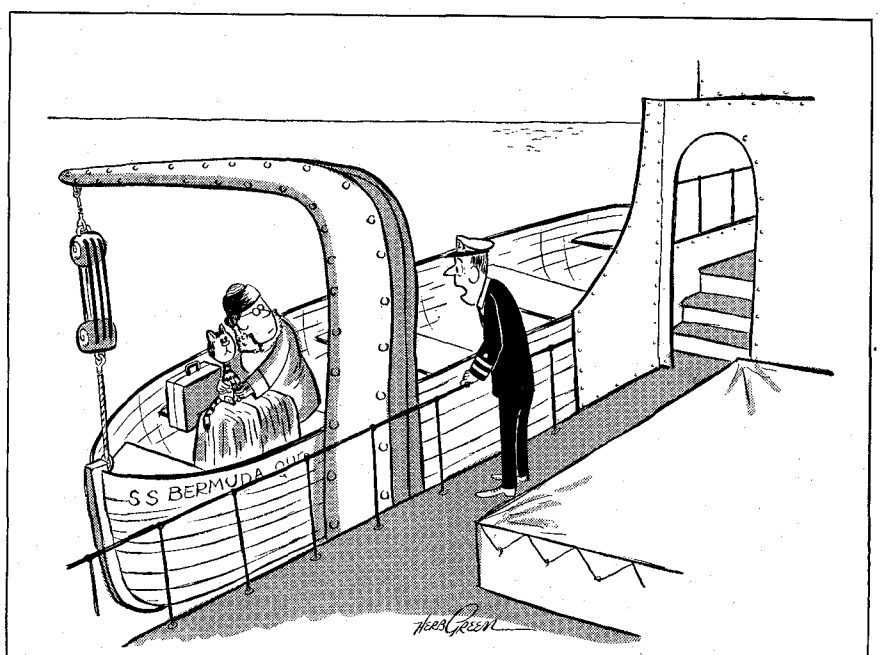
It was a tremendously exciting summer for him. At last he was conducting a big student orchestra, rather than a single student seated at a Curtis piano. At last he was comparing the sedate "small-triangle" style of Reiner's conducting technique with the violently emotional style of Koussevitzky's.

But in 1941, after a second year at Curtis and a second summer at Tanglewood, he finished his academic studies. Once again he was a jobless musician. "In a way, it was worse this time," he says. "Who hired kid conductors for hundred-man orchestras? I was twenty-three years old and I had no place to go."

The next two years were full of disappointments. Deciding to be a piano teacher, he opened a studio in Boston. No pupils came. By the fall of 1942 he was back in New York, and hungry enough to settle for a twenty-five-dollars-a-week job in Tin Pan Alley. Here he wrote down the notes of recorded jazz improvisations for the Music Publishers Holding Corporation. Ashamed of this work, he used the name of Lenny Amber; in German, Bernstein means Amberstone.

In the year 1942 he finished his first symphony to meet the deadline of a contest sponsored by the New England Conservatory of Music. This was the brooding Jeremiah, its text taken from the Book of Lamentations. Jeremiah was rejected by the contest judges.

Meanwhile, Bernstein himself was rejected, for the third time, by his draft board. The turndown was due to his long history of asthma. A few days later, steeped in gloom, he drove up to Lenox, Massachusetts. It was August, and he had just passed his twenty-fifth birthday. Although Tanglewood was closed for the duration of the war, he had been asked by



"Now, now, Mrs. Borden, if there's any danger we'll let you know in plenty of time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Looking for Something?
OFFICE EQUIPMENT
'Yellow Pages'
Classified Telephone Directory
DICTATING MACHINE
FROM DICTATING MACHINES TO TYPEWRITERS WHATEVER YOU NEED
Find It Fast In The 'Yellow Pages'
Ads with this emblem make your shopping easier

Koussevitzky to play piano in a small concert for the benefit of the Red Cross. He was finally able to shake off his feeling of worthlessness. As always, he lost himself in the music.

He was unaware that his audience included Artur Rodzinsky, director of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, who had previously heard him conduct at Tanglewood. Rodzinsky was looking for an assistant conductor. The following day he invited Leonard to come to his nearby farm for a talk. In an hour it was all settled. Leonard, dazed but happy, was the new assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony.

No one could recall when a musician trained only in America had been chosen as assistant conductor to one of the three major orchestras in the United States—New York, Philadelphia, Boston. Skeptics pointed out that Bernstein's only experience had been with student orchestras. Then, shrugging, they remembered that in the history of American music no assistant had ever conducted a major orchestra. Like a star's understudy, he was just there for an emergency. And big conductors have always seen to it that no emergency arises.

But three months later the emergency came. On the Sunday of November 14, 1943, Carnegie Hall filled with people who had bought tickets to hear guest conductor Bruno Walter lead the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Across the nation, millions of other music lovers tuned radios to the program. None was aware that Bruno Walter had telephoned Rodzinsky a few hours earlier, saying that he was too ill to conduct. Rodzinsky, talking from his faraway Massachusetts farm, called Leonard; and after a sickbed conference with Walter, Bernstein arrived at Carnegie Hall. The audience studied his boyish figure as he stepped to the podium. Because he did not own the customary tailcoat, he wore a gray sack suit.

The program, already chosen by Walter, was a difficult one; Schumann's Overture to Manfred; Theme, Variations and Finale by Miklos Rozsa; Strauss' Don Quixote, with Joseph Schuster as cello soloist; and Wagner's Prelude to Die Meistersinger. But when the concert ended, the audience cheered for minutes, among them Leonard's parents. At long last, father Bernstein agreed that his son had chosen the right career.

In addition to its front-page review The New York Times commented on the editorial page: "Mr. Bernstein had to have something approaching genius to make full use of his opportunity." Millions of subway riders learned of the musical adventure through the tabloids. It was, said the Daily News, "like a shoestring catch in center field. Make it, and you're a hero. Muff it and you're a dope.... He made it."

Leonard Bernstein was on his way. In a month, guest conductor Howard Barlow became too sick to conduct. Again, Leonard stepped in as a substitute. Once more, he reaped fine reviews. In the next few months he was invited to conduct many times in many cities—and among the symphonies he conducted was his own rejected Jeremiah. It was no longer rejected; in May of 1944 it won the Music Critics' Circle Award as "the most outstanding orchestral work by an American composer introduced during the 1943–44 season." In the space of six months, Bernstein had established himself both as a conductor and as a composer.

Somehow, during these same crowded months, he had collaborated with choreographer Jerome Robbins in composing the gay ballet Fancy Free, all about three sailors on shore leave. Bernstein himself conducted the ballet at its April, 1944, debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. In its first year, Fancy Free was danced 250 times by the Ballet Theater.

On December 28, 1944, a musical comedy named On the Town opened on Broadway. Based on the ballet Fancy Free, its music was by Bernstein, its book and lyrics by his old friend from his "misery" days, Adolph Green, together with Betty Comden. On the Town was a hit, and went into a movie version. And Bernstein collected $100,000.

He was now twenty-six years old. In thirteen months he had leaped from obscurity into many-sided fame, and he continued to march steadily up the two roads of jazz and of symphonic music. Succeeding Leopold Stokowski, he was for three years the unpaid director of the New York City Symphony. In 1946 he made his first trip to Europe, and in the next few years he conducted symphonies in England, Scotland, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Holland, Yugoslavia and Israel. At one period he conducted twenty-five concerts in twenty-eight days. Crisscrossing oceans by air, he also managed to conduct in the United States, in Mexico and in South America. Summers

... ...

Sheepshape

By SPURGEON DODSON

I'm practically dead from
lack of sleep,
And from counting all my
erratic sheep;
And one sheep's left that
should have gone,
But his tail is caught in the
crack of dawn.

... ...

were spent teaching at Tanglewood. He was composing on planes and in hotel rooms. At twenty-eight, he wrote his second ballet, Facsimile. At thirty, he wrote his second symphony, The Age of Anxiety, which, as one critic noted, "out-bops any contemporary be-bop, and outboogies any boogie."

Meanwhile, a romance with a strikingly pretty girl in New York had been threading in and out of his tumultuous life. They met for the first time in 1946, at a birthday party given both for her and for pianist Claudio Arrau. Like Arrau, she was from Chile. Her name was Felicia Montealegre Cohn, and her American father had been head of the American Smelting and Refining Company in South America. A fragile 100-pound blonde with wide hazel eyes, she had been sent to New York by her parents to study piano. However, she had secretly been studying acting.

Guests at the party agree that it was love at first sight for both of them. By the end of the year they announced their engagement. After nine months of being engaged, they decided that they weren't ready for marriage after all. Felicia says now, "How embarrassing!"

There followed several years when they saw each other only by accident. Felicia was becoming one of New York's young television stars. She continued to see Leonard's sister, Shirley, who also worked in television, and one afternoon in 1950 while she was at Shirley's apartment, Leonard dropped in unexpectedly. "How nice to see you." "You're looking well." Then, very cautiously, they began going out together again.

"Finally we started proposing to each other," Felicia says, "each of us asking so many times . . . the proposal that finally worked was Lenny's. It happened at the Blacksmith's Inn at Millbrook, where we'd stopped for dinner while driving to Tanglewood one summer night in 1951."

They were married in Boston that September ninth, almost six years after their first meeting. Marriage in no way slowed down Bernstein's musical pace. That same year he was appointed head of the conducting and orchestra department at the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood to replace Koussevitzky, who had recently died. He was also made a professor of music at Brandeis University, and during the first few months of his marriage he wrote the libretto and score of his one-act opera, Trouble in Tahiti.

The Bernstein apartment is uniquely Bernstein. Apart from the grand piano in Leonard's "thinking room," two small upright pianos stand back to back in the living room, permitting Felicia and Leonard to play occasional duets. However, Bernstein has proved that he can blot out his gracious home in any musical emergency. One day in December of 1952, he had a phone call from his former collaborators, Betty Comden and Adolph Green. They had been asked to write the book and lyrics for a new Broadway musical to be called Wonderful Town. Its star was Rosalind Russell. Bernstein must write the music. "But it has to go into rehearsal in four weeks in order to comply with Miss Russell's contract," he was told. "Do you think we can write a whole show in four weeks?"

"Certainly!" shouted Leonard.

This decision touched off a four-week frenzy. "We'd sit in Lenny's cave working until we couldn't see each other for the smoke," says Betty Comden. "Whenever one of the fourteen songs was finished, Rosalind Russell would come in, saying, 'O.K., geniuses, let's hear it.'... The show? We started rehearsals right on schedule."

Wonderful Town ran for a year and a half on Broadway, and won the Drama Critics' Circle Award for the best musical of the season. Bernstein's score brought him both the Antoinette Perry and the Donaldson awards. The following year, offered the chance to write the score for the motion picture On the Waterfront, he seized it, although he had never written for movies before. A few months later he completed Serenade, for violin solo and string orchestra with percussion. It was given its American *première* last April by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Bernstein is now whirling around his murky "thinking room," working, as always, on several projects at once. Having finished the incidental music for The Lark, starring Julie Harris, he is composing the music for a new Broadway tragicomedy named West Side Story. It should open next fall. He is also working on the music for another fall production, a musical version of Voltaire's Candide, written by Lillian Hellman. At the same time he is readying another forty-five-minute musical lecture for the TV show Omnibus, and studying orchestral scores for the concerts he is conducting on the Symphonies of the Air.

Those who know Leonard Bernstein are as aware of his foibles as of his accomplishments, and a prime example is that he lets nobody cut his hair except his wife. A recent caller at the Bernstein apartment found Leonard sitting at the dining-room table, a towel draped over his shoulders, while Felicia used clippers and scissors on his shaggy head. Looking up at the visitor contentedly, Bernstein said, "How very, very lucky I am. Do you realize how lucky? I am doing the work I love to do and I am surrounded by people I love. . . . Yet who would have guessed all this when I first saw Aunt Clara's piano?" THE END

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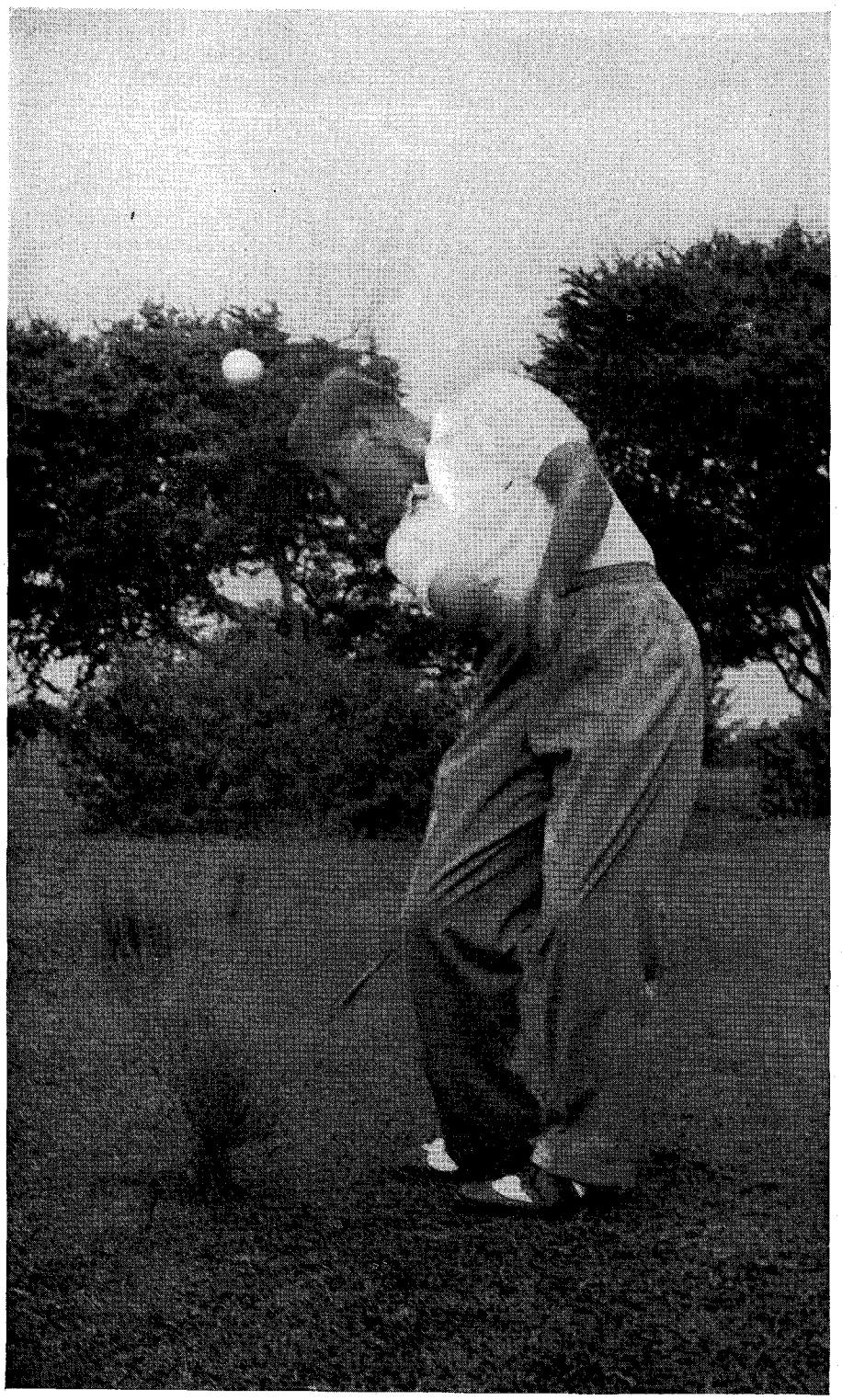

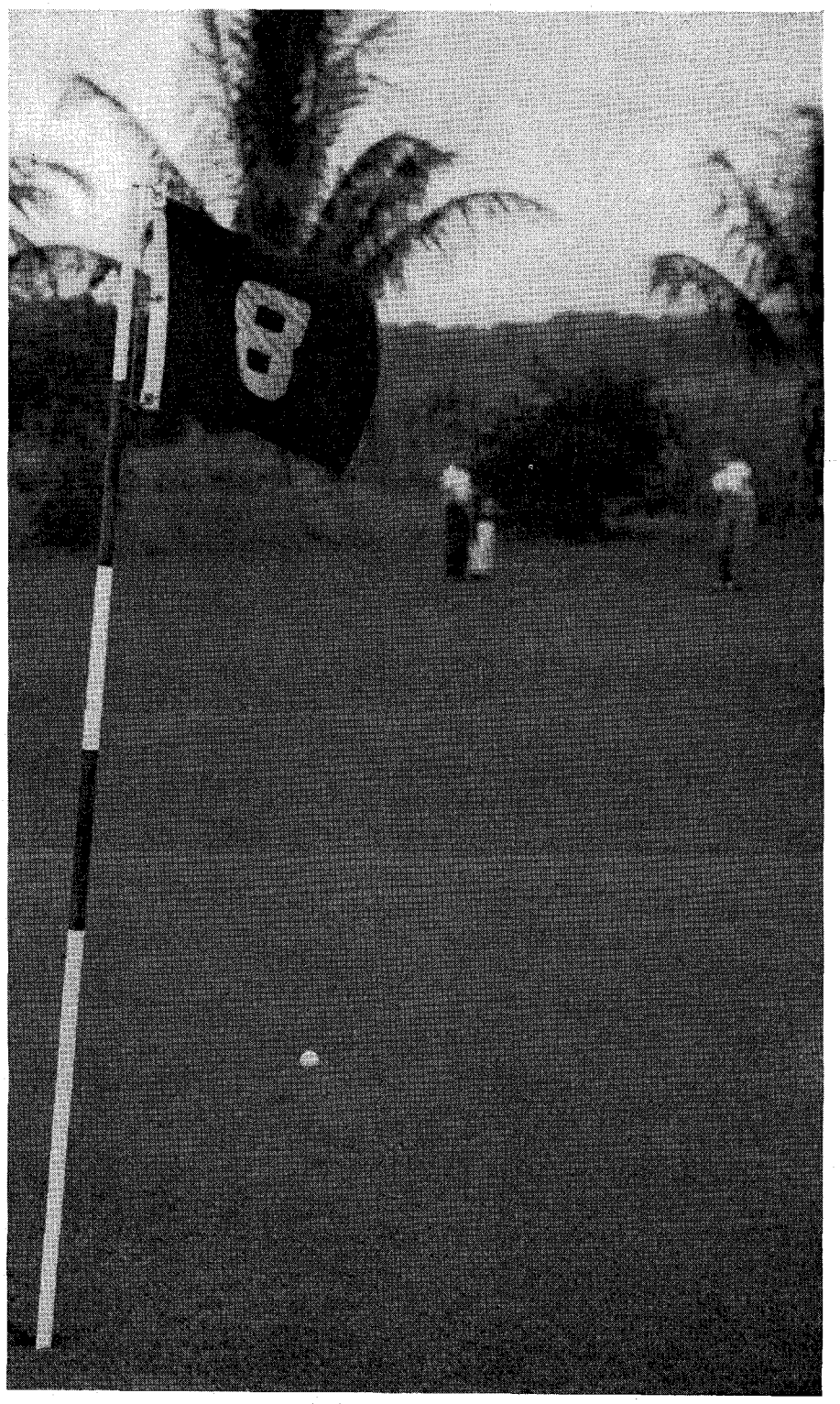

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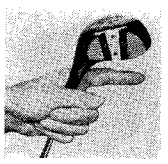

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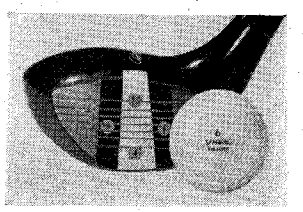

SPALDING

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The Day it Rained Money

(Continued from Page 39)

He'd been thinking all his life about what he'd do if they ever found oil on or close by his land. Years ago, when he was a young man, making his living training bird dogs and guiding folks on deer hunts, he'd thought about it. Back during the depression years, when all that his family had to eat were the vegetables he raised in his garden and the birds and rabbits he killed with his gun, he had thought how nice it would be if he had a little oil money coming in. When they laid him off at the shipyards because the high blood got him, and he couldn't stand to work inside the clanging boilers any more, he thought about oil. When he went back to plowing gardens again, and training dogs for rich folks to keep his son in college at Tuskegee, he still thought about it. And he had made up his mind. He wasn't going to be stampeded.

This was the frame of mind that John Henry was in as he squatted beneath the pecan tree with the circle of nervous, sweating lease buyers crowding around him. And it accounts for the strange way he acted—tantalizing and tormenting the lease hounds until they got so mad they swore and thrashed around in their chairs. One man offered him $200 an acre for his lease, and John Henry pretended he didn't hear him. He looked off across the fields and talked about his great-grandmother, a full-blooded Choctaw Indian who wove her own cloth and dyed it with the juice of roots and bark and berries. Another man raised it to $300, but John Henry wasn't listening. He was talking about his grandfather, who was born a slave in Virginia, and his father, Jacob, who had raised a big family on the sixteen acres of land that he had passed on to John Henry. They went up to $400, and still John Henry paid no attention. He was telling them about the time he played shortstop for the Birmingham Black Barons, and the Chickasaw All-Stars, of Memphis.

"I could scoop and chunk," said John Henry. "I could ketch a ball wherever it was hit, and I had a rifle arm. I was just born too soon. If I was a young man now I wouldn't be studying about no oil. I'd be up there in the big leagues with Robinson and Willie Mays and old Campanella."

He talked for an hour about his baseball days while the lease buyers fretted. Suddenly a man jumped up with a wild look in his eyes. He started pulling money out of his pockets and throwing it on the ground at John Henry's feet. The twenties and fifties and hundreds blew around like dry leaves.

"John Henry," he said, "you never saw that much money in your life before."

"No, sir, I never did," said John Henry pleasantly. "But I trained a bird dog once the man said was worth a thousand dollars. . . . Silas," he told his grandchild, who had come out to see the strangers, "pick up the man's money and hand it back to him."

Then he started off on a long story about bird dogs he had trained and hunted over, until another one of the lease buyers couldn't stand it any longer.

"Listen," he said. "I don't care nothing about bird dogs. I come here to do business." He started thrusting money at John Henry. "I'm giving you five hundred an acre for your lease."

John Henry clasped his hands between his knees. "Mister," he said amiably, "you still going to haf to put."

"John Henry," the man said, his face turning turkey red and his neck muscles swelling, "you are a damn fool. That well will turn out to be a salt well, and you will have missed the boat."

Maybe so, John Henry told the man. But whatever happened to the well was all right with him. He was going to ride her up or ride her down, whichever way she went.

It was hot midday by now, and John Henry was getting tired. He was just about to excuse himself, pretending he had some business to see about in town, when another car drove up. A man came striding across the yard, wearing a big white Texas hat and sharp-toed cowboy boots. He nodded to the other men and spoke to John Henry.

"John Henry," said the man, "don't you remember me?"

"You have grayed up some," said John Henry, peering at the man with his white-rimmed eyes. "But I know you. Fourteen years ago this fall, you brought me a bird-dog puppy to train. I can't say the last name, but yo' first name is Mr. Jack."

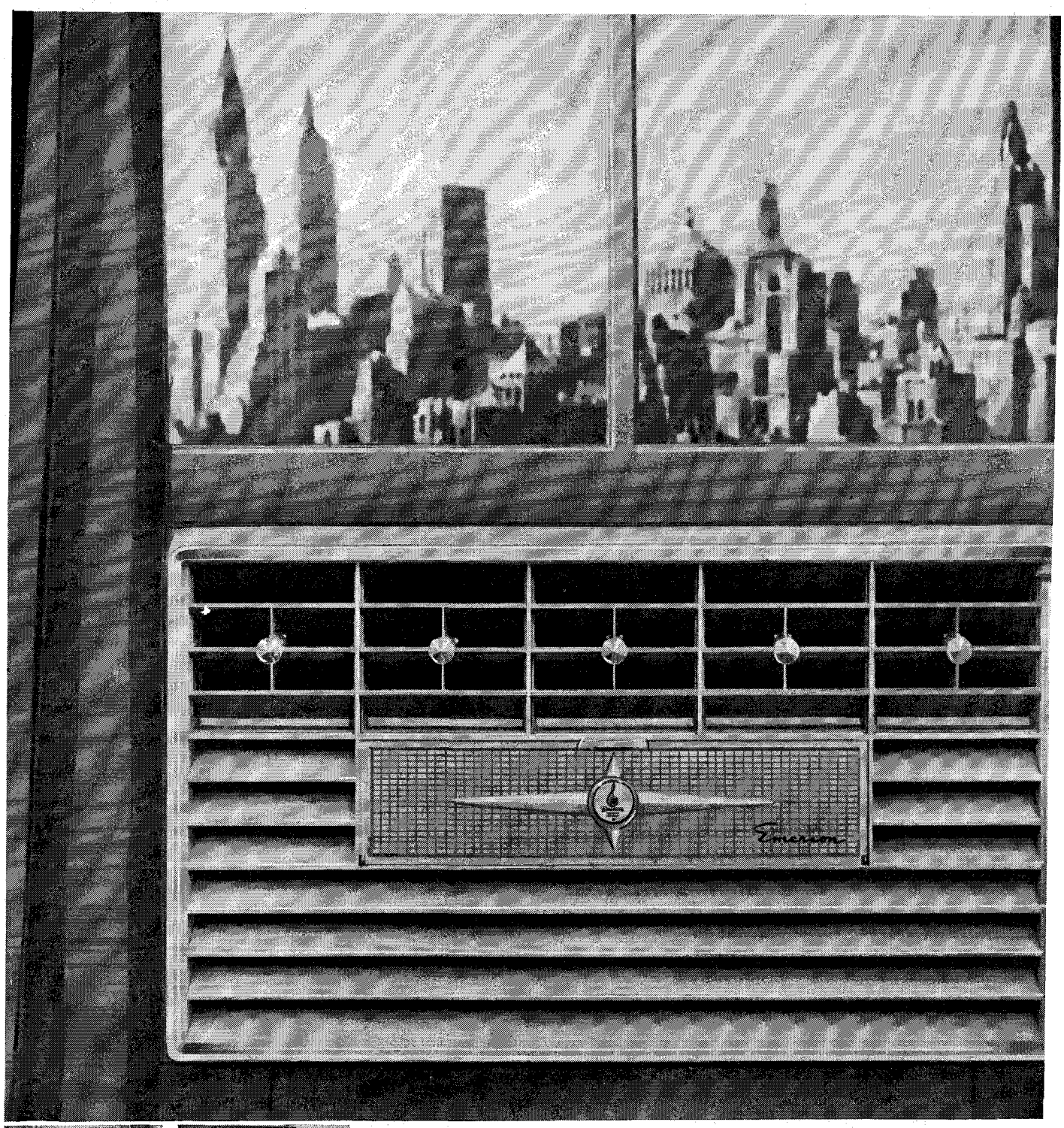
The man said that was right. Then he asked John Henry what he wanted for his lease. He was the first to ask John Henry that. The other men hadn't asked him. They had told him what they'd give. John Henry named his price. The big man looked a little startled. Then he looked at the others.

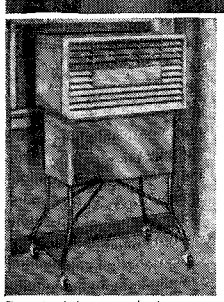
"Any of you-all got anything to say?"

The men just grunted and shifted in their chairs.

"All right then," the big man said, "the talkin's over. . . . John Henry, I have bought your lease."

When everybody had gone, John Henry went into his house, a little unpainted





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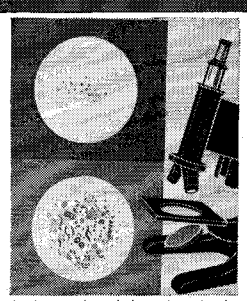

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shack whose warped boards let in the sunshine and the rain. His wife, Priscilla, looked mad.

"John Henry," she said, "you sounded like that fool Rochester out there talking to them men."

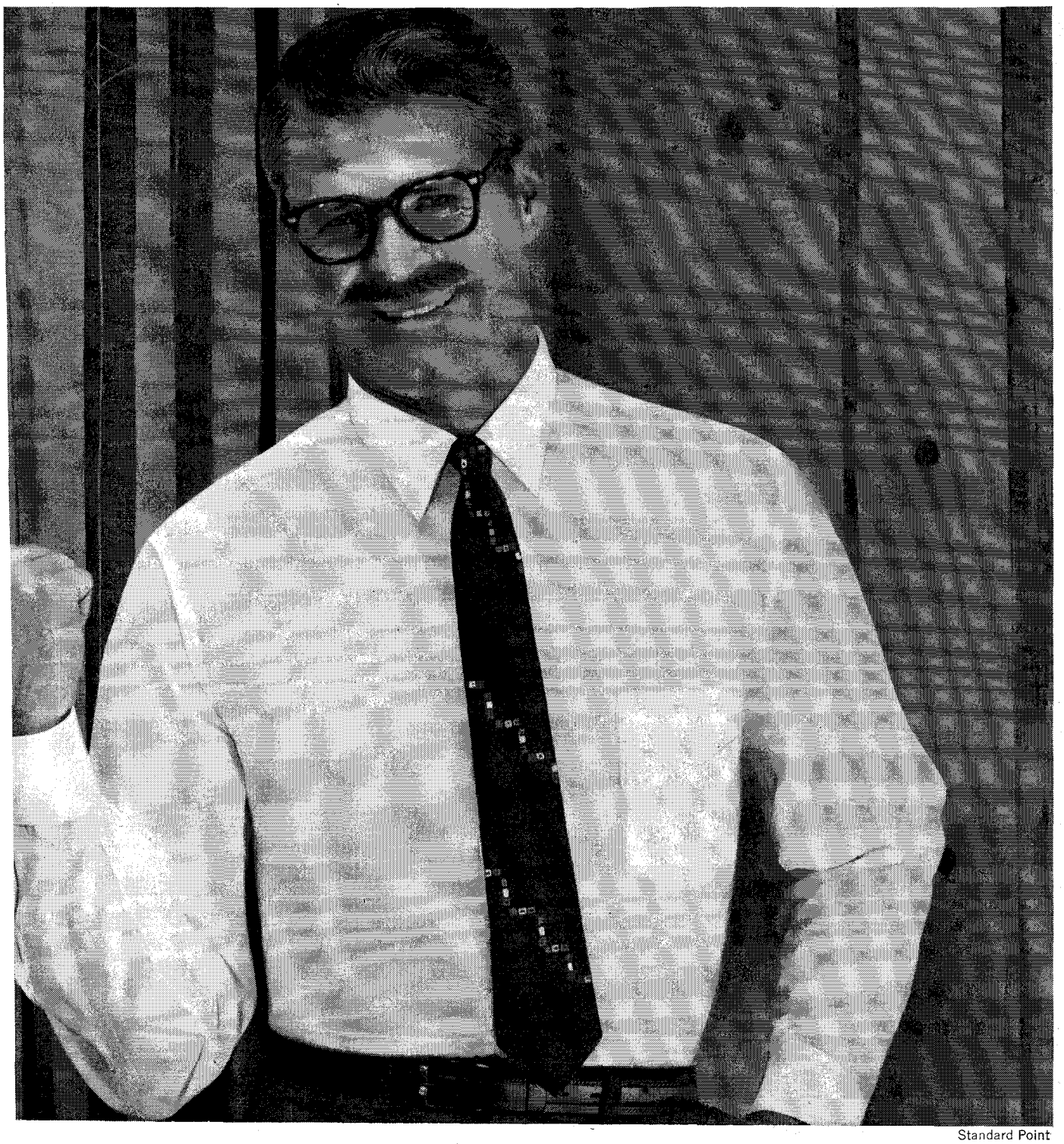
"Maybe I sounded like him," said John Henry, "but I wasn't thinking like Rochester. I got us a thousand dollars an acre for this sixteen acres of land."

The travail of spirit which John Henry Mason had undergone was repeated hundreds of times in the first frenzied days after oil was discovered in Citronelle last August. When word reached the oil country that a strong well flowing some 600 barrels a day had come in in a region of South Alabama that had been tested for fifty years without success, a swarm of lease and royalty buyers swooped down upon the town, bearing suitcases full of money. Storming in from Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Mississippi, they fanned out over the town and the surrounding countryside like hunting dogs casting for quail, snuffling out everybody who owned a piece of land. They would knock on people's doors at midnight, rousing them from their sleep. They would stop a landowner on the street, lay a map out on the hood of a car and start piling $100 bills on the fender. They would lay them down, one at a time, until the man began to blink and stammer. Then they'd know they had him. They got people in such a sweat of indecision they didn't know where to turn. A man would lease his land for $300 an acre and go home, strutting, to tell his family what he'd done. On the way he'd meet a neighbor who'd leased for $400, and all the joy would go out of him. Some folks broke under the pressure. One elderly gentleman, known to the town as a "desperate, lonely, old man," shot himself after the lease buyers had besieged him. Mrs. Louise Fortenberry, whose Camellia Tourist Court was headquarters for the frantic swarm of lease buyers, heard one of them reporting the tragedy to his company by long-distance phone.

"Don't worry about it," he was telling them. "I had already got his signature on a lease."

Some folks, in the confusion, leased land they didn't own or sold leases to two or three buyers. And some didn't read the fine print carefully, and found out later, to their anguish, they had sold their royalties too.

"It happened so fast people didn't have time to think," explained Mrs. Audrey Malone, the president of the Citronelle Bank, who always takes time to think where money matters are concerned. "People didn't know what price to ask for their land. Lots of them made the big mistake of just asking whatever it would take to pay their debts. One old couple, up in their eighties, figured out to the penny how much their children had spent on their support. They sold out for that exact amount so they could pay them back. They could have got ten times that much. I saw a lot of foolish things being done around here, but, being a banker, I had to keep my mouth shut."



Standard Point

The only thing that keeps some families from having a phone of their own is a teen-age daughter.

FLOYD R. MILLER

The sudden shower of money falling upon the town revealed the character of individual citizens with pitiless clarity. Some men and women will be remembered forever for their honesty, unselfishness and fair dealing. The names of others will be anathema to their neighbors as long as they live. One old farmer sold his lease for a small sum, neither he nor the lease buyer knowing that the deal was invalid without his wife's signature. Another buyer, who was aware of this flaw, argued that the transaction was null and void, and offered a much higher price.

"No," the old man said. "I've already traded. That other fellow made me a price and I took it, and I can't back out. When he comes back to see about it, my old lady will sign. A man has got to keep his word."

A similar decision, with more at stake, confronted Carlton Stallworth, Citronelle car dealer and prominent Methodist. Late one afternoon, weary after hours of haggling, he agreed to lease 6000 acres for $180,000. Too tired to bother with signing the contract then, he told the lease buyer to come back the next morning. That night another oil-company representative offered him $300,000 for the same land. The next morning both men were at his office, papers ready. Stallworth looked at the two documents. Then he looked out the window a while. Finally, he picked up a pen and scrawled his name—on the lease that paid him $180,000.

There were others whom the town calls "title busters," and hates with a bitter hatred, who were of a different breed. When land which had been worthless suddenly became fabulously valuable, they swarmed to the courthouse in Mobile and started poring over the records, trying to find some legal flaw or weakness in a man's title, so that they could grab off his land. They searched particularly to find

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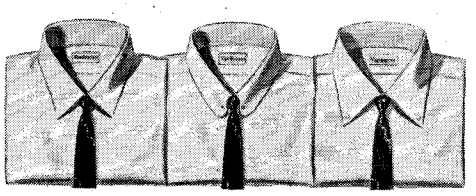

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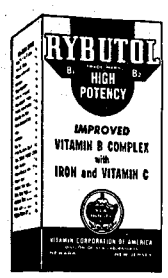

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some way to attack the titles that poor folks, or widows, or Negroes, held to their land, figuring that these people would settle by giving them part of their mineral rights, rather than go to the expense of fighting them in court.

The "title busters" got some sort of claim on thousands of acres of land. It wasn't too hard to do. Folks in North Mobile County never had paid too much attention to such things as surveys and plats and the proper filing of deeds at the courthouse. A man would sell another a piece of land, vaguely described as running from an oak stump to a point on a creek bank by a big pine, thence to a fence corner, and from there back to the starting point. The buyer would put the deed in the bottom of a trunk, along with other deeds, also unrecorded. Then the house would burn down, destroying the deeds, or the original seller and purchaser would die, taking with them all memory of the transaction concerning the land.

Thus the land might still show on the county's records as belonging to somebody who had sold it years ago, and his heirs might still be paying taxes on it. The descendants of the man who bought it might be paying taxes on it, too, for the records in the courthouse were so haphazardly kept, under such an archaic system, that it would be easy to overlook the fact that two people were paying taxes on the same land. It might even turn out that the land had been sold for taxes several times during the past, which meant that two or three other people would show up with tax deeds, which gave them some claim to the land.

The fact that the title busters had such a field day was due in large part to the peculiar history of Citronelle. The original land on which the town now stands was granted to the state of Alabama by the Federal Government. The state, in 1850, gave it to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, which laid out the town and sold off city lots, and the farm lands surrounding it, to whoever wanted to buy. At first, nobody took the trouble to buy land that he could make use of free. Squatters moved in on the railroad's land, and cut timber and made turpentine, and floated it down the river without paying the railroad a cent. So the railroad turned to the North for help. All through the big cities of the Midwest they advertised Citronelle as a health resort, which probably accounts for the legend that the town's name is derived from an Indian word meaning "healing waters," though it actually is named for a pungent grass, a horse balm of the mint family called citronella, whose oil repels mosquitoes. The healing springs of Citronelle, the railroad claimed, were the same in chemical content as the waters of the famous spa at Baden-Baden, and the clean, pine-fragrant air was supposed to be particularly beneficial to people with weak lungs.

Lying 331 feet above the sea, the highest point along the railroad between Mobile and Cairo, Illinois, Citronelle did boast a climate nearly as salubrious as the railroad claimed, and the health-seeking Yankees came in swarms. They filled two big hotels, the Hygeia and the Citronelle, and many of them bought farms, built homes and stayed.

For nearly three decades they brought life and vigor to Citronelle. They introduced the raising of sheep and the growing of tung trees, whose nuts provide an oil used in paints and varnishes. They started truck farms, and substituted fine paper-shelled-pecan trees for the hard-shelled, knotty, seedling pecans that were native to the region. And they stimulated the city's interest in spiritual and cultural matters by building churches and sponsoring a Chautauqua.

Then, along about 1910, the town started dying. The tourist tide began to flow on past, to newborn resort towns on the gulf. The screwworm got into the sheep. The railway express raised its rates so high that the truck farmers could no longer profitably ship their peaches, pears, cucumbers, peas and asparagus to the North.

The Yankee families still had their roots in the North. Many of them moved back to their old homes in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, and by the mid-'20's there were "For Sale" signs on half the houses in town. The farm lands they had bought grew up in oak and pine. The old folks died and their estates were divided, and the heirs forgot about the land in Alabama. Few bothered to pay taxes, even though they didn't amount to much more than a nickel an acre. During the depression, too, many a local citizen let his land go by default, by failing to pay the taxes. Periodically, in the years since, tax-deed buyers have gone into probate court, paid up the back taxes and cut the timber off the abandoned land. Once the timber was gone, they, too, would quit paying taxes and the land would go back to the state again. But nobody cared, for the cutover land itself was worthless.

Now everybody cares, and every man who has any claim to a piece of land, no matter how tenuous, is furiously suing to establish his right to it. In 1954, a young lawyer named Z. B. Skinner, fresh out of law school, hung up his shingle in Citronelle. He was the town's only lawyer, but he found the people so disinclined to litigate that he almost starved. Now he is swamped with work. Since the well came in, he figures at least 300 title suits have been filed in the courts at Mobile. At least a third of them involve Midwesterners who have rushed back to Alabama to redeem land their families moved away from years ago.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that, in the past, much land has been sold with half the mineral rights reserved, and these reserved rights have been so subdivided, among heirs and by subsequent sales, that a dozen people now may have valid claim to a fractional share of the oil under a piece of ground.

The zeal of the tax-deed buyers and their more reprehensible cohorts, the title busters, has led to some tense situations. The members of the Methodist church were enraged when a prominent and wealthy citizen showed up with a tax deed to the cemetery where the Methodists had been burying their dead for nearly 100 years. Church property is nontaxable in Alabama, but through some slip-up at the courthouse, the burial plot had got on the tax-delinquent rolls. The tax buyer was stubborn. He was determined to put a "Posted—Keep Out" sign on the cemetery, but Mr. Stallworth, by methods he will not reveal, persuaded him to give up his claim.

Citronellans are a quiet, friendly, law-abiding people, but there may be bloodshed before the squabbles over land are settled. The title busters, to establish their claim, must fence, or post, or till the land, and some of them have strung one-strand barbed-wire fences around thousands of acres. Some landowners in turn have sent word to the title busters that they will shoot the first man who attempts to seize and fence their land, no matter what legal stratagem his claim is based on. Some of the title busters now go armed. They walk warily by day, and they don't move around much at night. Some of them have employed armed guards to patrol their fences, for the barbed wire is torn down, mysteriously, as soon as it is put up. One tough old farmer employed direct and somewhat uncouth means to protect his land. When a title buster's fencing crew appeared he grabbed a machete and ran them off the place.

Despite this undercurrent of threatened violence, though, the discovery of oil has done little, so far, to disturb the serene and placid tenor of life in the little town. The boom won't make many millionaires, the people think, but it should make what Mrs. Malone calls "thousandaires" out of nearly everybody. Alabama law requires a forty-acre spacing of oil wells, and each person who owns land within the boundaries of the "forty" will receive his proportionate share from a producing well. The Citronelle boom is unique, in fact, (*Continued on Page 62*)

"Oh, dear—I'm afraid that isn't yours either."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Up! Up! The 'Jeep' Utility Wagon goes "anywhere—anytime." Off the road, use 4-wheel drive. On the road, shift into 2-wheel drive for top legal speeds. Whichever 'Jeep' vehicle is right for you, it's backed by Willys—with billions of miles of 4-wheel drive experience. Let a 'Jeep' vehicle lighten your load with dollar-stretching, job-shrinking performance!

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(*Continued from Page 60*) in that so many people are sharing in it. Usually great oil strikes are made in open country, and a few big landowners reap the benefits. In and around Citronelle, however, some 2500 small landowners should share the revenue from a field which the oil companies figure will produce from 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 barrels before it dries up. The discovery well came in on the northern edge of town. The second big producer, on land owned by the Boy Scouts of Mobile County, came in two miles to the south. Outpost wells drilled to the north, northeast, east and southwest proved to be dry holes. This indicated to the geologists that the Rodessa sands—the formation in which the oil is found at a depth of roughly 11,000 feet—run directly beneath the stores and houses of the town—part of a great oil-bearing stratum that runs from Northern Louisiana through Mississippi and Alabama into Florida. The Citronelle discovery was made, in fact, because Everett Eaves, of Shreveport, a onetime oil geologist turned promoter, figured, correctly, that if the Rodessa sands contained oil in Louisiana and Mississippi, the same stratum would produce oil in Alabama if somebody would drill deep enough to find it.

Two years before drilling began, Mrs. Lois Nichols began quietly buying up oil leases for Eaves and his backers, the Gulf Oil Company, the Seneca Development Company and the Zach Brooks Drilling Company. With the dollar-an-acre commission she received for buying leases, Mrs. Nichols, sister of Mrs. Malone, the banker, and a lady of equal perspicacity where money matters are concerned, bought for herself a share of the minerals under much of the land she leased. She ended up with the oil rights to some 286 acres, a bit of foresightedness that should provide comfortably for her old age.

When drilling began, only a few thousand acres north of town were under lease. Now nearly all the surrounding farmland and every inch of ground within the city limits, including that which lies beneath the churches, the community house, the water tank, the jail and the city streets, have been leased. The city worked out an amiable compromise with the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Railroad, successor to the old Mobile & Ohio, in reference to the streets. Town and railroad will share equally in revenues derived from oil found under the main thoroughfares, which were part of the railroad's original grant to the town. They haven't reached an agreement yet on who is to get the revenues from the city park and the land the schoolhouse sits on, which is owned by the Mobile County School Board.

Mayor Dewey Wyatt is also worried about the armory. Before the oil play started, the city bought three acres of land and turned it over to the state. On it the state and Federal governments built a $100,000 headquarters for Co. H of the 200th Infantry Regiment of the Alabama National Guard, with the city assuming responsibility for the upkeep of the grounds and building. Now nobody seems quite sure whether the state, the city, the Federal Government or the National Guard is entitled to the oil.

The coming of the new wealth has caused the town to change few of its ancient ways. Old men still spit and whittle in front of the Park Soda Bar, just as they did when they were poor, and on the first day of the deer-hunting season there is not a male citizen in sight. On Saturdays the Cajan women, members of a strange mixed race of white, Negro and Indian blood, unabashedly nurse their babies as they stroll on crowded Front Street. People leave penciled notes on the door when they leave their places of business: "Gone to the barbershop. Be back in half an hour." And the town's one drugstore still stubbornly closes at six o'clock, no matter who needs a prescription filled. The bank's deposits jumped nearly $1,000,000 in six months to $2,800,000, but it still does business in its old easygoing way. If a depositor has no blank check handy, he scrawls: "Pay to the order of ——" on any old scrap of paper that happens to be lying about, knowing the bank will honor it. When Dr. W. A. Thompson makes a country call, he often comes back with "checks" written on prescription blanks. Old Sam Hardy, the town's half-blind, half-demented beggar, still walks Front Street every morning, stopping in every store to sing his cackling song about The Little Black Train am Acomin'. The people in the stores give him nickels and dimes, fruits and vegetables, though they know that Sam's wife got a little money from an oil lease and he does not have to beg any more.

"He just likes to get out and see folks," they explain. "He just likes to be noticed, poor old thing."

The town has taken great pleasure in the good fortune of some of its citizens, who had never had too much before the oil came in. Mr. W. C. Joy died a few days after he leased his land for $25,000. The city was delighted that his widow, a good churchgoing woman, would not lack for anything. The town was particularly pleased about dairyman Quitman Booth's mortgage. Back in 1953 the bank foreclosed on Mr. Booth, taking his dairy on a $9000 debt, and he had given up and moved to California. Under the law, he had two years in which to redeem his property, and the oil discovery saved him just in time. He rushed back from California, sold his lease for $17,000 and paid off the old debt with just a few days to spare.

The town is also glad that good fortune has finally befallen Mr. Q. U. Thompson. A son of one of the town's pioneers, a timber-and-turpentine man who was murdered years ago in a squabble over the ownership of a yoke of oxen, "Mr. Q.U." was the only Rhodes scholar the city ever produced. He studied law and languages at Oxford, but had a scholar's ineptitude in money matters, and he was working as a night clerk in a cheap hotel in Washington, D.C., when the discovery well came in. Fortunately, he had held onto the land his father had left him, and now he's back in Citronelle, an old, sick man, living quietly in a little house on the edge of town, with $60,000 in the bank.

Eight wells are now producing, but nobody, so far, has made any ostentatious display of new-found wealth. When Mrs. Edna Donovan got her first royalty check—for $2200—she went down to Mobile and "went wild," she says—buying bulbs and plants for her yard, which is already a glory of flowers in the spring. Her son, John, showed signs of turning into a playboy for a while, thundering up and down the highway in his sports car with gay companions. But he soon calmed down and is now putting his royalty money into new small houses for the oil folks who have come in.

"Folks here are pretty level-headed," says Mayor Wyatt. "They are not likely to act a fool just because they have got a little money."

Most people used the first money that came in to pay their debts. Then they started fixing up their houses, painting them, putting on new roofs, installing a pump in the well and swapping their old wood-burning stoves for gas stoves burning butane from little silver tanks that sit unobtrusively in the side yards among the roses and azalea bushes. The stores have brightened up, and the bank is building a new $100,000 building, but the city itself has made no grandiose plans for spending its oil revenue. There is some talk of building a new community house, for the old one, which now functions as city hall, was too small for a large gathering and too large for a small gathering.

The ladies of the Women's Club hope that the town will put some trash cans about, to keep the town a little neater in the future. And they are going to urge that the streets be marked, and that numbers be put on the houses. It never was necessary before the oil folk came, explains Mrs. Leon Onderdonk; everybody knew where everybody else lived.

The preachers have had a great deal to do with the quiet way in which the citizens have behaved. They have pointed out sternly from the pulpit that the oil was manna sent from heaven to revive a poor, dispirited town, and the people ought to show their gratitude by spending their money for good and worthy things, such as a new pastorium, instead of frittering it away foolishly. So far, the response has been fine. Loose offerings have nearly doubled and a good many people, particularly among the Baptists, are tithing their oil money. One lady, whose husband makes thirty dollars a week swinging a pick and shovel for the county, sold her oil lease for $10,000. The next Sunday she dropped a $1000 check into the collection plate. Church attendance has taken a great upsurge, too, for people who never darkened the door of a church in years past are now coming to every service.

"The ones who have struck oil are coming because they are thankful," one minister explained. "The others are coming to pray that the well being drilled on their land won't turn out to be a dry hole."

Over on the western edge of town, John Henry Mason sits in the yard of his little house, watching the oil derricks rise around him. He's glad he held out for $1000 an acre now. When the word got around about the oil, sisters and brothers who had moved off to Detroit and Chicago years ago rushed back to claim their share, and there wasn't too much left for John Henry. What he got, though, he used well. He tore the old straight-up-and-down boards off his house and put on new siding, and he took the old wooden shutters off and installed windows with glass panes. He bought a new plow stock, and he's dickering for a new mule, so he will be in better shape to plow gardens this summer. He bought a washing machine for his daughter, who does laundry for the white folks, and a sewing machine for his daughter-in-law, who still takes in sewing. And he's thinking about getting a new one-horse wagon, for the old one is pretty rickety. That's about all he feels that he is able to do right now, and still have some money left for his old age.

Someday, of course, they'll drill a well on the "forty" that includes John Henry's land. If it is a good well, John Henry will get a lot more money. When that happens, he's going to buy a few things he doesn't actually need, but has always wanted.

"I'm going to get me a big bay blaze-face horse, with two white stocking feet," says John Henry. "I'm going to get me a Texas-rigged saddle—a saddle with leather so good you can hear it cry ever' time you shift your weight in it. I'm going to get all the bird dogs I can use, and hound dogs for chasing deer. Then I'm going to ride out with my dogs in the morning and not come back 'til night. That's the way I'll spend some of my money. But most of it I'm going to put away for my children and my grandbabies."

The well they drill on John Henry's land may strike tight sands, of course, and turn out to be a dry hole. That possibility does not worry him.

"My hands still fit a plow handle," says John Henry. "I will just plow on until I die. The Lord may have made a fool out of me. But money ain't going to do it."

In Citronelle, as tranquil a boom town as you ever saw, there are not many people who would quarrel with John Henry's philosophy. THE END

"To be real sure the money's safe, I fill it with water and put it in the freezer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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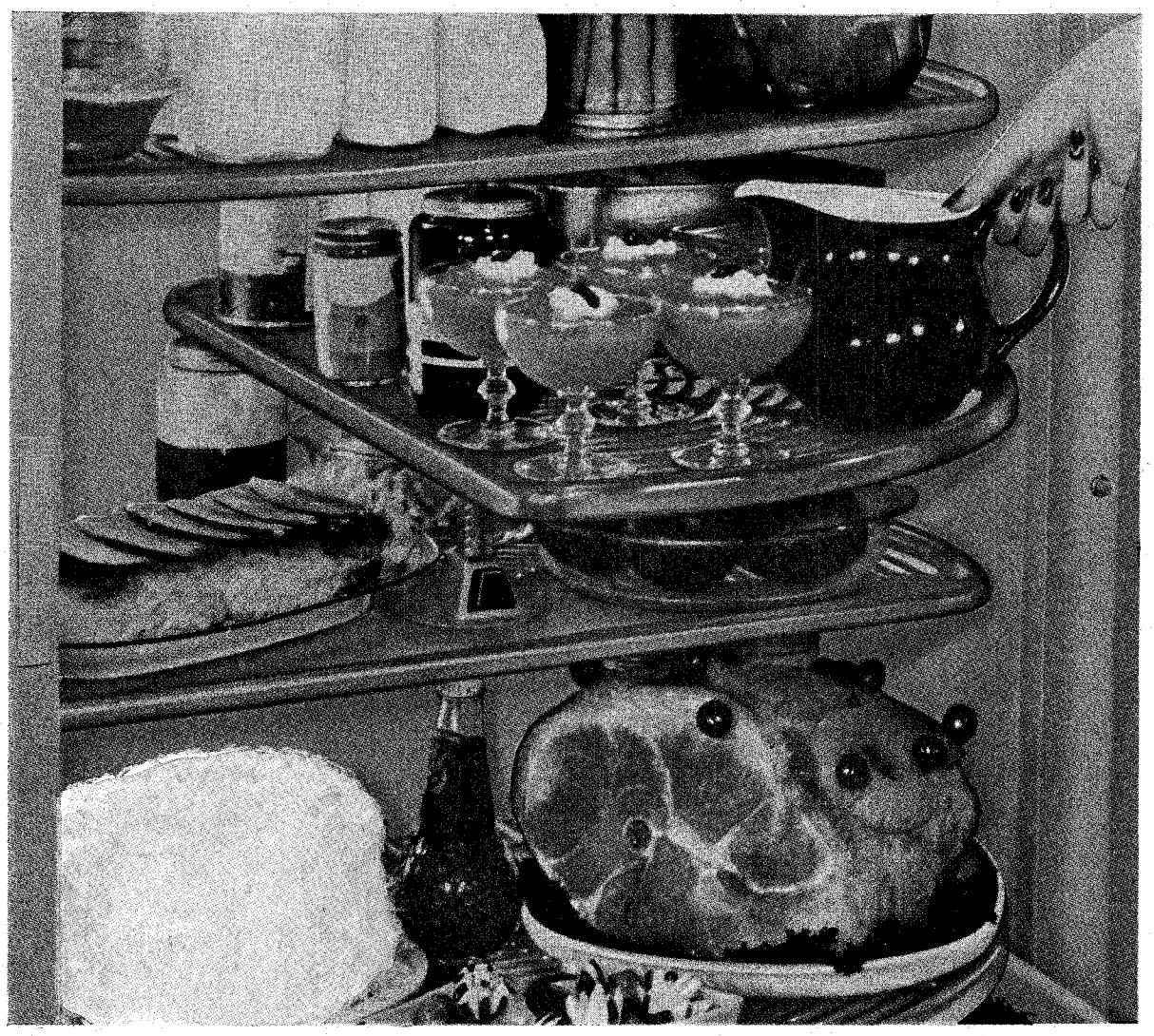

New, big General Electric with Revolving Shelves and Magnetic Doors

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MAGNETIC DOORS CLOSE AUTOMATICALLY!

No other refrigerator, at a comparable price, can match this 12-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for worksaving conveniences and luxurious good looks.

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See this big, economical General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer now. Ask your G-E dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. For his name and address see your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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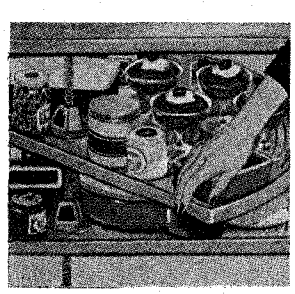
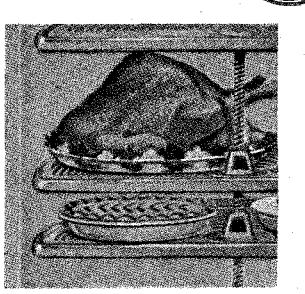
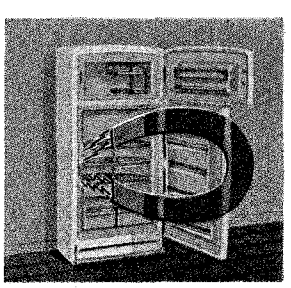
Model LH-12 available in G-E Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. Comes in your choice of left- or right-hand doors.



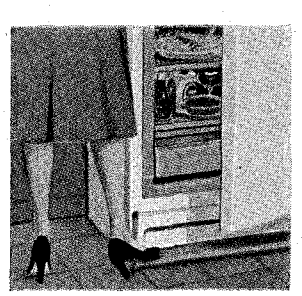
Revolving Shelves put all foods within easy reach. Just turn shelf—food rides to the front, in full view.



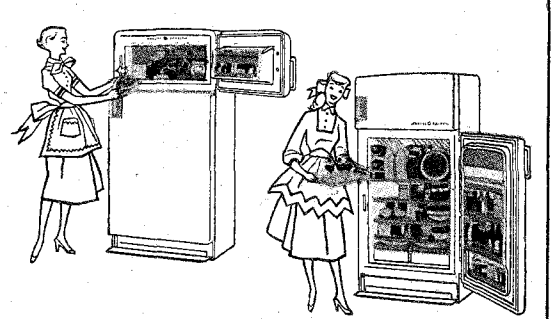
Store Bulky Items without rearranging foods. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down, for flat or bulky foods.



Magnetic Doors. Permanent G-E Alnico Magnets close doors automatically, silently. More efficient seal.



Foot Pedal opens refrigerator door at touch of your toe. Leaves both hands free for carrying foods.



TWO separate appliances in one cabinet!

The true, zero-degree freezer has its own separate door, its own separate insulation, its own separate refrigeration system. Fast freezes and keeps as many as 97 packages of frozen foods up to a year.

The big refrigerator section has completely automatic defrosting. And there's room for more food on the sturdy General Electric Revolving Shelves —as much as 15% more than on old-style shelves in previous corresponding General Electric models.

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The Merry Widow of Flatbush

(Continued from Page 30)

limburger-cheese jar is open, and you know what's to be spread on your bread.

"She got any kids?" I ask.

"You hit the jack pot again," she says. "No children."

"Look," I say. "I'm not tryin' to hit no jack pots. I asked a civil question. I don't even know the woman's name."

"Mrs. Greenlea," Mabel says, "but, of course, you'll be calling her Ida."

"Ida," I say.

"Doesn't it sound nice?"

"I like Mabel better," I tell her, but this only gets me one of those laughs. You know the kind of laugh? It's worse than no laugh at all. If you have to laugh like that, you might as well keep quiet.

So I go into the bathroom to wash up, and Mabel goes ahead getting supper ready. I'm not a guy stays sore long. You know what I mean? So pretty soon when I'm drying my hands I start to whistle,

... ...

No Previous Experience Necessary

By P. J. BLACKWELL

I wish my problems of
today,
Most staggering I've seen,
Had opportunely come my
way
When I was seventeen,
That dazzling period so long
ago
When I knew everything
there was to know.

... ...

and when I come out of the bathroom I'm humming a little, and hungry as a bear.

I get one look at Mabel's face out in the kitchen when I come out and I don't hum no more. I say, "Somethin' wrong, baby?"

She says, "What are you trying to do, rub it in?"

"I don't get it," I say.

"Ida!" she snaps, "Sweet as Apple Cider!"

"For cryin' out loud," I say.

This is what I have been whistling and humming when I come out of the bathroom, and not even thinking about it. You know how it is sometimes? How often you hear the name Ida? So it sets a couple of wheels and cogs moving inside my head, without me even thinking about it, and that old song comes out. I don't know how.

"Even singing about her," Mabel says. "This is a fine thing, a married man with two small children."

After supper is over, the kids duck out to play for a while, and I stretch a few times, and I say, "Think I'll step outside awhile."

"Why don't you see if she's there, first?" Mabel advises. "You might be wasting your time."

"Look," I tell her, and it's getting under my skin now, "every night after supper I step outside for some fresh air, an' I chew the rag with Joe Armbruster or Dave Rosenthal. Am I right or am I wrong?"

Mabel tosses her head. "Don't think I'm worrying about it," she says, "because I'm not."

"O.K.," I tell her. "Let's start from the beginning again, before this Mrs. Green Leaf showed up."

"Greenlea," she says. "I'll bet you think that's the natural color of her hair."

"I don't think nothin'," I tell her. "I'm on the fence. I'm neutral."

"It's tinted," Mabel tells me. "I can see the different color at the roots. She's really a brunette."

"What were you usin'?" I ask. "A field glass?"

It's time to leave then, and I step outside. I see Dave Rosenthal reading a newspaper down on his stoop at the other end of the block, and I cross the street to Sam's Candy Store to buy a pack of cigarettes, and I think I'll walk down to Dave's.

This Mrs. Greenlea is in Sam's, waiting at the counter for change.

Sam sees me, grins, and says, "New neighbor, Manny. Meet Mrs. Greenlea. Manny Keefe."

So now we're formally introduced, and I guess the next step, the way my wife has it worked out, is divorce, and after that I marry this redhead.

She says, "Glad to meet you, Mr. Keefe."

She has a nice soft voice, and she looks at you as if she likes you. I figure she's in her early thirties. She's on the slender side, not like my wife, who is well put together, but solid.

I say, "How's it?" and I wish I were out of here. "How do you like the neighborhood?" I ask.

"It's very nice," she says. "I'm from Manhattan. It's not so crowded over here in Brooklyn."

"Only place to live," I tell her.

"And the ball team," Sam chimes in. "World's Champions, no less."

"I used to watch the games on TV," Mrs. Greenlea says. "I've always enjoyed them."

"So we have another rooter," Sam chuckles. "How do you like that, Manny?"

What can I say? I don't like it?

So it's one thing and another for a few minutes, and then I get my cigarettes and I go out. Mrs. Greenlea has gone out ahead of me, and she's standing on the curb, waiting to cross the street.

When I come out, she nods to me again, and I see the curtain in my front-room window move.

I go on down to Dave's and I sit down on his stoop, and he says to me, "So you met Mrs. Greenlea, already."

"I met her," I say.

"Your place," Dave says, "and her place are out of bounds for me, Manny. I want you to know it's nothing personal. I'm married twenty-two years. I had my share of trouble. I don't want no more. Gertrude says to stay away from that red-haired siren. I stay away."

Dave's wife, Gertrude, don't take no nonsense from anybody. Already, she's laid down the law to poor Dave.

"You can stay away," I tell him. "How about me? Every time I step outside the house, there she is, an' Mabel's got it all figured out that I'm runnin' off with her the first chance I get."

"Well," Dave says, "like I always say. Anybody gets married is asking for trouble."

I sit on Dave's stoop for a while, and we talk of this and that, and how tough it is to get along with a woman, and then, along about nine o'clock, I head for home.

The kids are in bed, and Mabel is sitting in the front room, fanning herself because the night is hot.

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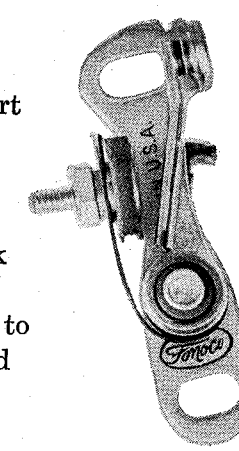

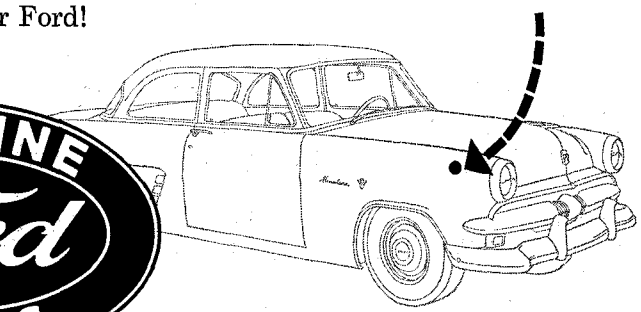

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She says, "So the great lover has come home."

"All of a sudden I'm a great lover," I say. "I heard myself called other things in this house."

"So you're complaining," she says. "So you don't like it here. Is that the way it begins?"

"Is that the way what begins?" I ask.

"This affair," she says, "with this flaming-haired beauty."

"For cryin' out loud," I say.

"You met her in Sam's. Do you want to deny it?"

"So I met her in Sam's," I say. "I go in for cigarettes. She's there. What am I supposed to do?"

"You had quite a chat," Mabel says.

"You must o' timed it," I say, and I'm getting a little hot under the collar myself now.

"Just don't forget," she says, "that you have a wife and two children."

With this, she stalks off to the kitchen.

Dave Rosenthal tells me on the trolley car the next morning when I talk to him about it.

"The best thing," Dave says, "is to lay low and keep your mouth shut. I'm married longer than you are, Manny."

"I can help it," I say, "this Mrs. Greenlea is a looker, an' she has red hair, an' she's a widow?"

"Take it easy," Dave says. "Just don't get excited, Manny."

"I'm not excited," I tell him. "I'm just sore."

All day I'm sore in the shop, and I'm still sore when I'm going home that night with Dave.

"Another day, another dollar," he says, as he settles back with a newspaper.

"An' that's baloney too," I tell him sourly. "The dollar ain't worth what it used to be, an' most days are no good."

"It'll straighten out," Dave assures me. "Everything goes in cycles, Manny. You're up and then you're down."

"Like a prize fighter in the ring," I tell him. "After a while you're just knocked flat. There's no angle to that."

This is one of those "down" days that Dave speaks about, but even he don't know how far down it is until we get within a dozen blocks of our street, and this Mrs. Greenlea gets on the trolley.

She's carrying some boxes and bags, and she's been shopping up here, and she wants to ride back home instead of walking, because she's got stuff to carry, which is no sin.

Right away she sees us. The trolley is getting empty along here now, and there's plenty of seats, but she sees us, and she's met me the night before. What can she do, walk down to the other end of the trolley? She does what anybody would do, even your grandmother, who is not out on the make for men. She smiles and says hello, and she sits down near us.

Dave has seen her, too, and I hear him let out a deep breath, because both of us know what's going to happen in a few minutes. We all get off at the same block, which means that we'll have to walk up to our houses together or be real silly and walk separately. How can you do this when she's sat down near you, and she's smiling? What is she supposed to do, scowl at us?

"Mrs. Greenlea," I say glumly, "meet Dave Rosenthal. He lives on our block too."

Dave gives me a look as if I were a judge and had just sentenced him to the gallows. He says something about how he is pleased to meet her, which is a lie because if there's anybody he don't want to meet, it's Mrs. Ida Greenlea. His wife has made this pretty plain.

"You been out shoppin', Mrs. Greenlea?" I ask her.

"Just a few things for the house," she says. "I've been walking all afternoon, and I thought I'd take the trolley back."

"That's nice," I say.

"Very nice," Dave adds.

So here we are when the trolley stops at our corner, and I'm thinking that poor Dave is in it worse than I. With me, there's a chance my wife won't see us coming up the street because she'll be getting supper ready. About fifty other women will see us, though, and it'll get to her soon enough, but with Dave Rosenthal, he'll get it right away. His wife don't miss a night sitting at the window with the supper warming on the stove.

I get up and Mrs. Greenlea gets up, but Dave stays down. I look at him.

"You comin'?" I ask.

"I think I'll ride on down and get a haircut before supper," he says, which he's never done in all the twelve years we been riding home from work every night on this same trolley.

"A haircut?" I repeat.

He don't have much hair left to begin with, and from what I can see, he don't need a haircut any more than I need two heads.

"Just a trim," he says, and he looks at me and he's sorry, but it's a case of every man for himself. He's had to figure this one out, and he worked fast to do it, so I'm the fall guy who'll go prancing up the street with Mrs. Greenlea, and every woman on the block with her head out the window seeing us go by.

"Well," I say, "see you later."

I get off the trolley with this Mrs. Greenlea and we start down the street. The first house I come to I see Gertrude Rosenthal leaning out the bottom-floor window, her beer-barrel arms resting on a pillow. She looks at me, and she looks at Mrs. Greenlea, and her nose goes up in the air. I suppose she'll be telling Dave not to associate with a character like me from now on.

I ask Mrs. Greenlea how she likes her new apartment, and she tells me that it's very nice, and all the while I'm thinking what a fathead I am not to have worked out that haircut gag before Dave.

So we come near to our houses, and Mrs. Greenlea goes up the stoop to hers after I say good night to her. I'm thinking maybe I'm lucky, and I go into the house just as Mabel is hanging up the telephone. This means that a member of the signal brigade down the street has tipped her off that her husband is tripping the light fantastic with a flaming-haired beauty.

She don't say anything, but she goes out to the kitchen, and pretty soon the pots and pans start to bang around.

I go out and I say, "Anything wrong, baby?"

As if I didn't know.

She says, without looking at me, "You having dates with her now, Beau Brummel?"

"Look," I say, "we met her on the trolley car. That's all there is to it. Ask her yourself."

"Who is we?" she snaps.

"Dave Rosenthal and me," I tell her.

"I didn't understand that Dave was with you," she says.

"He stayed on to get a haircut along the avenue," I tell her, and she gives me one of those looks again.

"A likely story," she says. "I have no doubt you had her all to yourself all the way home, which is what you wanted in the first place."

"For cryin' out loud!" I yell. "What can you do on the trolley car?"

"Don't shout at me," she says. "Do you want the whole neighborhood know that you're running around?"

"Runnin' around!" I say. "I'm run around? I come home on the trolley with the next-door neighbor. I'm runn around!"

"I said, don't shout," she hisses. "This was the first step. After this you can expect what'll happen."

"You been seeing too many television shows," I tell her. "Knock it off. I'm a home guy."

"Whose home?" she wants to know.

So I go busting into the bedroom and slam the door shut, and after a while, when I've changed my clothes and come out, I sit down and eat.

Our little boy, Joey, who is eight, says, "What's the hollerin' about, pop?"

"Eat your supper," I tell him.

There's no hollering now; there's just nothing. We sit there and we eat, and we don't look at each other, and this is marriage after fifteen years. This kind of marriage is worth about as much as the prize you get in a popcorn box.

I got it in for Dave Rosenthal, too, and the next morning I'm waiting for him at the corner (*Continued on Page 70*)

"All opposed will signify by saying, 'I resign.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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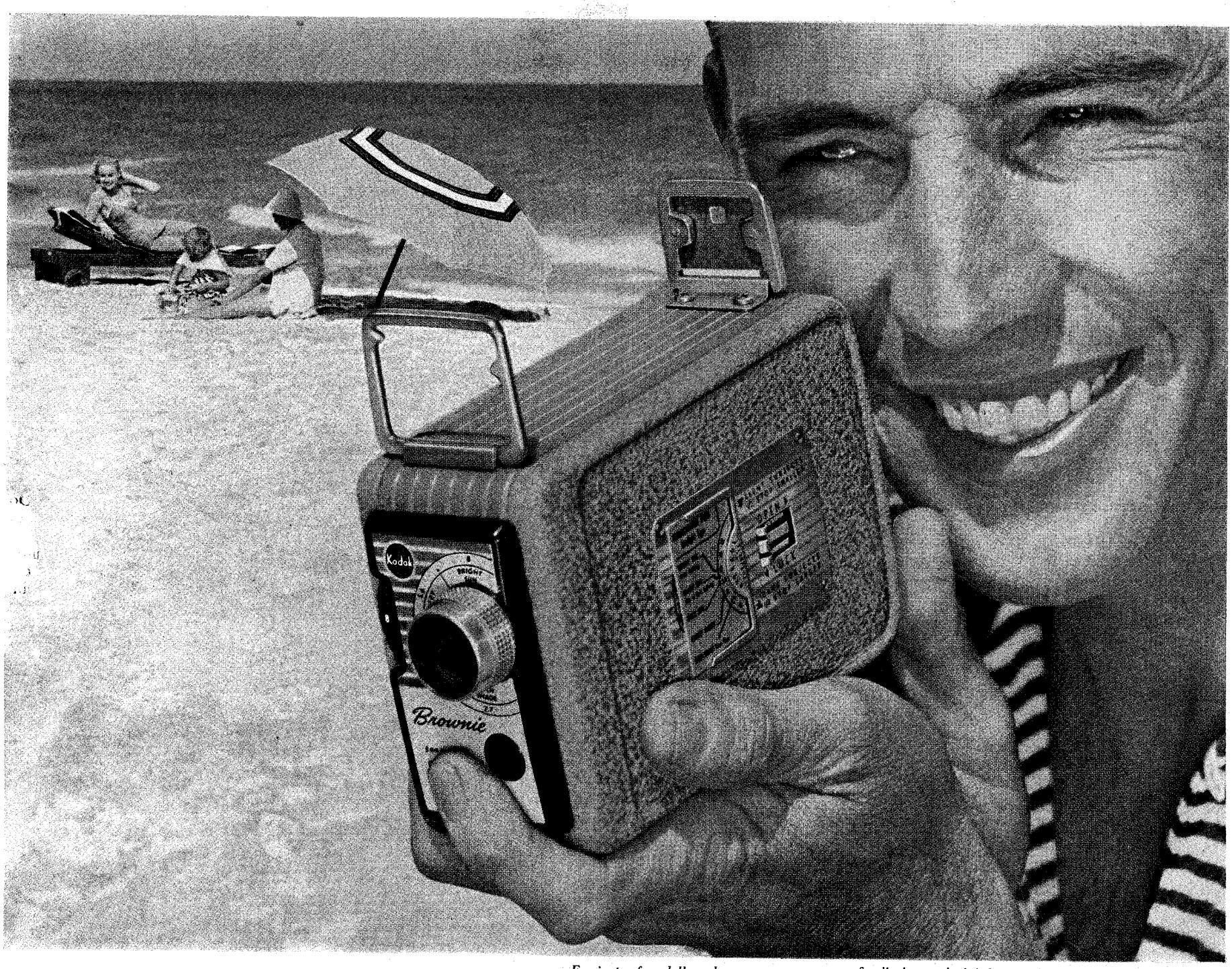

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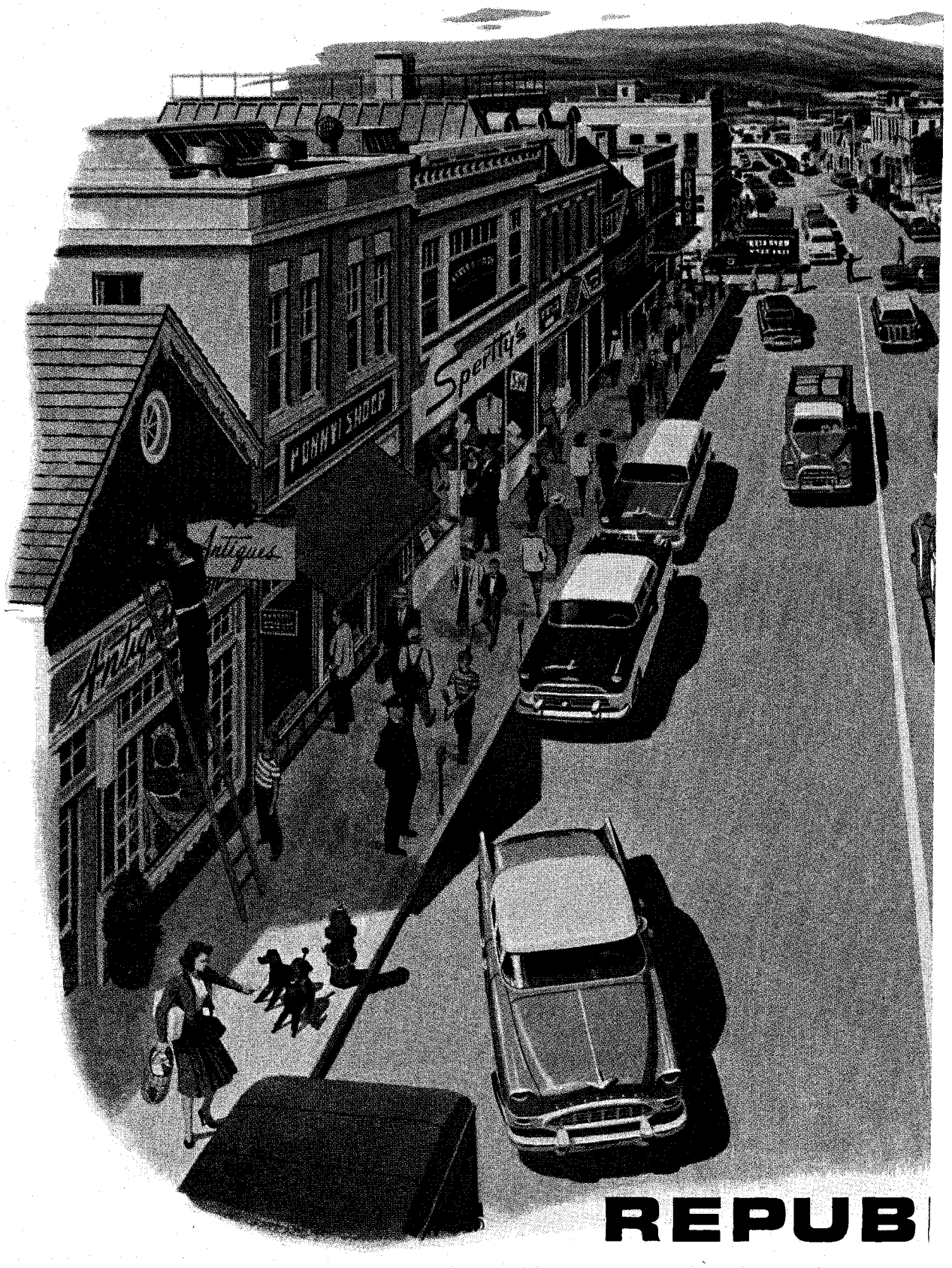

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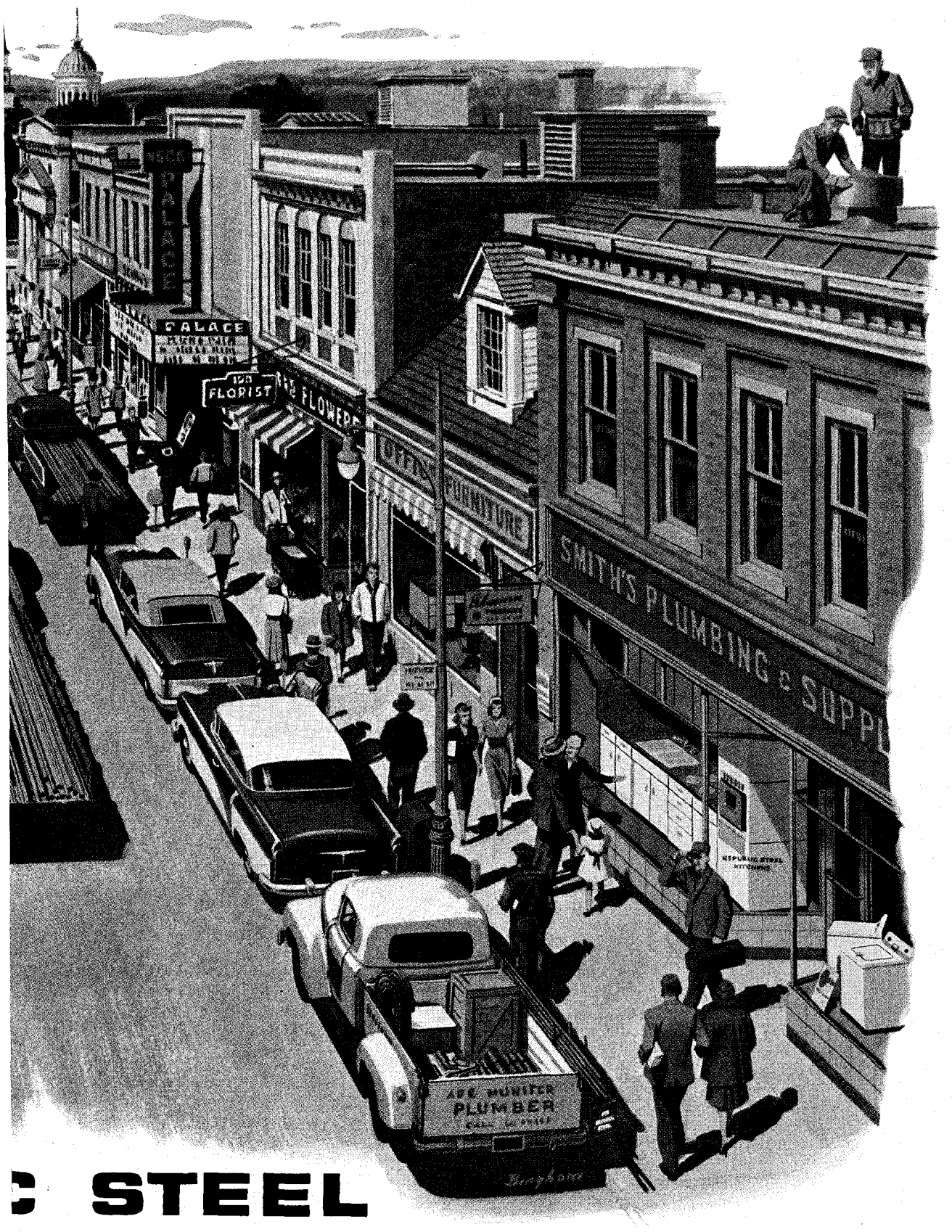

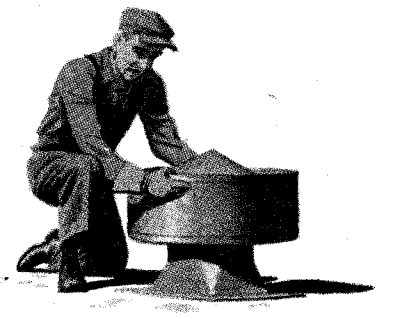

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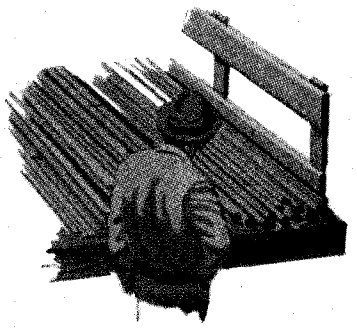

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(*Continued from Page 66*) where the trolley stops, and I don't even talk to him when he comes up.

He says, "Look, Manny, let's not get sore about it. I did what I had to do."

"So I noticed," I say.

"Would it be better," he argues, "if both of us were in the doghouse? Now it's only one of us."

"That's nice," I say. "That's real nice."

"Was it pretty bad?" he asks.

"She ain't talkin'," I say, "an' I ain't talkin'. So how bad is it?"

"So the next step," he says, "is to fix it up."

"You keep out of it," I tell him. "You fixed it yesterday. Once is plenty."

"Only way," he says, "is to come home with a present tonight. You bring her a present, Manny, and she'll forget about Mrs. Greenlea."

"Like what kind of present?" I ask him. "A mink coat? I make seventy-six-eighty-five per week."

"Earrings," he says. "How much are earrings? A million dollars?"

"She can spot them five-and-dime things a mile off," I tell him.

"So pay three, four, five dollars," he says. "Get a real good pair."

I look at him, and I'm wondering whose money is being spent here. This is a guy who let me hold the bag yesterday, and today he's throwing my dough around like it was water.

"I have a brother-in-law," Dave says. "Moe Schlepperman. He's in the jewelry business. He can get thirty per cent off, anything you buy."

"Now we're beginnin' to talk sense," I tell him.

"I'll give him a ring from the shop," Dave says. "Maybe we can pick up the stuff during our lunch hour."

"He has a store?"

"Retailer," Dave explains. "Maybe if he's in the neighborhood, he can stop by and you pick out what you want."

So it looks like I'll be buying a pair of earrings for Mabel to smooth the troubled waters. I think it's a long shot, but many a long shot came down the homestretch leading by ten lengths.

At noon this Moe Schlepperman shows up with a satchel full of jewelry. He's little, smaller than Dave, and he's thin where Dave is round. You wonder how he can carry this big satchel. I pick out an eight-dollar pair of earrings, which Mr. Schlepperman says I can have for four ninety-five, seeing as how I'm such a good friend of his brother-in-law. These earrings are gold circles with pearls hanging inside them, and it looks to me like they're big enough to hang in the nose of a bull, but Schlepperman assures me this is what the women are wearing now.

"Styles," Mr. Schlepperman smiles. "Styles change every year, Mr. Keefe. Clothes, hats, earrings."

"Don't tell me," I say. "I pay for them."

These earrings, though, will knock your eyes out, and I'm beginning to feel pretty good. All I have to do is hand these over to Mabel at the right time and everything is hotsy-totsy. I can sit down nights and watch the ball games on TV in peace, which is no more than any other married guy in Flatbush wants to do.

Dave Rosenthal feels a lot better, too, because his conscience has been bothering him.

"It'll work out, Manny," he assures me. "Show a woman a piece of jewelry and your troubles are over, but be smart. Don't rush the thing. Don't walk in and throw these earrings down on the table."

"I look like a dope?" I ask him.

"Use a little psychology," he says. "Maybe after the dishes are done, and she's got the kids to bed and things have quieted down a little."

"I'll keep 'em out of sight," I promise him. "When it's psychological I'll be Johnny-on-the-spot."

So I go home with this little box of earrings in my coat pocket, and I walk in the door, and everything is like it was when I left this morning, which is lousy.

Mabel don't even look at me, and right away she starts to bang the pots and pans, which is supposed to let me know what she thinks of me. This I let go in one ear and out the other because I got an ace in the hole tonight.

So we sit down to eat, and Mabel says, "What will the great lover have tonight, tea or coffee?"

Joey, my boy, says, "Who is the great lover, mom?"

"Never mind," she says. "Just don't turn out like your father."

Even this I let roll off my back, and I could make something out of it if I wished. You know what I mean?

I got these earrings in the back of my mind, and I'm figuring that in an hour or so we'll have this thing all worked out, so why should I add fuel to the fire.

We finish our dessert, and I'm still feeling pretty good, even though Mabel has been making nice little remarks, like it's too bad she doesn't have red hair, but that she could have red hair if she wished, and if she didn't have a cheapskate husband who wouldn't get up the five bucks or so that it takes to have the color changed in the beauty parlor. Then she wants to know will I be seeing my "paramour" tonight, which is, likely, a word she heard over television, and I'm not even sure what it means, but I got a good guess.

I have my coffee, and I think I'll have a cigarette, too, but I don't have them on me, and I tell Joey to look in my coat pocket and bring my cigarettes.

Mabel says, "A cup of coffee, a cigarette, and thou beside me. It must be wonderful to be fat, forty-five and frivalous."

"Ain't a ounce of fat on me," I tell her. "Same weight I was when I married you, baby."

"With you," she snaps, "it's all in the head. Why don't you grow up? You're old enough to be this girl's father."

This one I'm not letting go by, earrings or no earrings, but I don't get much chance to say anything because Joey comes walking into the room with the pack of cigarettes in one hand and something else in the other. The something else is the gold earrings with the pearls hanging inside them which I bought for Mabel.

Joey has the box open, and he's saying, "Wow! Look at these! Where'd you get 'em, pop?"

Mabel sees them at the same time, and her face goes white. Fifteen years I been married to her, and I never see anything like this. Mad she's been, but this is different. I think all the while she's been riding me about Mrs. Greenlea she ain't really believed it herself. It's something she's had to get out of her system.

Now it's different, though. She looks at the earrings, and she looks at me, and then she says slowly, "Joseph and Lucy, leave the room. Go outside and play."

Joey seems to know that something is wrong, too, because he puts the earrings down on the table with the cigarettes and he heads for the door.

When they're both gone, Mabel says quietly, "Don't try to explain, Mr. Keefe. I've heard enough of your lies."

"Explain!" I yell. "Lies! I ain't even said anything yet!"

"So now you're buying her cheap trinkets," she says, and her voice is beginning to rise. "You've known her two days and you're buying her presents. You with a wife and two babies."

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All of a sudden they're babies.

"Look," I tell her. "I bought them earrings for you. Don't you get it? We're havin' trouble, an' Dave Rosenthal says ——"

"Dave Rosenthal!" she snaps. "I don't want to hear his name again in this house!"

"So you want to believe I'm buyin' presents for my next-door neighbor," I tell her, "because she has red hair an' she's good-lookin'. O.K., go ahead."

I'm yelling as loud as she is now, and the neighbors can jump in the lake.

"You admit she's good-looking," Mabel hisses. "You admit that in your own house to your own wife? You admit you're crazy about her?"

"Crazy about her!" I whoop. "I only admitted she's a nice-lookin' gal."

You see how they can twist things around on you?

"What's going to happen to the children?" she wants to know, and you can see she's taking big, giant steps now.

That's how a woman's mind works. It don't move along in orderly fashion, like a soldier marching. It's more like a rock being skipped across the water. It's hop, skip and jump, and to hell with reason and logic.

I say, "There ain't nothin' gonna happen to the kids, unless you get crazier than you are, an' have to be taken away by those boys in the white suits."

I say this pretty loud; I say it so that maybe Dave Rosenthal can hear it down at the other end of the block. This is how mad I am. Four-ninety-five I spent for these earrings, and for all the good they'll do me I might as well have got them in the five-and-ten.

So Mabel starts to cry. That's how she always ends up. I start in nice and easy, and I keep telling myself, *Don't get excited, Manny. Easy does it.* The next thing you know, I'm whooping it up, and she's crying.

So here we're sitting at the supper table, and there's this knock on the door, and I'm thinking maybe it's Mr. Rauschmidt, the landlord, who wants us to pipe down a little.

I open the door, and there's this Mrs. Greenlea standing there, and if it was Abraham Lincoln I couldn't be more surprised. She's got a soldier with her. He's a big guy, and not a kid. A guy maybe about my own age, a sergeant's chevrons on his arms, and as many stripes as a zebra. He must have been in the army when Grant was commander in chief.

Mrs. Ida Greenlea has that nice, quiet voice, and she says, "I hope you don't mind our stopping in, Mr. Keefe. We thought we'd like to get acquainted, and you are our next-door neighbors."

What can I say to this?

"Come in," I say. "Come in an' sit down."

Mabel has stood up and has wiped her eyes quick, and she's putting on that front like we been sitting here having a nice, friendly chat, and everything is okey-dokey.

"I'd like you to meet my fiancé, Sergeant John Matthews from South Dakota," Mrs. Greenlea says. "John is stationed at Governors Island and we're to be married next week. I've been getting the apartment ready."

This big John is grinning, and he gives me a hand like a ham.

"How's it?" he says. "Like to get acquainted around here, Keefe. I'm retiring next year, and I'll be having plenty of time to take in some of the ball games. That's some club you got out here."

I look at him. This is from a guy from South Dakota. Not Greenpoint or Bay Ridge, but South Dakota, way out by the Indians, and already a Brooklyn rooter, and what's better right now, engaged to Ida Greenlea.

"Sergeant," I tell him, "I'm your man."

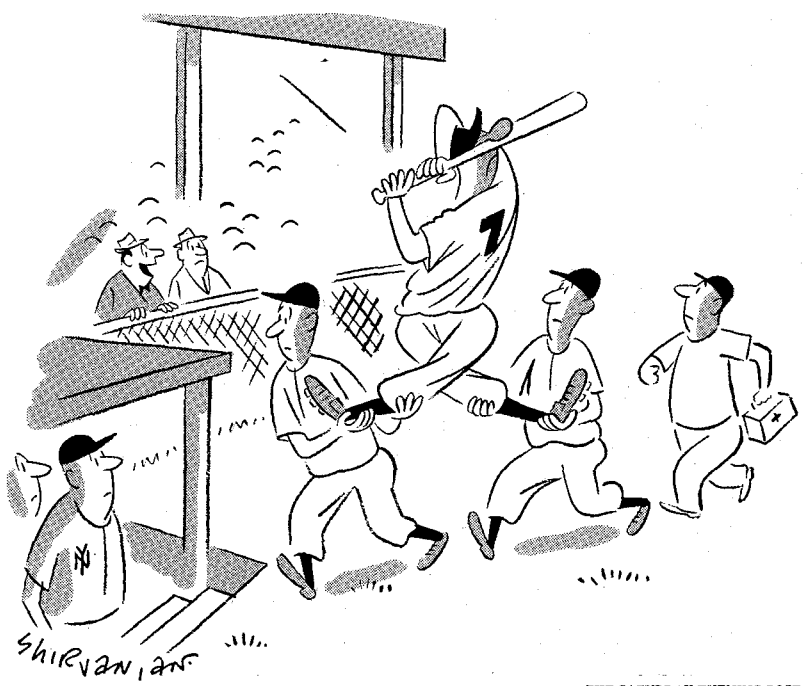
Mrs. Greenlea says something about what a sweet little apartment we have, and she wants to know where Mabel got the curtains for the kitchen, and that sets them off.

I ask this big John if he'll have a cup of coffee. So we all have cups of coffee, and we're sitting around the table like old friends, and there's these earrings on the table and nobody even mentions them.

Mabel looks at them once, and then she looks at me, and I see tears come into her eyes, and I know that everything is all right. You see, there's a reason nobody says anything about the earrings. Everybody knows about them, and we want to let dead dogs lie.

These houses we live in in Brooklyn are pretty nice, but the walls are thin, and you can hear things without straining your ears too much, especially when people get mad. You know what I mean?

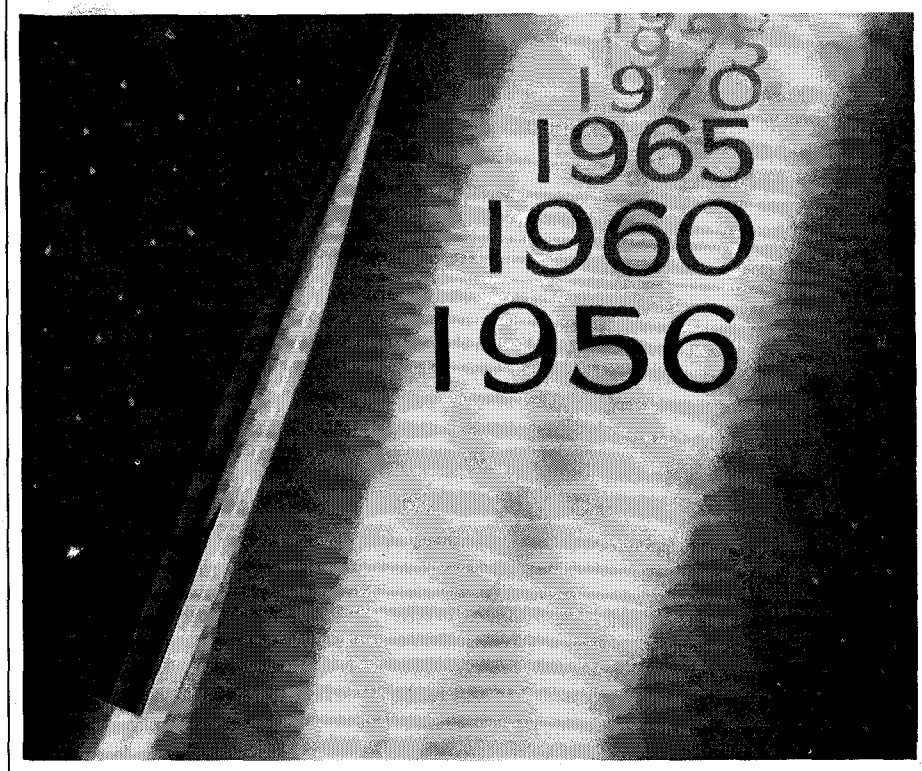
THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If he'd ever connected the ball would still be traveling."

American Business Leaders use WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS *to improve profits and human relations*



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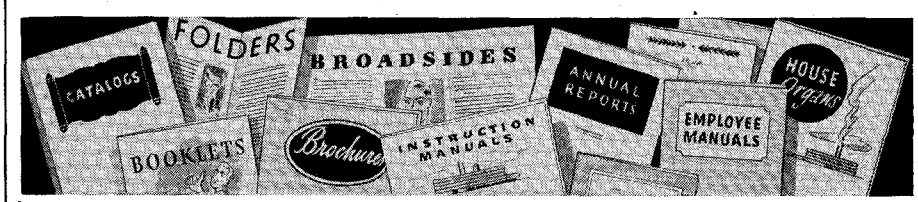

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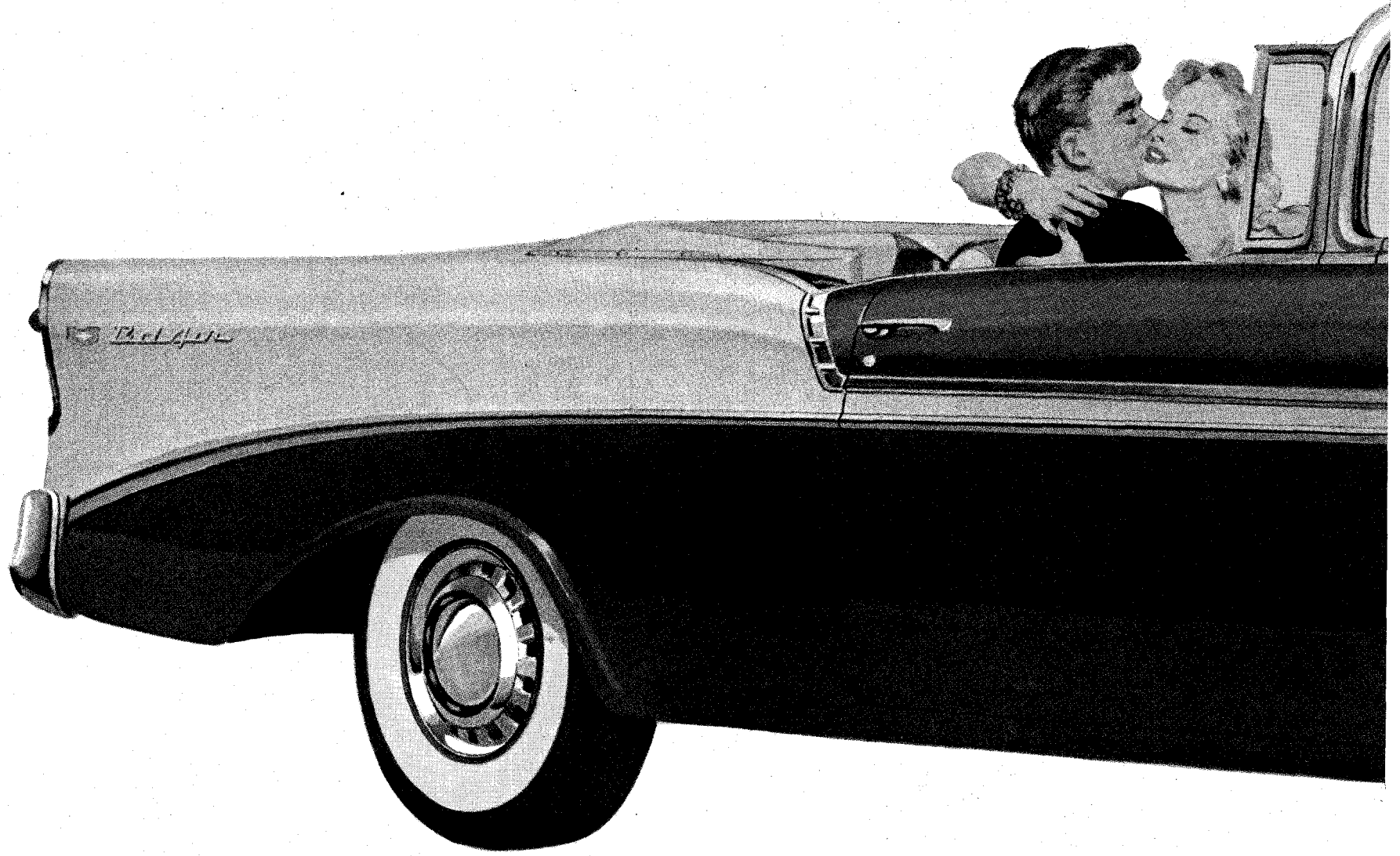

The Bel Air Convertible with Body by Fisher—one of 20 frisky new Chevrolets

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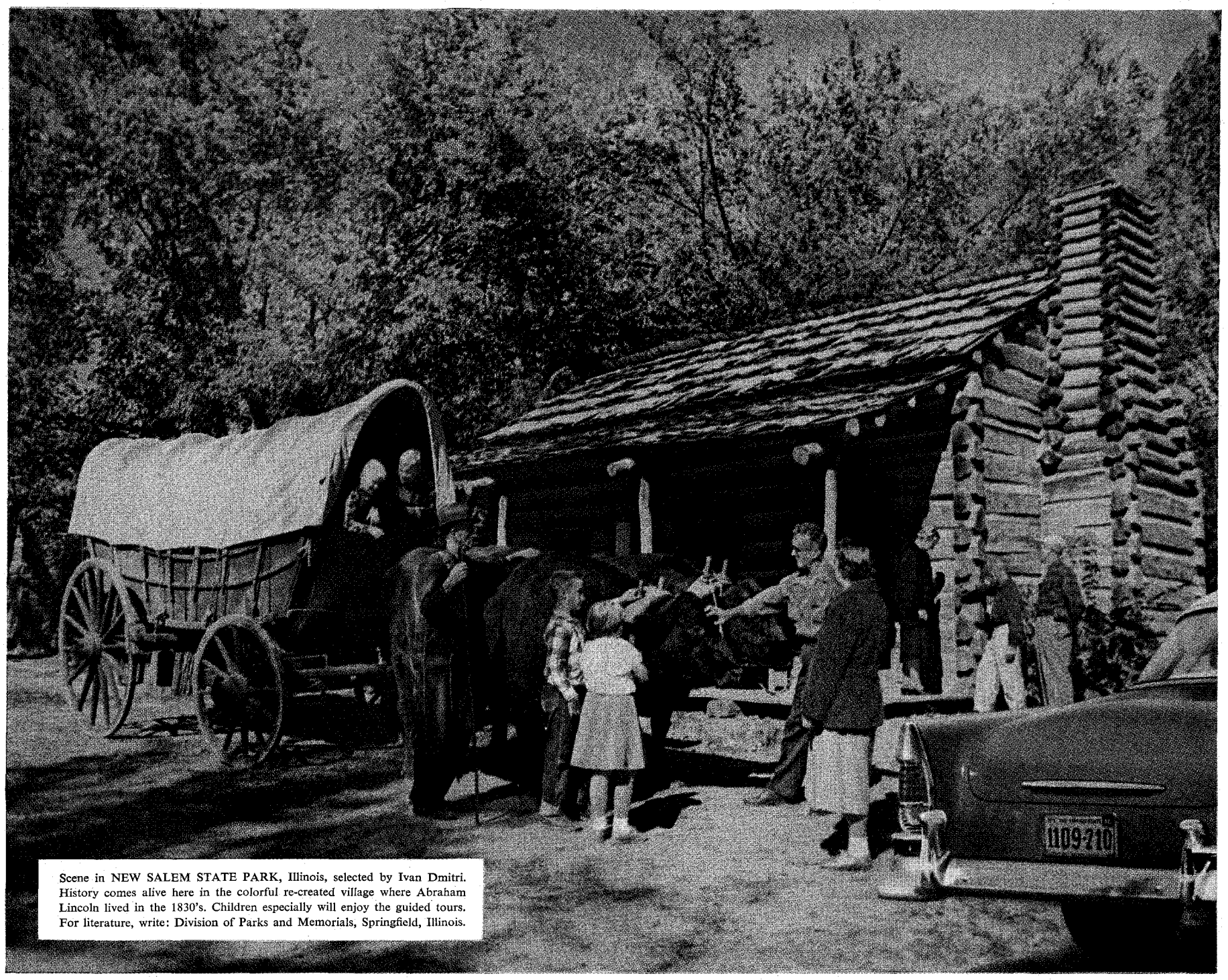

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How We Built Our Pool

(Continued from Page 25)

ten thousand." Our project cost nearly $60,000; instead of the planned "stripped-down pool on one acre," it became a tile-bordered de luxe model on three acres, with underwater lights, dressing rooms, toilet rooms, a filter house, seventy-car parking lot, and a high fence around most of the site.

We had thought, in our early innocence, to provide supervision with "maybe one lifeguard" or with "mothers who could take turns watching over the swimmers." Our ultimate staff included a $100-a-week pool manager, four lifeguards and two gatekeepers on staggered shifts, plus the part-time services of a certified public accountant to tell us how to pay for it all.

Our finances stretched, but never quite buckled. In the end, with the aid of a ten-year $20,000 mortgage, we held the capital outlay for each charter-member family to $100 plus $20 Federal tax, with latecomers paying $150 plus tax. In addition, each family puts up an average thirty-two dollars per year to cover staff salaries, payments on the mortgage, liability insurance, water bills and other operating expenses, and improvements. Thus, for what it costs to buy a table-model TV set and keep it running, our member family can swim from ten A.M. to nine P.M. all summer long, year after year.

There is sweat, toil and often tears in a community-pool project. But on opening day last July, our twenty-man committee was repaid by the sight of happy kids scrambling into the clear blue water our labors had put there. Member after member told us, "We never enjoyed a summer around Washington until this one," or, "I never knew so many nice people lived around here." For 350 families our impersonal bedroom suburb of a major city became a friendly small town.

I will say this too: Our pool proved that the average citizen working with his neighbors can do something about problems that the Saturday Evening Post has called "trouble in the suburbs." He can do this without being an "expert," without asking Government to solve his problems. It takes only a few to begin.

Our project started over my back fence one steaming July day in 1952. We were chatting with our neighbors, the Jacobses, the Lynches and the Rudys, when my wife, Dorothy, said, "What we need is a swimming pool around here. Why don't we build one?"

Nobody cheered, but Dorothy went on to talk pool at me during breakfast, dinner and at bedtime. I argued, "We're new in the area. Who will listen to us?" Shortly thereafter I found myself addressing a meeting of our civic association, fact sheet in hand, explaining why a community pool would be a wonderful and practical project.

To my knowledge, the Parkwood Citizens Association has seldom agreed easily on anything. But a couple of old hands, Cliff Andrews and Joe Moody, paved the way, and the association voted to set up a steering committee to develop a pool for Parkwood. The resolution specified that "this association shall in no way be held accountable for the actions of this committee." I agreed to head the already-disowned group.

A topnotch pool committee should include engineers, a real-estate man, a lawyer with tax and zoning know-how, a physician, a surveyor, a builder and a person skilled in publicity and promotion; also an architect, certified public accountant and a couple of shrewd businessmen, including one in the building-supply business who can "get it for you wholesale."

I assembled most of these talents, looking for men who would work hard without pay. In addition we recruited Doc Lynch's basement game table for our conferences, and buckled down to the major problem: where to find working capital for early expenses like option fees, corporation fees and "Will-you-join?" circulars.

We asked one another, "Who knows a millionaire?" None had seen fit to settle in our subdivision. Dick Urban knew a millionaire on a first-name basis, but he lived in California. A month later this unsuspecting fat cat made the mistake of visiting Washington. He flew home minus $500, with our IOU in his pocket, probably wondering why he had put up working capital for a swimming pool thousands of miles from his home.

We moved swiftly on to our proposed constitution and by-laws. We would organize as a nonprofit corporation and private club, to be run by a board of directors elected by members. Name? Our own Parkwood subdivision was joined by West Kensington, and then by a third subdivision, Chevy Chase View. So it was logical to settle on the name Cedarbrook Club. Anyway, we did.

It's going to be an early fall for a lot of politicians.

DAN BENNETT

Our cost estimates were firming up, and we knew we would need a minimum of 350 member families to support the project. But how big to make the pool for that many? Four to a family, multiplied by 350, equals 1400 possible swimmers. Would 800 come on a hot day? A thousand? Twelve hundred? If that many came, we'd need a pool the size of Yankee Stadium. We pieced together formulas on pool attendance, then guessed—and guessed right—that, with people coming and going, only about 100 would attend at any one time on an average day, and no more than 300 at any one time on the hottest days. And of these, only one out of three would be in the pool; the rest would be sitting it out on the concrete apron.

Now we knew that we could get by with a pool about forty by eighty feet. But where to put it? Nearly a year had passed, and our efforts to find suitable land had bogged down. Everywhere we turned, the price of tracts rose mysteriously, and we wondered why, ours being such a fine community project. We forgot that we were also a corporation, albeit nonprofit, and that corporations are generally believed to be rich. Our balance at the Kensington bank was then $412.13.

We had also discovered a certain coolness on the part of homeowners living near likely pool sites. Whenever our committee prowled over a piece of ground, neighboring householders surveyed us sternly from upstairs windows. Around one tract a "stay-out" petition circulated as we drove off. Adjacent property owners visualized thousands of screaming brats, and hundreds of cars parked across their driveways, lawns and porches. But we had found from research that existing community pools had not hurt adjoining home values. We also knew—and proved, I believe, last summer—that our well-situated and properly screened pool would be heard only as a hum from nearby residences. And we would close early and provide off-street parking.

We knew further that people all over our area were asking, "What ever happened to that pool you fellows were going to build?" It was put up or shut up—and twenty of us put up $100 each to make the down payment on a partially wooded site. The $8000 balance was to be paid in six months. Unless our membership drive succeeded, we were on the hook for cash we didn't have.

People whose opinion we respected assured us that "zoning will be no problem," so we decided to strike with our membership drive while the weather was hot. August 1, 1953, proved a scorcher. We dropped our promotion literature into 1300 mailboxes, set up a card table in the side yard of membership chairman Cliff Andrews, and waited for comers.

An hour passed, and nobody came. Finally, about 12:15, a few members began to trickle in with checks, though still not enough. Our spirits sagged, but we reckoned without the phone calls that neighbors were making to one another. "They're going to build that swimming pool. Isn't it wonderful?"

Our trickle at the card table stretched to a line, and Cliff's rubber stamp whomped and whomped. By Sunday night, would-be members were rushing up and asking, "Am I too late?" Little Margie Cleveland, eighteen, caught with her parents out of town, pleaded with us to take twenty-five dollars in baby-sitting fees as a deposit "until daddy gets home to put up the rest." We agreed. With $18,000 in the poke, we could afford magnanimity.

Our zoning hearing before the Board of Appeals came the following March, after a series of procedural delays. How could the Board refuse our request for a zoning exception to build a pool in a residential area? A turndown seemed unlikely. Our membership had grown to 300 families, and in support we had a petition signed by most other families in our three subdivisions. The opposition of adjacent property owners was milder than expected. Moreover, the distinguished members of the board seemed to favor us. A lawyer takes such sunny friendliness in court as a danger signal, but we innocents basked in it. Our witnesses wheeled out charts showing the harmlessness of our project; and that was that.

A week went by, two weeks—and no word from the board. Two months passed, and still no word. Our $10,000 property, once "as good as zoned," began to take on the stature of a white elephant. Finally, on May 4, 1954, the decision arrived: ". . . The club and its proposed activity appear to be excellent and praiseworthy. But the proposed location does not meet the requirements of the ordinance."

Those were dark days. We met two or three times a week around Doc Lynch's game table. At one of these sessions our volunteer architect spoke up. John Murphy is a cheerful philosopher, and he put into words what we all felt: "Anything as good as this pool will win in the end. Let's keep fighting."

And fight we did, this time with fewer laymen, including myself, trying to act like lawyers. Our attorneys, Plummer Shearin and Joe Mathias, said we had been caught in a legislative razzle-dazzle. The previous summer our zoning had indeed been in the bag. But the County Council of Montgomery County had enacted a new zoning law during the winter. Under it, our opposition no longer needed to prove that our pool would tend to be a nuisance. (*Continued on Page 78*)

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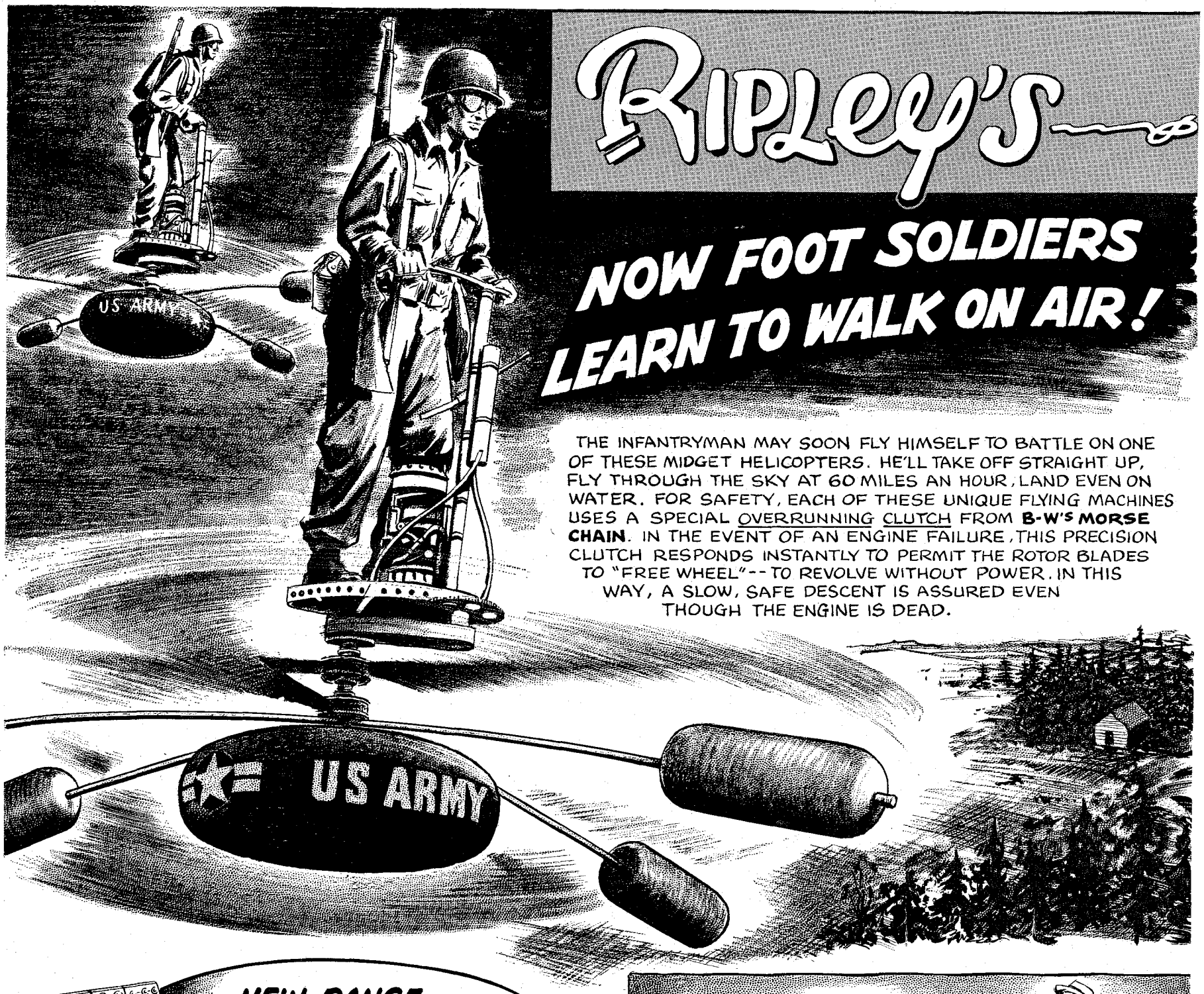

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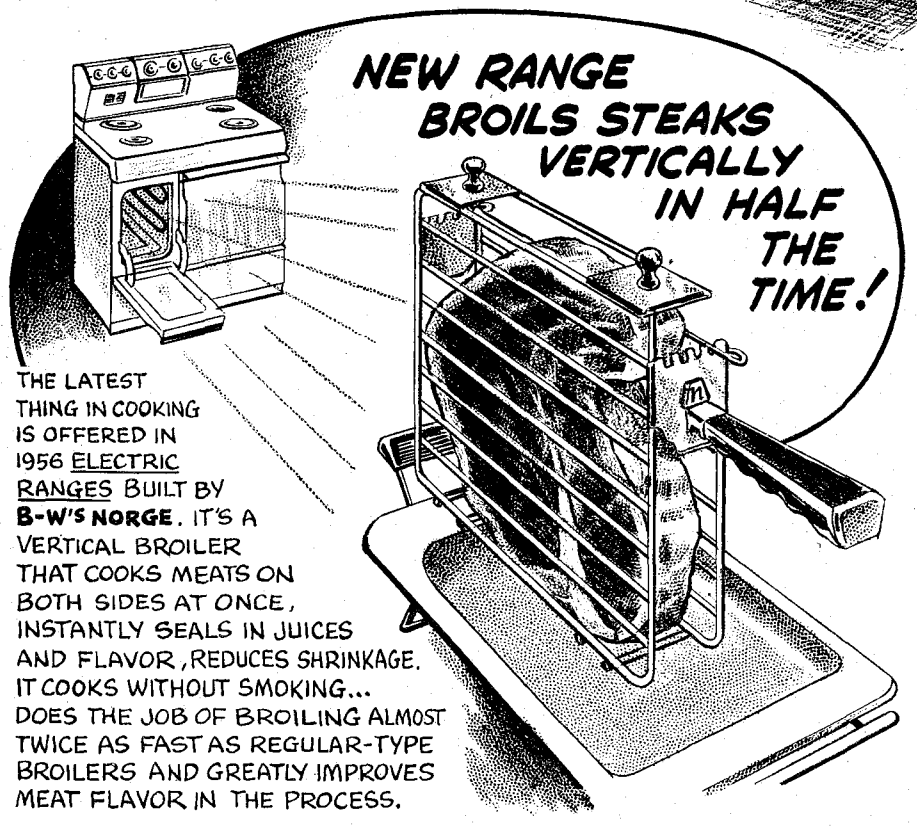

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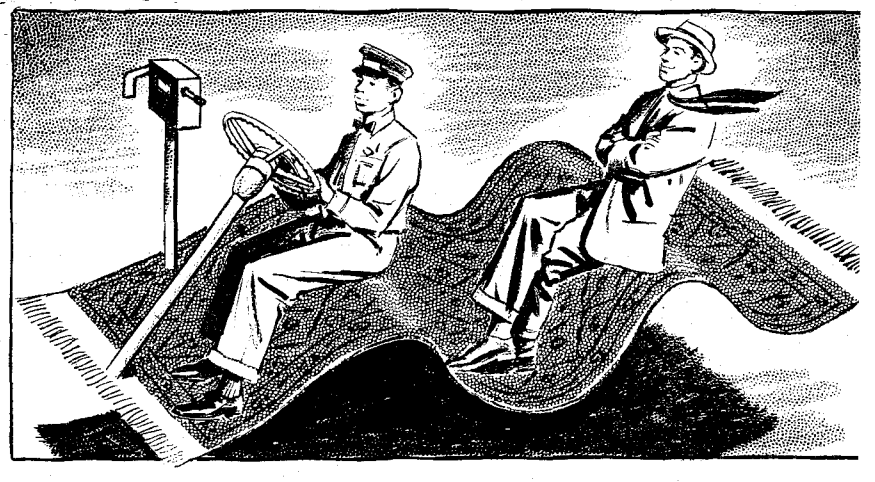

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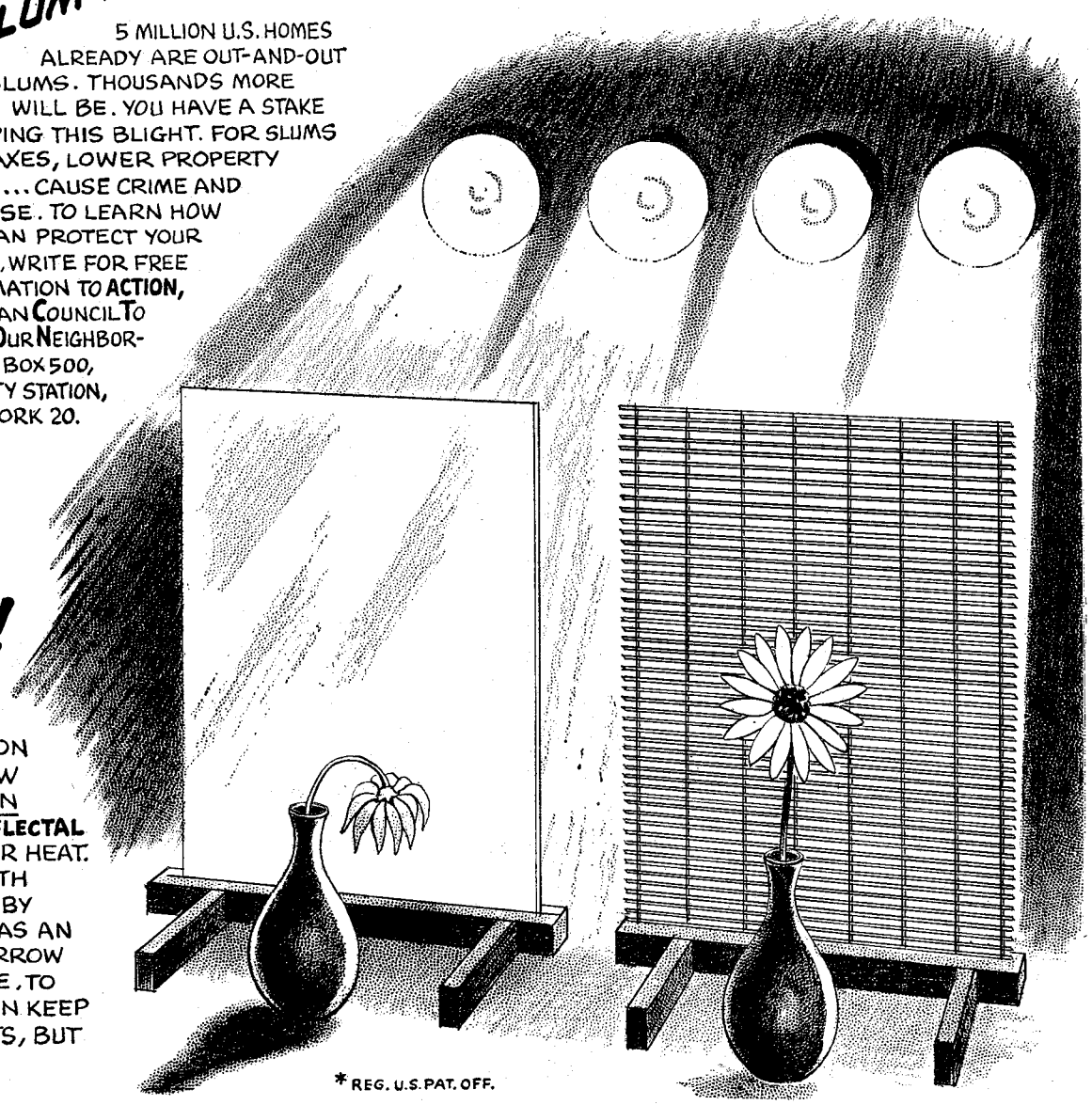

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(*Continued from Page 75*) Instead, we must prove that our pool would not be one. And just how could we do that?

Our lawyers proposed twenty-two amendments to the Zoning Ordinance, ones which would permit noncommercial community pools to be built in residential areas when they met certain stiff lot-size and setback requirements, and provided off-street parking and other protections for adjacent property owners. Such a procedure would require no hearing before the Board of Appeals.

The County Council professed great sympathy with our plight. "We want you to build pools," said council members. But in a county whose population exceeds that of the entire state of Nevada, legislative wheels turn slowly. We needed political support, and now a man of the moment rose from our steering committee. Allan Graeff, brick salesman, became Allan Graeff, politician. With Doc Lynch and others, he phoned some sixty presidents of civic associations in the county.

"Do you have a pool group forming in your neighborhood? If so, you'd better help us change the zoning law or you'll never get your pool."

We found that several fledgling groups had formed. Where none existed, crusader Graeff preached his beat-the-heat gospel and new groups sprang into being. He forged a hefty nonpartisan political force—thirteen groups representing every wish for a pool from up-county Gaithersburg to down-county Silver Spring, united in a Montgomery County Community Swimming Pool Council.

Few groups appearing before congressional committees prepare their testimony more carefully than we did for our hearing before the County Council. At our earlier session with the Board of Appeals, we mostly talked. Now we produced letters and expert witnesses. Community pools, said the juvenile-court judge, would help in the battle against delinquency. Pools would mean more swimming instruction and hence fewer drownings, said the Red Cross. They would provide emergency reservoirs to fight fires in atomic attack, said the Kensington Volunteer Fire Department. They make orderly and unobjectionable neighbors, said property owners living astride existing community pools. They can enhance the value of adjacent homes, said appraiser William M. Throckmorton, past president of the District of Columbia Real Estate Board. They're consistent with sound land planning, said Louis Justement, dean of Washington architects.

Our block captains, women who knew how to use the telephone as only wives can, had turned out the biggest crowd ever seen in the hearing room at the county seat. Louis A. Gravelle, acting council president, warned the audience not to applaud. But our 400 pool supporters, crammed into every chair, perched on window ledges, listening from the hallway and the lawn, could not restrain themselves. The council, we could see, was impressed.

But again weeks passed, and the council, like the Board of Appeals, delayed its decision. I stopped off daily for a nail-biting session with our vice-chairman, Bob Rawlins. We learned that the council had set up a committee to make new recommendations; the committee tossed this warm potato to the Park and Planning Commission, and that august body, no tyro at buck-passing, quickly heaved it to a national convention of urban planners.

All this began to look like the old run-around, but an item in the Washington papers ended our grumbling. Five Democratic candidates for the County Council, apparently scenting votes in the upcoming election, had come out for an easing of community pool zoning. Within a month, the Republican-dominated council passed eleven of our twenty-two amendments—the ones that counted. We were in.

Now, we reasoned, we only had to "find a reputable contractor and tell him to build the pool." But nothing ever came that easily, not for us. Instead, an out-of-state pool builder parked an expensive sedan in front of my house, and new fun began. Let's call him Mr. Shaw; he was a tall, thin man in his forties, wearing a pinstripe suit. Trotting behind Mr. Shaw as he entered my living room came a little man with an armful of blueprints and a brief case. We had quickly sized up Mr. Shaw as an operator; this was his "administrative assistant."

"Boys," said Mr. Shaw, "I've got your pool right here," and he unveiled one of the prettiest pictures I've ever seen. Here was no stark, hard-to-read blueprint. Here was an artist's conception, one which, Mr. Shaw informed us, his "draftsmen worked half of last night to prepare." We had been thinking of a rectangular or wedge shape, but this one had class, with a triangular diving area jutting from the rectangular main pool, and a triangular wading pool to match.

"Boys, this makes the perfect combination," said Mr. Shaw. "You keep the divers off the backs of the swimmers, see. And you keep the kiddies out of deep water in a pool of their own, see."

We forgot our first suspicions of Shaw's fast talk and rough-cut manner. The watery blue shades of that drawing made us yearn for our first dip.

"Boys," said Mr. Shaw, "how much money do you have in the bank?"

It was a swift, deft jab. Caught off balance, we told him.

Mr. Shaw frowned. "Boys, you expect to get a Shaw-built pool for that?"

We half expected him to stomp indignantly from the room, but our brainwashing had only begun. "Boys," he said, "I like you. I like what you're trying to do in your community. Boys, I'll tell you what I'm going to do." His voice was rising now in the staccato rasp of a sideshow barker. "I'm going to build that pool for that little bit you've got in the bank. I've built pools from the high Sierras to the coast of Florida, and nobody ever got a deal like this. The other builders will say, 'John Shaw's nuts, but if you sign now ——'"

Some of us might have reached for the pen right then, but our lawyer wrenched himself loose from this master salesman's spell. "We'll need a little time to think it over," said Joe Mathias.

"The deal's off," snapped Mr. Shaw. "Look, fellows, I need your pool right now because my men are just finishing a job and it costs me four hundred dollars a day to keep them on the payroll doing nothing. But if one of the other deals I've got in the works jells, my price to you goes up. Why take a chance? Nobody's going to beat John Shaw's price. Why, you could take my plans and specs and offer them for bids, and nobody'd come near me."

"You mean," said our lawyer quietly, "that you'd let us do that?"

"Sure, sure," said Mr. Shaw. "But——"

"Wait a minute. Would you sign a legal release making those plans and specifications our property so we could offer them for bids—including your bid, of course?"

For a moment, Mr. Shaw hesitated. Then he signed, with a flourish, the paper Joe had quickly prepared. "A technicality," Mr. Shaw muttered. But later on we could boast that a group of suburbanites had outconned a con man.

Mr. Shaw had indeed built pools from one coast to the other, we discovered, but he had also developed a transcontinental habit of failing to complete them after collecting his money. He had been in jail in three states. His office was the trunk of his sedan, his "draftsmen" a lone artist who sketched dream pools in spare time. Mr. Shaw subcontracted most of his work. The "crews that cost me $400 a day" consisted of one plumber, who was also Shaw's brief-case-toting assistant.

Mr. Shaw sent in his bid with the others, but his, unlike theirs, was unsigned. We had inserted a requirement for a bond guaranteeing completion of the pool, and he liked this not at all. In the end, we signed with a bonded Washington-area pool builder, the Payne-Oliver Concrete Company. This firm, working with our volunteer architect and engineers, redesigned the pool, adding reinforcing steel and considerable concrete, and preserving only the triangular appendages, which still fascinated us.

Now, as we sought to speed our application for a building permit through official channels, every bureaucrat and his rubber-stamping assistant told us what we couldn't do. The building inspector questioned the strength of our bathhouse roof. The county sanitarian insisted on bigger drains in the kiddies' pool. The State Health Department wanted a hair-catcher in our plumbing. A Suburban Sanitary Commission official, whom I shall call Mr. Butts, had a truly remarkable knowledge of delaying tactics, and a rubber stamp of singular importance. "That bathhouse," he said, pointing to our blueprints, "won't do. The book says ——"

Mr. Butts, with plumbing code in hand, was a giant. "You don't have any windows in your toilet rooms. The book says you must have one foot of window for every ten feet of floor area."

"But, Mr. Butts," we pleaded, "there's no roof over most of the bathhouse—that's so the sun will dry it out. What difference does it make whether air enters through windows or from above?"

"The book says ——" Over our architect's prostrate body, we installed windows in the toilet rooms.

Much as our two-month delay with bureaucracy vexed us, I must admit this: those county and state men, unmoved by pretty pictures like Mr. Shaw's, catch things that the average pool group misses. The county sanitarian, R. W. Koch, proved invaluable. One of Mr. Butts' suggestions—that we should roof the entire bathhouse, not just part of it—saved us from unforeseen embarrassment: nearby neighbors could have peered into the ladies' dressing room.

After the final rubber stamp hit our building permit, it was mostly fun. Bulldozers quickly cleared our site and the hole went in. The plumbing went in twice—once the way we wanted it, and a second time Mr. Butts' way. Workmen poured concrete, set reinforcing rods, and ultimately installed tile coping which we had stretched our budget to afford. Weekends, and many weekdays, too, our labor volunteers came out to paint the bathhouse, throw up fences and dig trenches. One weekend we got 150 volunteers. Nothing was too good for the pool; we needed one large clock, and two were donated. We needed parking-lot buffers—the Potomac Electric Power Company came through with two dozen old poles.

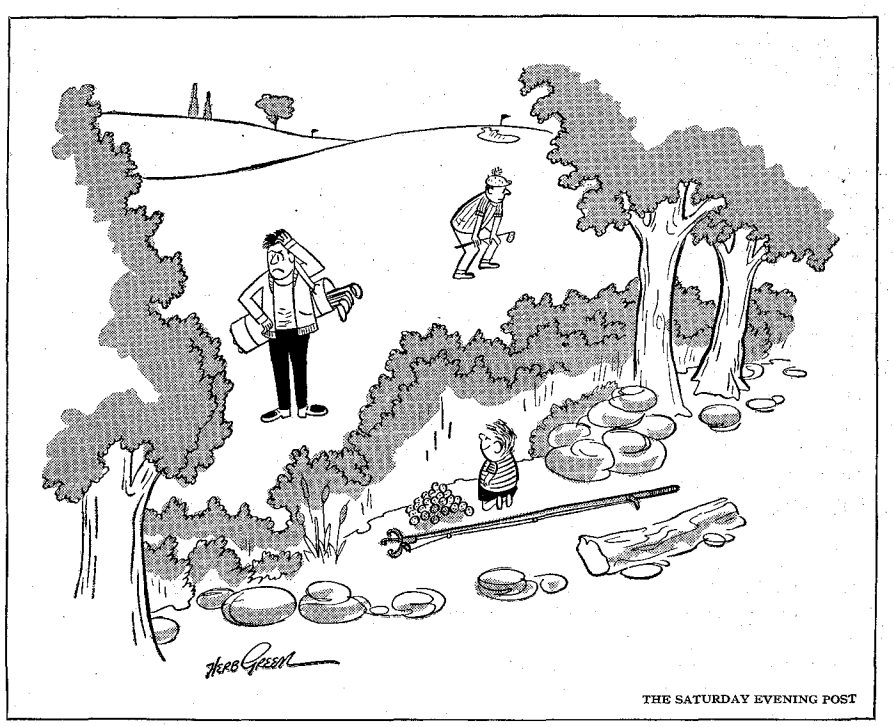
Meanwhile, our steering committee interviewed candidates for the pool manager's job. We talked to four men, but none seemed to suit. Finally, the Red Cross water-safety director for the county asked, "Have you considered a woman manager?"

We swallowed our male prejudices. Peggy Whilden, a soft-spoken recreation specialist in her twenties, had excellent qualifications, including practical pool experience, a degree in psychology, and two in physical education. But for all that, something bothered us at the interview. Something was missing. When Peggy came back for a second interview, she wore, instead of a tailored suit, a soft white sweater. This time the committee found her every man's conception of a lady pool manager.

When we opened on Fourth of July weekend, everything went wrong and nobody minded. Mud slopped from the newly sodded lawn onto the concrete apron. A youngster thought he got a shock from one of the underwater lights. The kiddies' pool suddenly ran out of water; we found it sloshing around in the filter house, where committee member George Spann was unraveling the mysteries of our many valves.

As the summer progressed, our problems narrowed to one that we can't solve—how to keep teen-age girls from distracting our handsome lifeguards. This summer we look forward to a full three and a half months of swimming. We'll never tire of hearing children tell us, "Gee, it's swell to have our own pool." The hard work was worthwhile, despite the fact that only a few of our twenty pioneers, oddly enough, like to swim.

THE END



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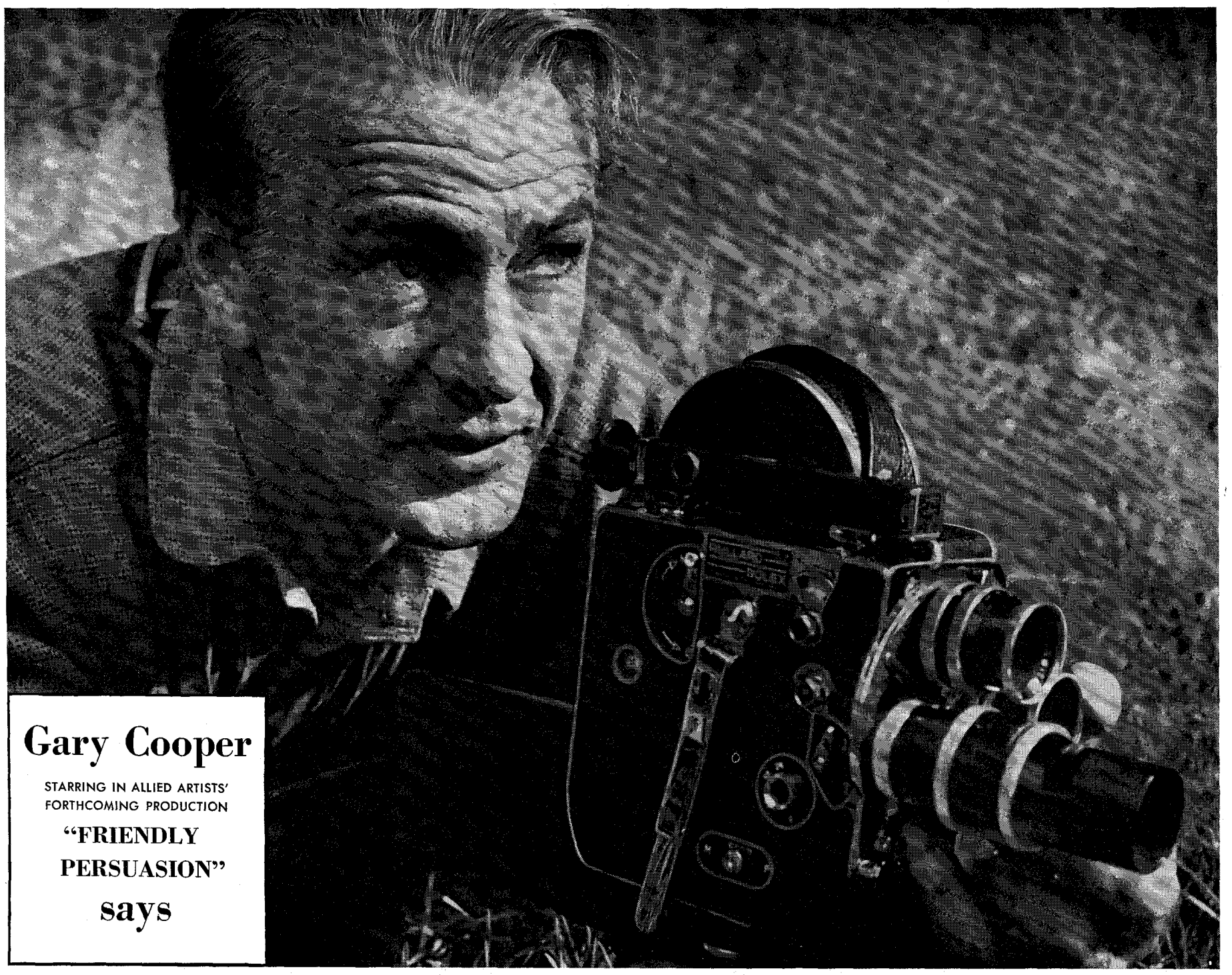

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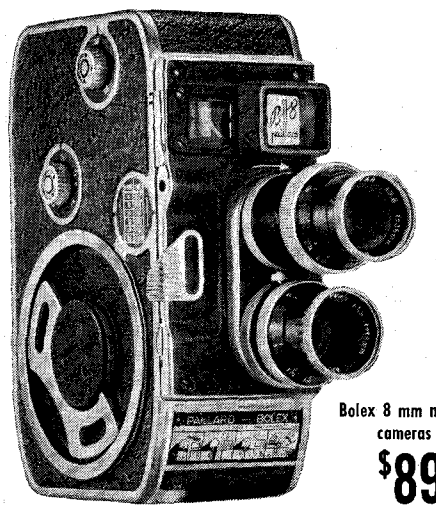

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Counterfeit Cavalier (Continued from Page 49)

The muzzle of Moose's gun pressed more firmly against the nape of his neck. "Don't be comical," the man said. "Get to whizzin'."

"Try it yourself," Artemus said.

Burps, seated in front, reached over and flipped the key. He pressed the starter button with no results. "The damn heap won't start," he growled.

"It better start," Moose said loudly.

Artemus was as surprised as the pair of gorillas. His car had been in perfect condition when he went into his cabin a little while ago. But now it had failed inexplicably.

"Looks like we'll have to walk," he said.

"You won't walk," Moose said savagely. "Get out and fix it. I'll be standin' over you."

Artemus opened the door and stepped to the ground. "I can't see in the dark," he said.

"Do it by feel!" snarled Burps.

Artemus threw back the hood. He could barely see the motor in the dim light. He knew that motor as he knew the palm of his hand, and his deft fingers sought among the wiring, reached up under the dash. It was with a shock of surprise that he found there was no connection between the button and the starting motor. Someone had removed the wire. Obviously it had been neither Moose nor Burps. Equally obviously it had been done in the brief interval which separated his arrival and the parking of the car from his return to it chaperoned by the pair of gangsters. That could mean only that some third person had been present—the watcher who had watched the watchers! If this third person had been here so recently, it was reasonable to suppose he was still close by, probably enjoying the situation sardonically. He pretended to continue his fumbling under the hood while Moose breathed down the back of his neck.

"Find it?" Burps asked, anxiety in his hoarse voice.

"Not a chance in this darkness," Artemus replied.

"What'll we do?" Burps was worried. He was not equipped mentally to cope with the unexpected. He could obey orders, but emergencies were beyond his powers.

"Let him have it and scram," Moose said savagely.

"Nix," Burps replied, his voice more worried than before. "Orders was to leave him where he wouldn't be found. Nix. Not here."

"Then walk him," suggested the even duller-witted Moose. "Walk him till we can glom onto a heap.

There was a clang as something hard, a pebble, struck the metal body of the car.

"What's that?" Burps whispered.

"Who wants to know?" asked an adenoidal voice from the front of the carport. Artemus did not recognize it. He guessed it to be disguised. Burps and Moose jerked erect and turned.

"The caper's over," said the voice. "School's out. Time to go and do your homework. Drop your tools and lift your paddies where teacher can see them."

There were two thuds as guns dropped to the ground. Arms were elevated.

"Are they clean, Mr. Baldwin?" asked the invisible voice.

"Clean," answered Artemus.

"Then come on out, little ones," ordered the sardonic voice. "Come slowly. . . . You stay, Mr. Baldwin."

Burps and Moose moved sullenly to the entrance, hands held high. Artemus could see them against the dim light.

"Eyes front," directed the thick voice.

The two men reached the driveway. "Scoot!" commanded the voice. "Last one to the street is a stinker. . . . That's it. Lift 'em up and lay 'em down."

Artemus heard the sound of heavily running feet.

"Come out now, Mr. Baldwin," the voice said politely. "Eyes front."

Artemus walked to the opening. "Left wheel," the voice said peremptorily.

Artemus obeyed. The invisible muffled voice continued directions. "Go in and go to bed," it said. "Pleasant dreams."

"Obliged," the Secret Service man said. "To whom am I indebted?"

"My compliments on your use of the word 'whom.' I make a note of it. Lock your door, and hereafter don't blunder blindly into dark rooms."

Artemus closed his door after him and sat down somewhat weak-kneed in his chair. He was not pleased with himself. It had not been due to his own efforts that the night had ended so favorably to him. He had been guilty of carelessness, an unforgivable sin in the service to which he belonged.

His earlier reasoning was confirmed. He was in the middle. It was a paradoxical situation; men with whom he had no professional concern, men whose activities were outside the jurisdiction of the Secret Service, were of a mind to abolish him; and those who, probably, were the reason for his presence in Phoenix, whom it was his duty to hunt down and convict, had prevented his abolition. He undressed slowly, placed his holstered revolver on the night table beside his bed and, after locking the door, he laid his head on the pillow and, surprisingly, went quickly to sleep.

He awakened at a reasonable hour, showered, dressed and went out to his breakfast. On his return shortly after nine o'clock, he telephoned Marvin Leeds.

"Artemus Baldwin here," he said. "Have your Yaquis come to my place as soon as possible."

"They'll be there inside the hour," Leeds said. "That all?"

"That's all," Artemus said.

It was shortly after ten when the English-speaking Yaqui appeared. The chief did not accompany him. "Not wish to be seen. Not wish be sent back to Mexico," the Indian explained.

Artemus shrugged. "This is what you do," he directed. "I will be in the lobby of the Adams. You hang around the door. Watch me. If a tall old man in a white suit with a beautiful girl comes down and speaks to me—or either one of them—you horn in."

"Horn in?" The Yaqui spread his hands.

"You come up to me. Touch my arm as if you wanted to talk to me."

"Yes, yes."

"Have one small bit of gold with you."

"One piece gold," repeated the Yaqui.

"Go there now—as soon as possible. Wait."

"I wait," the Yaqui nodded. "I go now. Get gold."

Artemus telephoned again, this time to the apartment of Col. Semmes Bedford Beauregard. The colonel answered.

"Good morning, sir," Artemus said. "This is Artemus Baldwin."

"Good morning, sir," the colonel replied with a sort of cordial formality.

"I was wondering, sir, if you and Miss Jennifer are engaged for luncheon this noon, and would be free to go to the ball game this afternoon."

"I thank you, Mr. Baldwin. That will be agreeable."

"I will be in the lobby at twelve-thirty and will telephone from the desk."

"We shall be ready, my daughter and I. You are gracious to think of us."

"At twelve-thirty, then," Artemus said, and again replaced the instrument.

He dressed in an overemphatic sports coat, blue slacks and jaunty hat. As he surveyed himself in the mirror, he saw with satisfaction that he was just a little wrong, a bit too flamboyant for good taste. An hour's time was whiled away with the morning paper, and then he drove downtown, parked his car in the auto lobby and went into the hotel. Hovering near the Central Avenue door he saw the Yaqui, but gave no sign of recognition. Promptly at twelve-thirty he telephoned the colonel's apartment and waited at the foot of the elevators for father and daughter to descend. When they appeared he allowed himself to be a trifle overeffusive, but the colonel greeted him courteously, and Jennifer with a charming smile.

"Shall we lunch here?" he suggested. "The car is handy and we can take our time."

He walked with them toward the entrance to the bar and café. As the trio reached the door, the Yaqui sidled up to Artemus and plucked at his sleeve. Artemus turned upon the Indian.

"Scram!" he said.

"No scram," the Yaqui said stubbornly. "Talk now."

Artemus shrugged. "Pardon me," he said. "I'll see what this character wants. O.K.?"

"Certainly," Jennifer said.

Artemus walked aside with the Yaqui and bent over, listening as the man talked earnestly. Artemus extended his hand, and the Indian placed a small whittling of gold in his palm. Artemus turned curtly away and rejoined his guests.

"These Indians!" he said. "Don't know how to act."

"They're so interesting," Jennifer exclaimed. "It doesn't seem possible that so short a time ago they were massacring whites."

"This one," Artemus said, "is a Yaqui from Mexico. They're still pretty rough, I hear."

"Was that man a Yaqui?" Jennifer asked with quick interest. "I've read about them."

"Bad *hombres*," answered Artemus. . . . "I've reserved a table."

They sat at the table which had been reserved for them, backs against the south wall, Jennifer between her father and Artemus. The girl attracted attention. Masculine eyes across the room stared at her, but she seemed unconscious of them. Serene, aristocratic, she sat there as if there were no others present but the two men at her table. On exhibition now, she was far different from the girl who had ridden in his car with him to Casa Blanca yesterday. Present now was none of the fire, the discontent, the adventurousness of that morning.

Artemus stared at the tablecloth as though distrait. Once or twice he seemed not to hear questions asked of him by Jennifer. She leaned toward him.

"Has something disturbed you, Mr. Baldwin?" she asked.

He laughed. "I'm sorry," he said. "Just got to thinking about something."

"That," she said smilingly, "isn't complimentary. It must be something important."

"You mean," he said, "it would have to be something important to let a man's mind stray away from you?"

Colonel Beauregard's gray eyes twinkled. "You asked for that, daughter," he said. "Evidently Mr. Baldwin is a young man who speaks his mind. I like it in him."

"I didn't mean to be rude," Artemus said penitently. "It just popped out."

"Gentlemen," said Jennifer coldly, "don't blurt."

Artemus' jaw set and his eyes hardened. "I guess I'm as much of a gentleman as anybody around," he said angrily. His manner was that of one not sure of himself who had been put on the defensive. He was staying in character.

"Jennifer," said the colonel suavely, "Mr. Baldwin is our host."

The girl smiled quickly and touched Artemus' arm. "You nicked my vanity," she said gaily. "I'm ashamed."

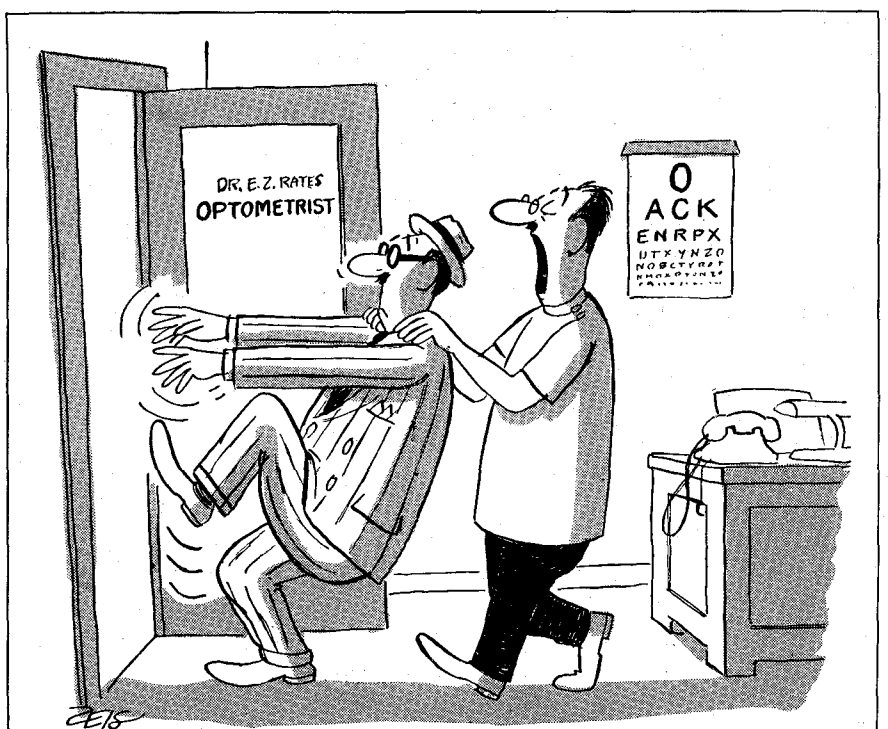
"That's all right," Artemus said, now wholly mollified. "But I don't like to be pushed around, even by ladies."

"And very correct," said the colonel. "A man must assert his self-respect. . . . Ah, the cuisine here is excellent, is it not?"

"First class," Artemus agreed.

Jennifer reverted to the subject which had led up to the slight contretemps. "I hope you haven't had bad news," she said. "Your manner changed after you talked with that Indian."

"It wasn't bad news. It was just something to think (*Continued on Page 82*)



"Now it may take a while to get used to them."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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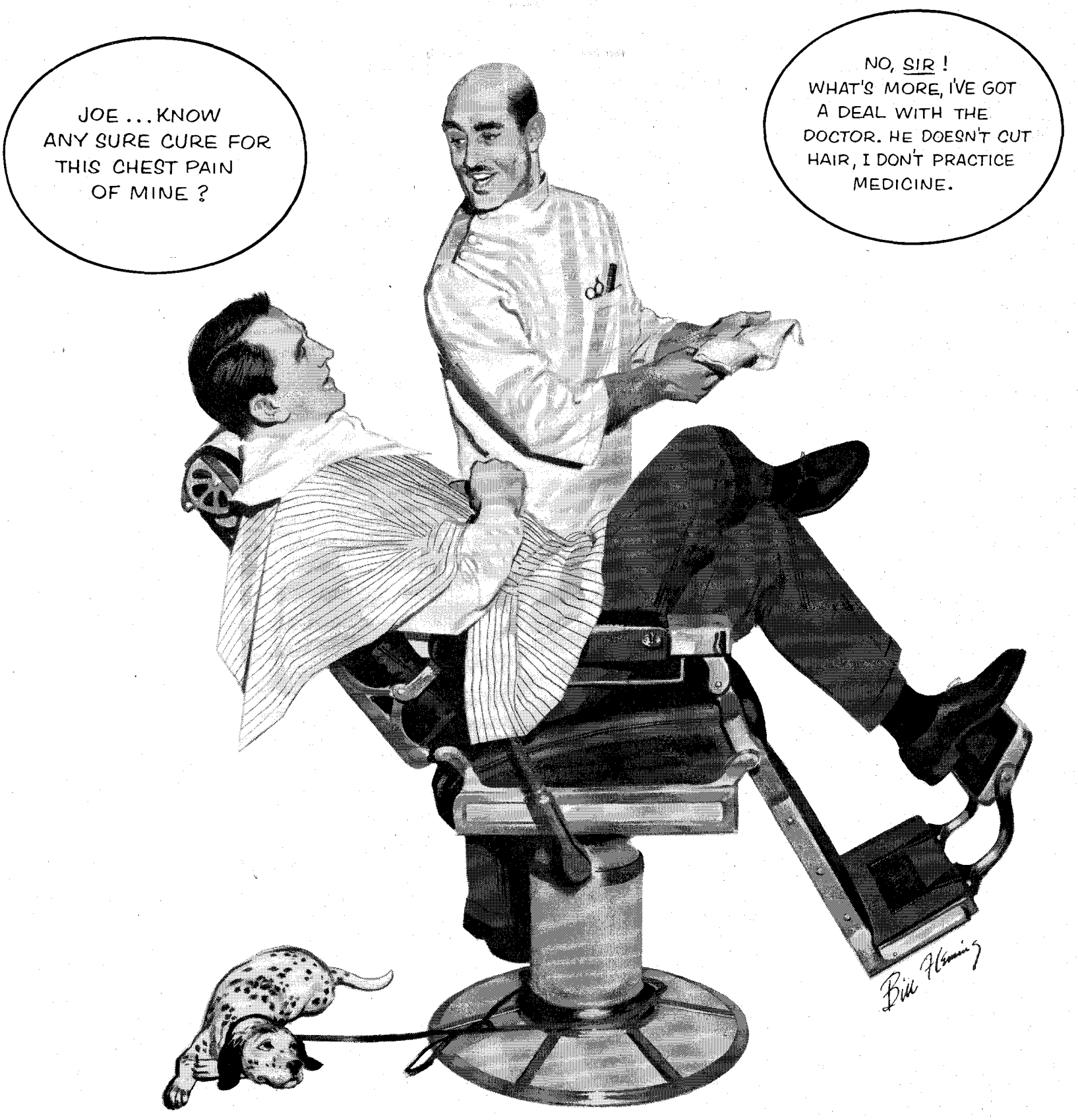
JOE . . . KNOW ANY SURE CURE FOR THIS CHEST PAIN OF MINE ?
NO, SIR ! WHAT'S MORE, I'VE GOT A DEAL WITH THE DOCTOR. HE DOESN'T CUT HAIR, I DON'T PRACTICE MEDICINE.
Bill Hamm

We don't know whether Joe's remark was meant to be merely a part of his usual witty chatter.

But we do know *this*: there's some mighty shrewd wisdom in what he says. And yet, even today, far too many of us pin our hopes on medical advice from this or that unqualified source.

No matter what your trouble is—a persistent cold, a recurring headache, taut nerves—it never makes sense to stay away from the doctor on the chance that someone will turn up who knows "the very latest thing" for your trouble.

So, if you've been feeling none too good day after day . . . if some ache or pain nags at you time after time . . . don't rely on any sort of home treatment, or listen to someone whose hobby is giving free medical advice.

Take a friend's word, if you wish, about almost any other problem that comes along, but don't let anyone other than your doctor advise you about your health. You will save time and money in the long run.

Today, more than ever, getting *prompt and proper* medical care may well represent one of the biggest bargains of your life.

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(*Continued from Page 80*) about. It could be good news. Forget it."

"I'm attracted by this city," the colonel said. "By its cleanliness, its wide streets. But most of all by its enterprise. I've even given thought to buying a home. There's a peacefulness about it, a serenity. Somehow one feels it to be a law-abiding place. As if, unlike other older cities, crime could not find a foothold here."

"I hear there's still a law on the books," Artemus said, "that says anybody coming into town has got to check his guns with the bartender."

"A delightful relic of pioneer days," said the colonel.

Artemus absent-mindedly reached fingers into his coin pocket and touched the fragment of gold. As if unconscious of what he was doing, he took it out between finger and thumb and rolled it back and forth.

"I been thinking," he said, "about that artist we dropped in on the other day. Me, I don't know much about painting and things like that. Is he any good, Miss Beauregard?"

"I thought him quite talented," she answered.

"You're kind of an expert, colonel."

"Not an expert. An amateur."

"Did this What's-His-Name send you some of his thingumajigs—etchings—to look at? Miss Beauregard told him you were a collector of them."

"He sent me—brought me—some examples of his work. They were excellent. I bought a couple."

The bit of gold slipped from Artemus' fingers and tinkled on his plate. He snatched it up quickly, as if afraid his companions might see it. But Jennifer had seen it.

"Why, Mr. Baldwin," she exclaimed, "that looked like gold."

He shrugged and extended it on his palm. "I guess it's gold," he said. "I haven't had it assayed, so I wouldn't know."

She took it in her fingers and scrutinized it. "Oh, have you found a mine?"

"Gold don't come out of mines like that," he said uncomfortably. "It's been smelted."

"And that," she said triumphantly, "is why you've been so preoccupied during luncheon. Oh-oh! That was what the Yaqui wanted to talk to you about. How very interesting."

"Daughter," said the colonel reprovingly, "it is Mr. Baldwin's private affair."

"But," she cried, "it's so romantic! A dirty Indian in a hotel lobby with a nugget in his pocket!"

"Not a nugget," Artemus said sullenly. He replaced it in his coin pocket. "Nothing romantic about it. Just a pipe dream. That filthy Indian thinks I'm a dumb tenderfoot. Next time he comes around I'll boot him across the street."

He looked at his wrist watch with its gold-plated band. "Time we were starting for the game. I hope they leave in some of the first-stringers long enough for us to get a line on them. It's Cleveland today."

They walked through the lobby to the garage. After a short wait, Artemus' car came down from above, and they drove out onto Adams and turned south on First. Already lines of cars were hurrying to the ball park, and Artemus guided his machine into the stream. The afternoon was warm. As they seated themselves in their box, the Giants were still at practice, but presently the field was cleared and managers and umpires met at the plate to exchange line-ups and settle ground rules. The loud-speaker announced the names of the starting players.

As the pitcher took his place on the mound, the Roche family—father, mother, Jick and Pomfret Lionel—filed down the steps and occupied a box a couple of dozen feet to the right. Jick waved boyishly at Jennifer, and Mr. Roche, turning to see who had attracted his daughter's attention, called loudly and genially, "Hello, folks! Fine day we got!"

It was during the third inning that Artemus became aware that someone had entered the box. He turned his head. It was the artist, Walker Bayside, who nodded curtly to Artemus and then, without invitation, sat down in the chair behind Jennifer. Ignoring Artemus, he leaned over the girl's shoulder and commenced a low-voiced conversation. Occasionally he glanced sidewise at Artemus in a manner that was deliberately provocative. There was a faint odor of liquor, so that Artemus guessed the artist had been drinking. At any rate, Bayside pointedly monopolized Jennifer and,

To a Fly in a Glass-Dome Car

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

You're a tiny study in sheer
frustration,
With getting-out as your firm
fixation—
You think, "I'm free!" then
you think, "I wonder?"
And you can't get through or
over or under.

As, bruised and baffled, you
blunder and buzz,
We watch dismayed—as
perhaps God does!—
At the human effort that strains
and falls
Trying to beat through our own
clear walls.

equally pointedly, excluded Artemus from their conversation. Artemus sat stony-faced. It was evident that the colonel was uncomfortable. Jennifer was self-possessed. Bayside inched his chair closer. His lips were against Jennifer's ear. His intention to be offensive to Artemus could not be more evident. The Secret Service man endured it. His eyes chanced to meet the eyes of Jick Roche, who seemed to be watching with raised brows. She made a little *moue* and perked her head sidewise saucily, as much as to say, *What are you going to do about it?*

Artemus met her eyes and his own narrowed. She was watching to see if he rose to the situation. Deliberately he winked. She nodded, not at him, but to herself and half arose from her chair the better to see.

Artemus turned. "Friend," he said, and his voice was a warning, "if I'd wanted you in this box I'd have invited you."

"So what?" demanded Bayside.

"So," said Artemus, "you will get the hell out of it."

Bayside leaped to his feet, kicking back his chair. What happened then was brief and conclusive. The artist swung his fist at Artemus' face. Artemus moved his head and struck first with left, then with right, and Bayside seemed to be lifted into the air. He sprawled backward over the pipe railing and lay there. Ushers surged toward the spot.

Artemus, still standing, spoke incisively, "Drag it away, boys. Drunk and annoying."

Then, he seated himself again in his chair. He could not help looking toward Jick. She was standing on her chair, the better to see. As their eyes met she grinned impishly and clapped her hands. Artemus felt a glow of satisfaction—not at his quick victory but at Jick's approval of it.

"Sorry, Miss Beauregard," he said.

Her father answered for her. "You were quite justified, young sir," the colonel said grandly.

Artemus once had seen a competent cutting horse working at a roundup. It had been a thing to see—how relentlessly, how single-mindedly and intelligently the pony separated a designated calf from the herd, nosed it out of the huddle and urged it to a spot where it would be roped and dragged to the branding iron. He became conscious that Mr. Roche, in the crowd leaving the ball park, was using cutting-horse tactics on himself. He was amused. It was done with sly shoulderings and elbowings which succeeded in separating Artemus from the Beauregards as they surged toward the gates. He looked down into the shrewd face of Jick's father and grinned.

"So you want to talk to me," he said.

"Kind of skillful, wasn't I?" the older man said with self-satisfaction. "You're a species of entertaining young spriggins. Now take me; I'm all surrounded by women. I hone to be entertained by he ones. Calc'late you can spare me an evening?"

"I should be delighted, sir," Artemus said.

"Could it be this evening?"

"Why not?" Artemus said.

"Good business!" Mr. Roche beamed. "Kind of disencumber yourself of this flower of the Southland and her pa, and hyper out to dinner. Then you 'n' me'll sit out under the aboundin' constellations 'n' discuss enlightenin' topics, eh?"

Artemus was amused and curious. This, he guessed, was no mere casual invitation. "Thank you," he said. "Around seven?"

Mr. Roche nodded. "I got first-class whisky 'n' cigars," he said. "I admire being cozy and comfortable."

He gave Artemus a little shove and dropped back to rejoin his daughter and son. Artemus caught up with his guests and led them to his parked car. As they drove in the double line toward the hotel, Artemus pretended embarrassment and finally said apologetically, "I wouldn't have had that happen, Miss Beauregard."

"The man was offensive," she replied. "Suppose we forget it."

"I always like to act the way a gentleman ought to," Artemus said.

"You had," said the colonel, "ample justification. Think no more of it."

Jennifer, perhaps tactfully, perhaps for other reasons, veered away from the subject of the brawl. "Tell me more about that Indian," she said, and allowed her shoulder to touch his arm.

"Nothing to tell," he said curtly, as one who wishes to avoid a subject.

"But how did you encounter him?"

"Quite likely," he said brusquely, "word got around I was a likely sucker."

"I don't think," she said, "that anyone would pick you for an easy victim."

"I been around," he said. "Not much of a ball game."

"Rather dull," she agreed. . . . "Father," she suggested, "shall we ask Mr. Baldwin to dine with us?"

Artemus shook his head. "Awful sorry," he told her, "but I got a previous engagement. . . ."

At last they reached the hotel, where Artemus drew up to the curb. The Beauregards alighted, thanked him for a pleasant afternoon and disappeared through the revolving doors. Artemus drove out to his cabin, but this time, before he opened the door, he walked around to the window and peered inside. There were no intruders. He went in whistling softly to himself, shaved, showered and dressed. The evening paper occupied him until it was time to drive out to Paradise Valley. As he drove, he thought about the reactions of the Beauregards to his brief fracas with Bayside. One would have expected something quite different from people of such evident refinement and class. When he thought about his suspicion that Jennifer had planned the call at Bayside's house, and remembered how he had read some hidden meaning into her invitation to the artist to bring examples of his etchings to her father, he was even more puzzled. They had not been affronted. They had not seemed to resent the fact that he had indulged in a public fight in their presence. He could not make it fit into any picture.

As he drove into the parking space in front of the Roche residence, Pomfret Lionel came tearing out to greet him.

"Golly," exclaimed the boy, "you can fight good! That was a slick one-two you handed that drip!"

"He led with his right," Artemus said depreciatively, amused by the light of hero worship in the boy's eyes.

Jick called peremptorily from the yard, "Leave Mr. Baldwin alone, can't you? Behave yourself!"

"Go climb a tree," Pomfret Lionel retorted. "I got as much right to talk to him as you have. . . . I got some boxing gloves ——"

Mr. Roche spoke, not sharply, but with the sort of voice that compelled obedience. "Subside," he said, and then to Artemus, "Come back and set. What'll it be? Eh?"

"Scotch and ditch water," Artemus responded.

Mrs. Roche, who seemed scarcely older than her daughter, advanced with extended hand, and Artemus felt the sincerity of her welcome.

"Mamma cottons to you," Mr. Roche said. "Dunno why, but she's always got her reasons. I've learned to pay attention to 'em."

"He's a straight puncher," Pomfret Lionel stated.

"Which," smiled Mrs. Roche, "I take to be high praise." She indicated a tray of titbits on the table. "We'll eat out here, I think. I can't say I wholly approve of gentlemen knocking each other down," she said. "But you seem to have given general satisfaction."

"*Honesta turpitudo est pro causa bona*," said Mr. Roche casually in Latin, much to Artemus' amazement. It caught him off balance. For an instant he forgot the character he had assumed and became himself.

"Publilius Syrus was a wise old rooster," he said.

Mr. Roche whooped. "Caught him off base the first try," he said gleefully. . . . "You got sharp eyes, mamma. . . . You ain't so dumb either, Jick. Yeah!" His voice was jovially jeering. "I s'pose ol' Publilius Syrus is a well-known character around the Loop! Yah. And the tough boys jabber Latin."

"Just the same," Jick said, "it was a scaly trick."

Artemus shrugged ruefully. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," he said. "I should have been keen enough to fear the Roches, even bearing invitations to dinner."

"Young spriggins," said Mr. Roche, "it was definitely a breach of hospitality. But I ain't sorry. Most gen'ally I don't lay traps for guests. But when my bump of

(*Continued on Page 86*)

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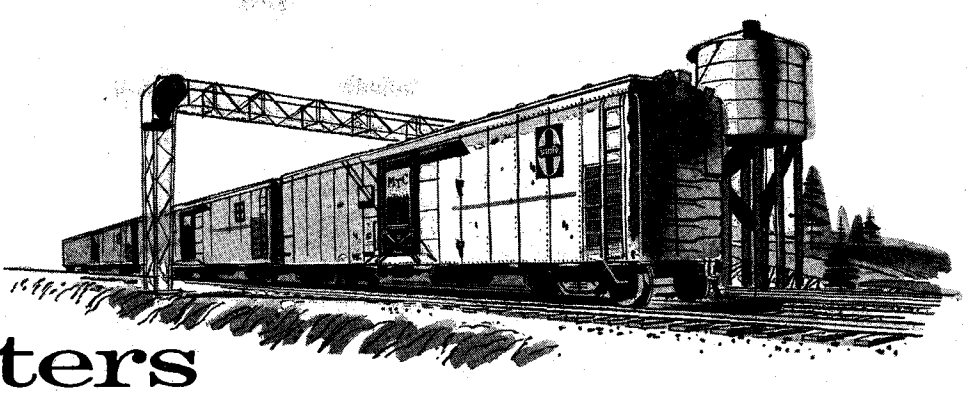
frozen foods, shopping centers



Trane changes climates to your order

Moving three billion pounds of frozen foods each year to the stores and shopping centers of America is causing an evolution in railroad refrigeration. The railroads are turning to *mechanical* refrigeration equipment—much of it engineered and built by TRANE—to provide the constant cold needed to keep your frozen shrimp, vegetables, fruit juice concentrates and other foods in prime condition on the way to market.

And in the stores and shopping centers of America, TRANE air conditioning equipment creates a *selling* climate—cool, comfortable, refreshing—and does it *economically*. In a thirty-acre Texas shopping center, for example, the cooling needs vary from 100% of capacity on a busy Saturday, all the way down to the minimum requirements on Sunday evening, when *just one drug store is open*. Yet, the TRANE equipment adjusts its output to meet these changing requirements —*automatically*. It provides only the amount of cooling actually needed. There is no wasted air conditioning—and power costs are held to a minimum.

For smaller stores, shops and offices, TRANE has designed a *Self-Contained Air Conditioner* that provides "big system performance" on a budget. TRANE has packed effective cooling comfort into a trim, slim cabinet that takes up only six square feet of floor space! And this "packaged" air conditioner is so *quiet,* you can install it anywhere, without fear of disturbing customers or employees. Quick and easy to install, this TRANE unit is bringing low-cost cooling comfort into stores, shops and offices everywhere.

Thus, every day, in widely divergent fields, TRANE is changing climates to your order . . . cooling skyscrapers, heating homes and factories, ventilating schools—*serving everywhere that you find air.*

Whatever your climate problem, the manufacturing engineers of TRANE are equipped to serve you best because they're skilled in *all four* related fields of changing climates—air conditioning, heating, ventilating and heat transfer. So, for human comfort or industrial process—for *any* air condition—turn to TRANE! See your nearest TRANE Sales Office, or write TRANE, La Crosse, Wis.

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(*Continued from Page 82*) inquisitiveness swells up so it's apt to bust, I got to relieve it."

"I take it," Artemus said ruefully, "that you also have assumed a character."

"Nope," said Mr. Roche promptly. "I'm me, and I ain't changed my spots. Always was the scandal of the campus. Never could contrive to live up to my Ph.D. Nor yet the red kimono they decked me out in at Oxford."

"You're that Roche!" Artemus exclaimed.

"Yup. But I ain't been ketched at it in Arizona." He grinned wickedly. "If you won't give me away, I won't tell tales on you. Though I'm all-fired itchin' to know what you're up to."

"Don't tell him," Mrs. Roche said, smiling mischievously at her husband. "Don't make it easy for him. Let him labor over it."

"They pester me," complained Mr. Roche. "Mamma pesters me, Jick pesters me. Pomfret Lionel pesters me. They claim I'm uncouth. Who wants to be couth? They claim I ain't dignified, and they flinch at how I talk. I got no standing in my own family." He nibbled a titbit. "Now take language," he said argumentatively. "I hold a body ought to be comfortable in it, like in old shoes. Grammar 'n' syntax 'n' parts of speech are all right if you keep 'em in their place. If you're all the time strainin' yourself over rules 'n' reg'lations 'n' botherin' about double negatives 'n' splittin' infinitives, you hamper yourself. I say the object of speakin' is to tell the other feller what you got in mind so he understands it."

"He's a show-off," said Jick.

"Sure I be," Mr. Roche admitted impenitently. "Who ain't? Now, if I take a mind to it, I can stand up on a rostrum 'n' lecture, usin' language so doggone limpid 'n' erudite it bores the stuffin' out of even a faculty of professors. That's business. That's usin' working tools. Like a carpenter does his saw 'n' plane when he's buildin' a house. But he don't fetch his saw home to cut butter with any more than I fetch home my rostrum diction to tell mamma she's got elegant legs even at her age."

"We've worried you, haven't we, Mr. Baldwin?" asked Mrs. Roche gently.

"I must admit it," Artemus replied.

"Don't be troubled," she said. "We snoop and we reason out and we reach conclusions. But only for family consumption. We don't gabble at cocktail parties."

"I'm sure you don't," Artemus replied, but, in spite of himself, his eyes glanced dubiously at Pomfret Lionel.

The boy's mother noted the glance and shook her head. "Pomfret Lionel has been raised by his father and myself. He will not be indiscreet."

"He," said Jick tartly, "is a chip off the worst parts of the old block."

"Now look," protested Pomfret Lionel, "nothing's wrong with me except that I'm precocious."

"What could be worse?" demanded his sister.

"I wasn't braggin' about it," Pomfret Lionel said. Evidently it was a sore point. "I wish I wasn't. I can't help it any more'n I can help bein' skinny. I don't let the other kids get onto it. I act dumb, and I give wrong answers in school."

"It's a problem, Mr. Baldwin," said Mrs. Roche. "You should see his report cards."

"You got to cope with it, mamma. I ain't got time," said Mr. Roche. . . . "It's a cross you got to learn to bear, son. I staggered under it myself."

"So," said Jick, "he's got to be a character. Defense mechanism. You go ahead and be a character like father, Pomfret Lionel. Only I hope you pick out one less humiliating to the family."

"Were you precocious, Mr. Baldwin?" Pomfret Lionel asked eagerly.

"I fear I was rather backward," Artemus said.

"Not in your muscles," Pomfret Lionel insisted. "I bet you were precocious in your biceps and like that." He was very grave, his forehead wrinkled. "I," he said wistfully, "would much prefer to be physical rather than mental."

"Which," said Mrs. Roche, "covers that topic for the evening. We mustn't let the food grow cold."

The Mexican maid had been arranging a buffet on a table on the grass. It was the same girl to whom the murder of Sweet Lips Chavez had been a tragedy. Artemus had been studying her covertly. She was attractive in an intensely feminine way. Her skin was dark, but smooth and agreeable to the eye. Her expression was somber, and her sloe-black eyes smoldered. She moved silently and gracefully.

Artemus filled his plate. All the family seemed healthily interested in food, and there was a period of eating without conversation. He never had encountered such a family—a family with such humorous solidarity and frankness toward one another. There was a foundation under them that was admirable. Somehow he lost the uneasiness that had weighed upon him when they stripped away his disguise, his pretense. They might examine into this matter further, but discreetly and for their own satisfaction and because each of them had an inquiring mind and an abounding curiosity. But what they knew, what they discovered, would be exclusively for the benefit and behoof of the Roche inquisitiveness.

Pomfret Lionel choked on a morsel and waved his arm and was emphatically slapped on the back by his sister. When he could speak, he said sputteringly, "I bet I got it! I bet I got it solved!"

"Not with your mouth full," his mother chided. "Swallow and then tell us what you've solved."

"Him," said Pomfret Lionel, pointing at Artemus. "What he is is an undercover!"

"You must have come in late," Jick said loftily. "We spotted that at the beginning of the picture. Anyhow, you're rude. We shouldn't discuss Mr. Baldwin while he's here. It's more elegant to talk about him behind his back."

"If," announced Pomfret Lionel, "I knew what he was up to, I'd help him."

"But suppose," postulated Jick, "he's a wrong one. There are undercover crooks."

"Not him," Pomfret Lionel protested. "I like him." He snorted. "I bet you like him, too, only different. Don't think I haven't seen the way you been oglin' at him. Girls!" There was scorn in the word.

Jick was far from being embarrassed, and her parents did not rebuke their son.

"Of course, I've been ogling at him, you little stinker," she said without rancor. "He's a hunk of man in any league—outside of the silly way he dresses. Which is some kind of a gag, of course. I'm a girl and it's darn near time I was picking a man. So I examine samples. Every sensible girl does."

"All girls think about is grabbing off a husband."

"Sure," said Jick, "what else would they think about?"

"Well, what I say is you better grab him before some other slick chick beats your time."

"A man," said Jick patiently, "has got to have more than a solid one-two punch before I spring the trap on him."

Artemus was amused. Apparently this was a family that could discuss anything without self-consciousness and with devastating frankness. "But suppose," he asked, "I turn out to be a wrong one?"

"I'd weigh the elements," Jick answered without hesitation, "and if the bargain seemed good, I might take on the job of reforming you."

"But suppose"—Artemus posed a hypothetical question—"you were to fall for me in an extensive way. Would you let go all holds and follow your heart instead of your ethical inhibitions?"

Both her parents were looking at her with interest, as if what she was to say next would be instructive and important.

Jick shook her head. "I don't think so," she replied. "I don't believe I'd be an efficient gun moll or whatever you call them. I don't think I'd get satisfaction out of being a crook—not enough of anything to pay me for jumping my own team. But the point that men miss is that they're not necessarily irresistible. Girls with stability, of which I have my quota, don't let themselves fall in love until they've made up their minds it would be a sound idea."

In the recesses of his mind Artemus compared what Jick had just said with what Jennifer Beauregard had told him as they rode out to Paradise Valley in his car. The contrast was something to ponder over. Jick had used the word "stability." Somehow it was one he had never used in thinking about women. But now it seemed to be an important word.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That," said Mr. Roche, bobbing his head, "was a cracking good answer. I'll note it in the family archives."

Artemus sat with bent brows, staring into the pool. He looked up gravely at Mr. Roche. "Why," he asked, "have you admitted me to your house as a guest?"

"Because," said mamma Roche, "nobody could be so painstakingly and precisely wrong unless he wanted to conceal being right."

"Mamma," said Mr. Roche proudly, "is slicker'n a greased pig."

"It was as if," Jick said, "you measured everything you did with a slide rule."

"But you hadn't time to reach such a conclusion," Artemus said, "the first day I met you—the day we found the body of Sweet Lips." He frowned. "Yet you didn't tell the police what I did."

"What did he do?" Pomfret Lionel asked. He leaned forward eagerly.

Jick disregarded her brother's question. "I must have had an inkle," she said.

"An inkle?"

"Like when something goes 'ping,' and you know you've got to watch your step," she explained.

"I asked you politely," Pomfret Lionel said, "what suspicious thing did Mr. Baldwin do?"

"Oh, that. When Mr. Baldwin removed the wad of bills from the dead man's mouth, he spread them out to dry. And then, very slyly, he took one of the bills. I caught him at it."

"What kind of a bill was it?" Pomfret Lionel persisted.

"It was a ten-dollar bill," Jick said.

"With Hamilton's picture on it?"

Jick shrugged. "I suppose so, if Mr. Hamilton's portrait is on the ten-dollar bills."

"You ought to know," Pomfret Lionel said scornfully. "If you don't know such things you're a sucker for counterfeiters." He stared fixedly at Artemus. "Didn't you have sense enough to realize that there was just one main and principal reason why he would swipe a ten-dollar bill that way? Didn't you?"

"He might," Jick said tormentingly, "have needed it to pay his board."

"He needed it," Pomfret Lionel said grandly, "for evidence. And what for did he need it for evidence?"

"How should I know, pest?" his sister retorted.

"On account of, for no other logical reason whatever than that it was counterfeit. A blind ninnyhammer could see that." He preened himself. . . . "It was, wasn't it, Mr. Baldwin? Hey, wasn't it?"

"Stop being a snoop," ordered Jick.

"I'm not snooping. I am solving a problem by deductive reasoning for which I must accumulate data."

Jick gestured to Artemus. "Now he's went and gone all precocious on us!" she said. "Listen to the brat's language!"

"I take shelter behind the Fifth Amendment," Artemus said smilingly.

"Take the witness," Pomfret Lionel said with the satisfaction of a great cross-examiner who has won his point. He became all boy again, "Hoy! I slung him till he bounced. I spiked him to the floor."

"I deplore such a profusion of metaphors," Mr. Roche said placidly. One does not bounce when he is spiked. Sometimes I prefer you when you are precocious."

Pomfret Lionel was standing in glorious excitement, all but jumping up and down. "I got him pegged! I betcha I got him pegged! He's ——"

His father interrupted with an admonitory finger. "Do not pronounce it, son," he said. "If you can contrive to manage it, don't even think it to yourself." He spoke savage words very gently, "Most proba'ly it would be a (*Continued on Page 88*)

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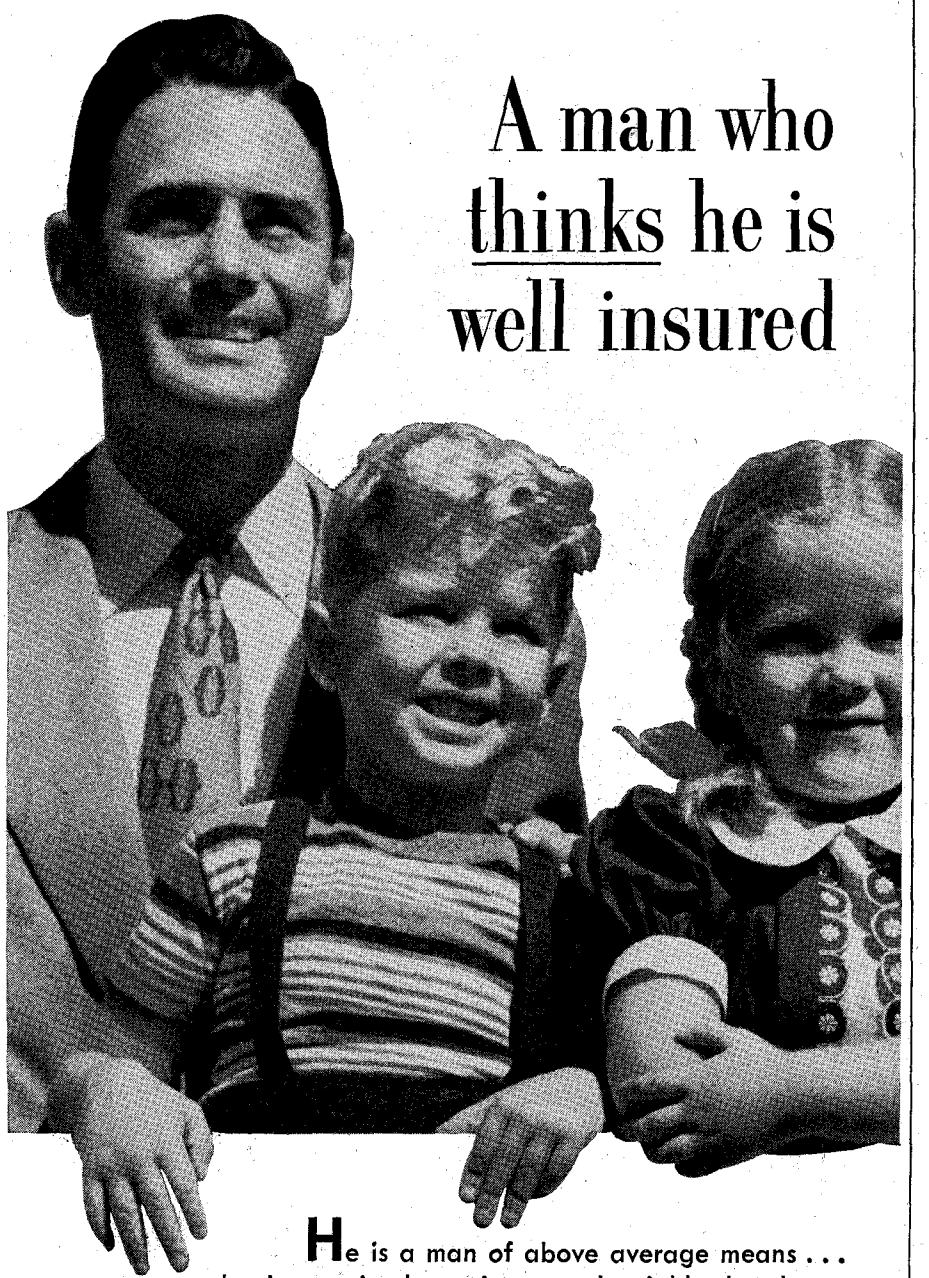

A man who thinks he is well insured

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(*Continued from Page 86*) good idee if I was to chop out your tongue 'n' feed it to a coyote."

The little group, watching Pomfret Lionel, saw hero worship that surpassed all known examples of that species of adoration. Pomfret Lionel collapsed in his chair, lips parted, eyes adoring.

"Aw, Mr. Baldwin," he said in an awed whisper. "Aw, Mr. Baldwin!"

Mr. Roche patted his gnarled hands together. "We will now," he said, "discuss foreign entanglements, or the horrors of modern art, or the riddle of the Athabascan migrations. Mr. Baldwin has been exhausted as a topic. I been thinkin' of writin' a letter of high-class advice to Washin'ton. Quotin' from the Vulgate, '*Stare super vias antiquas.*' Which Jeremiah is a bit more long-winded sayin' in the Bible: 'Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein.' Yeah. Seems like we're lettin' the old paths git cluttered with briers. Yup. Briers that a passel of smartaleck young nincompoops is daily strivin' to irrigate with printer's ink."

"The eminent emeritus professor, LL.B., several LL.D's, a smattering of Ph.D.'s and other, sundry academic glorifications," said Jick, "will now entertain with a half hour of copybook maxims."

"Durn right," said Mr. Roche, "producin' my offspring as horrible examples of sparin' the rod and sp'ilin' the child."

Artemus was grateful. This delightfully eccentric tribal group had stripped him of his mask, had titivated their vanity in their mental equipment—and somehow had made him like it. He was glad that there was one place in which he could be himself, without fear of indiscretions on the part of his companions. In a very private corner of his mind he was extraordinarily content that Jick Roche no longer believed in his gaucheries, in the not appetizing character his duties required him to live.

Later, when he arose to take his leave, he stood silent a moment, and then said, not without emotion, "Thank you all—thank you all for a memorable evening."

Artemus drove into the circle upon which his cabin faced. His headlights were high and, when he turned into his carport he maneuvered so that they illuminated both sides and the interior of that flimsy structure. No lurking figure was visible. He turned off the ignition and, as the underworld would put it, cased the cabin itself before he entered. Nothing alarming was to be seen through the windows, so he unlocked the door and entered. He tossed his hat on the table and sat down in the easy chair, removing for comfort the revolver that hung in its holster concealed by his coat. Then he stretched out his long legs and relaxed.

He took stock of his situation, working backward from the evening he just had spent with the Roche family, studying the succession of events that had transpired since he arrived in Phoenix.

This evening in Paradise Valley had not advanced his investigations; might conceivably have impeded them. Those delightful, unpredictable people had outsmarted him. Which was not to be worried about if they were on the side of the angels, but fatal if one of them was allied with his quarry. He had been trained to be suspicious of everyone, especially persons who seemed above suspicion. Pomfret Lionel, of course, could be eliminated. He might be indiscreet, and so a peril, but it would be absurd to think he was even a tiny link in a counterfeiting ring. He refused to let his suspicion touch mamma Roche, and Jick was, in his opinion, as genuine as a freshly minted silver dime. That left only Mr. Roche. Here was a character. Not so much eccentric as naïvely human. But there were points to think about. In the first place, he seemed to be opulent. Retired college professors, no matter how eminent, did not roll in money. It might be in character for Mr. Roche to have concealed his identity and his eminence in the learned world. Artemus inclined to think it was completely in character. But, on the other hand, what an efficient cover it would be for criminal activities. So the Secret Service agent refused to check off Mr. Roche as a possibility.

He appraised the Beauregards, and found them cats of another color. The colonel, whose background was unknown to Artemus, might be a genuine survival of ante-bellum aristocracy. On the other hand, if it were an assumed role, it would be easy to enact. Jennifer, in spite of her demureness, was not demure. Where Jick Roche seemed unconscious of her feminine attractiveness, Jennifer Beauregard used it subtly (*Continued on Page 92*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Never mind the gist of it . . . just give me all the details!

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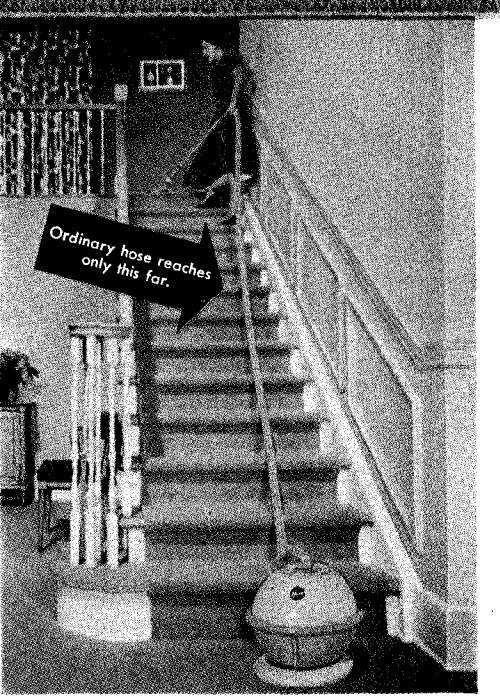

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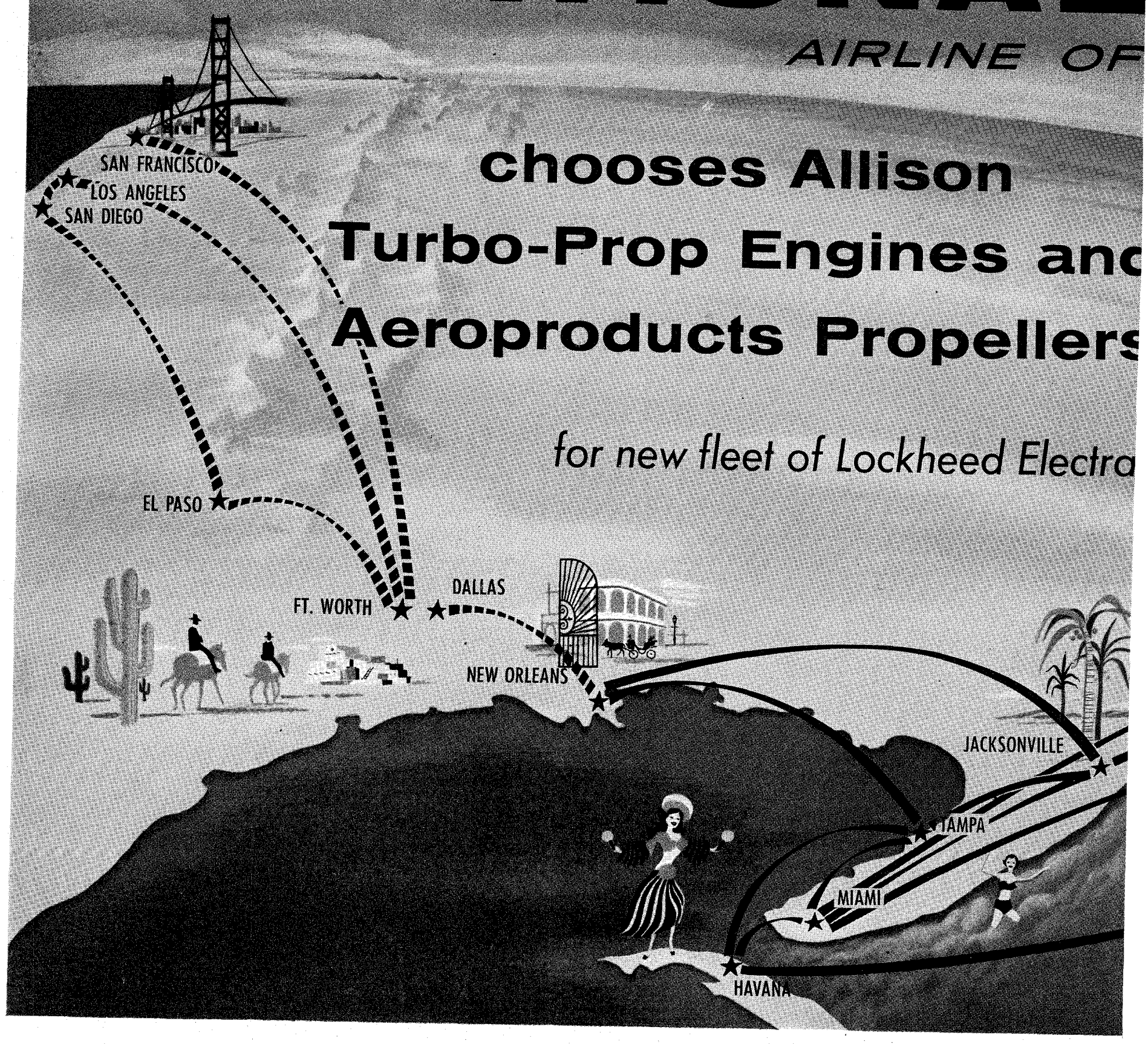

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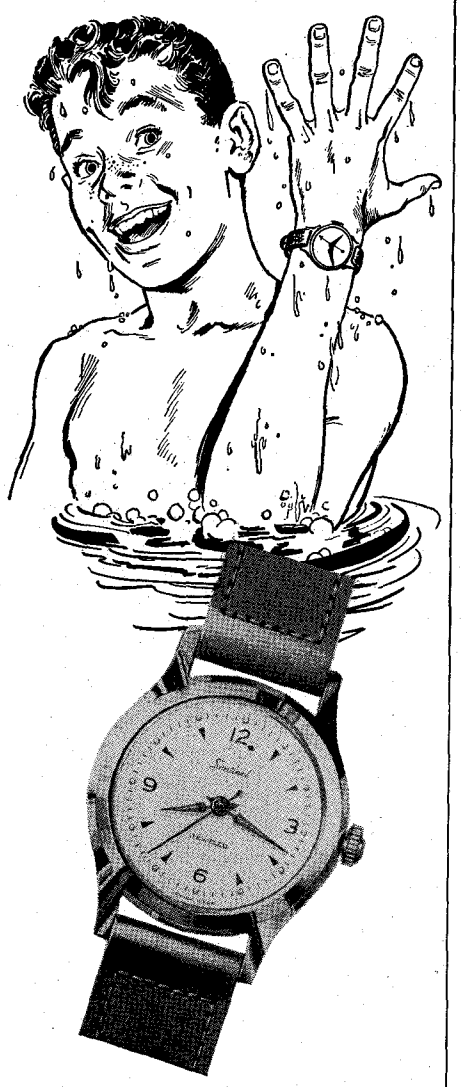

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(*Continued from Page 88*) with awareness of its power. The mantle of demureness which she wore so deliberately was camouflage. She was vital and she was willing to exhibit her female vitality as she had done in that ride out to the valley with him. Also there was the incident of the call upon Walker Bayside, and of the etchings, and of the possibility that the visit had been planned for the purpose of delivering a message. So, decidedly, the Beauregards could not be eliminated.

As for the artist, there was little to justify suspicion. Of course, there was instinctive dislike and distrust of the man. There was the fact that he was an etcher of ability. But the things that stuck most definitely in Artemus' mind were the little nicks on the man's left thumbnail.

As for the dapper, tripping little lawyer, Marvin Leeds, he was a known quantity. He was an associate, probably an adviser, possibly a leader in the local criminal world. He was a gunman and dangerous. But these things did not make him a counterfeiter. There were dozens of criminal activities in which he might play a guilty part and still not fall within the jurisdiction of the Secret Service. At any rate, he was one definitely identified wrong one.

Then, of course, there was the murder of Sweet Lips Chavez, his lying out on the desert with his dead mouth stuffed with currency. Among those notes had been a new and skillfully made counterfeit ten-dollar bill. This was a definite tie-in with Artemus' assignment. A murder and a counterfeit note. A murder most positively connected with money. Sweet Lips had done something about money which had caused his capital punishment by executioners who found him guilty of some conduct that enraged them or was dangerous to them. On the whole, Artemus decided that he had made progress.

He got up from his chair and commenced removing his clothes. He took off coat and shirt and, nude to the waist, went to the closed bathroom door. As he approached that door, he halted suddenly. He could not remember having closed that door. His recollection was that he had left it open. He returned to the table and removed his gun from its holster, and then, walking silently, advanced upon the bathroom door. He stood to one side, reached out, twisted the knob and flung the door open. Nothing happened. Light from the living room made the interior of the bath visible as he peered around the doorjamb. The shower curtains were drawn. Holding his weapon at the ready, he stepped over the threshold and snatched back the shower curtains.

There was a man there in a cramped seated position, a roughly clothed man with jet-black hair. But the man could do him no harm, for he was dead.

Artemus, without touching anything, walked back to the outer door and locked it against intruders. Then he went back, lighted the light, so that the bathroom was brightly illuminated, and knelt to examine the body. It was a squat, broad Indian. Artemus grasped the coarse hair and bent the head back until he recognized the flat features of the Yaqui Indian, the chief who had not been able to speak English. The mouth was partly open, and a string dangled down the unshaven chin.

Again a corpse with something in its mouth! Artemus, with physical aversion, tugged at the string and drew from the cavity a small, leather bag. It was a bag he recognized. It was one he had seen before, and when he opened it he knew that his eyes had not deceived him, for it was filled with slivers of gold, parings from an ingot. It was the bag and the gold that were part of the paraphernalia of the Yaqui gold swindle in which Marvin Leeds, by threats, had compelled him to participate.

He replaced the bag where he had found it and walked to the telephone. "Give me the police," he said to the operator.

In a moment, a male voice came over the wire.

"I've got a dead Indian here," Artemus said. "Looks like murder."

"Where?" asked the voice.

Artemus gave the address.

"Name."

"Artemus Baldwin."

"Stay there till we come," the voice said.

"You better notify the sheriff," Artemus said. "He'll be interested."

"What's the idea?"

"I'm telling you to bring along the sheriff." Then Artemus hung up the receiver and waited for the wail of sirens.

The police and a county detective arrived. Artemus admitted them.

"Where's this Indian?" a man in plain clothes demanded.

"Bathroom," Artemus answered.

The county detective and the Phoenix plain-clothes man entered the bathroom. Artemus sat in his chair awaiting the inquisition that would come. The detectives turned and stood over him.

"Now, then," said the city detective, "what's the story?"

Artemus was brief. "I came into the house, sat down for a while, went into the bathroom and there he was."

"Name of Baldwin?" asked the county man.

Artemus nodded.

"Why did you want the sheriff called in?"

"He'd be interested."

"He is interested. You find a lot of bodies, Baldwin."

"Two," Artemus said.

"With things stuffed in their mouths," said the detective.

Artemus nodded.

"Know this Indian?" the city detective asked.

"Saw him once," Artemus said.

"Where?"

"Here."

"Came to call on you?" the plain-clothes man asked ironically. "What for?"

"Showed me some gold," Artemus said.

"Why you? You interested in gold?"

"No," Artemus replied.

"Then why did he come?"

"Thought I was a sucker," Artemus told them. "The old Yaqui gold racket."

"How come you?"

"I wouldn't know," Artemus replied.

"What did he say? He must have given a reason for coming to you."

"No English," Artemus said. "Two of them. Other Indian talked English."

"The Yaquis had overpowered a convoy from the mines," said the county detective.

Artemus nodded in the affirmative.

"The same old business," the city man said. "So what then?"

"I told them to get the hell out of here."

"That all?"

"That's all," Artemus told him.

"Now, it could be another way," the county detective insinuated. "It could be you're in it. Could be you're a smart boy looking for a piece of change. Could be you've found a sucker. Could be this Yaqui got rough or like that and you fixed him."

"Could be," Artemus replied thinly, "but it wasn't."

"Where's the knife?" asked the city man.

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"Didn't see one."

Orders were given the subordinates to search the cabin, but no knife was found.

"He had time to ditch it," one of the detectives said.

"Plenty," said Artemus.

The pair of detectives stood and peered at Artemus curiously. "You don't seem to be worried," said one of them.

"Not the worrying kind," Artemus said. "Don't you have a medical examiner or a coroner in this metropolis?"

"He'll be along," the city detective said. "What good's he going to be to you?"

"Good man?" Artemus asked.

"First class."

Officers were searching the premises outside the house. Their flashlights were visible through the windows as they floundered about. Artemus lighted a cigarette and was nonchalant. A car drove up and the doctor entered, a tall, stooping man with patient eyes and intelligent face.

He greeted the officers, glanced at Artemus and asked, "What's this one?"

"Stabbing. A Yaqui. In the bathroom," said an officer.

They could hear him moving about in the limited space, and questioning ceased until he re-entered.

... ...

Brighten the Corner

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

A scandal burned at both
ends gives a blaze
That cheers the murky
boredom of our days.

... ...

"Well, doc?" asked one of the detectives.

"He's dead," said the police doctor sententiously. "Knife wound. Heart. What you want to know?"

"Now take me," said Artemus. "I'm an interested party. What's your guess how long he's been kaput?"

"Without a post-mortem," the doctor said, "I'd hazard he'd been dead more than four hours and less than six."

"I figured it that way," Artemus said.

"You a doctor?"

"No," Artemus answered, "but I've seen quite a lot of dead ones. Four hours' minimum, you say?"

"At least," said the doctor.

"Disappointing to these gumshoes," Artemus said. "They had me elected. Four hours ago I was ten miles from here eating dinner. Also three hours ago. Also two hours ago."

"Says you," sneered the county man.

"Says four witnesses you can't knock over," Artemus said.

"Got an alibi all set, eh?"

"A dandy," Artemus told him.

"What dump were you in with what characters?" asked the detective. "Baldwin, we've had reports on you. Alibi or no alibi, we're taking you downtown."

"Without verifying with Mr. Roche?" Artemus asked.

Detective Skidmore hesitated, raised his brows questioningly at Detective Harper.

"Costs nothing to telephone," Harper said.

"Play it wise, gentlemen," Artemus suggested. He gave the Roches' number. Skidmore called it. Late as it was, there was an almost immediate answer.

"Mr. Roche?" Skidmore asked. "Detective Skidmore speaking. Do you know a man named Baldwin?"

"Artemus Baldwin," the Secret Service man prompted.

Skidmore repeated the name and listened. "I know Mr. Baldwin," Mr. Roche said. "Even at this time of night I know him."

"When did you see him last?" Skidmore asked.

"He arrived at my home at approximately seven o'clock this evening. He remained until a quarter to eleven."

"Anyone else there?"

"My wife and son and daughter."

"Will you be prepared to testify to that as a fact?"

"If necessary, sir—if necessary. May I ask if Mr. Baldwin is in difficulties?"

"If you call finding a murdered man in his bathroom difficulties, he is," Skidmore said.

"I swan to man," Mr. Roche exclaimed. "At what hour did this man die?"

"The doctor says not less than four hours—more like four hours and a half now—ago."

"Then," Mr. Roche said, "you better turn Mr. Baldwin loose. You're barkin' up the wrong tree. Now quit pesterin' me. I want to get back to my book. Hero's in a teetotal, continental predicament."

Artemus could hear an emphatic click as Mr. Roche replaced the instrument in its cradle.

"Well?" Artemus asked.

"You're not in the clear, Baldwin. The doctor could be wrong. We don't know this man Roche—if he's reliable. You find too many bodies. . . . When can you do the post on this Indian, doc?"

"In the morning."

The detectives conferred while the body was being removed in a long wicker basket.

"What's the verdict?" Artemus asked, making his voice hard and unpleasant.

"The verdict," said Skidmore, "is don't leave town. You'll be seeing more of us."

The officers went sullenly out of the door. Artemus cleaned up his bathroom and got into bed. He had just turned out the light when his telephone rang. He lifted the instrument and said hello.

"Alone?" asked a voice which Artemus recognized as belonging to Marvin Leeds.

"Alone at last," Artemus said.

"I hear someone played a practical joke on you."

"Very practical."

"Need a mouthpiece?"

"You volunteering?"

"I stand ready," Leeds said.

"There's friendship for you," Artemus sneered.

"And you might need friendship, tough boy. Now maybe, if I was urged, I could put the finger on the characters who did this caper. Like to know?"

"I do my own finding out," Artemus said harshly. "I don't ask anybody to help me kill snakes."

Marvin laughed a falsetto laugh. "Better get busy and kill them, then, Mr. Baldwin. Before they bite. If you do, somebody might pin a medal on you."

"The hell with medals."

"So —— Well, my lad, the job might run to a substantial cash reward of merit."

"Like that, eh?"

"Like that, Mr. Baldwin. On the other hand, if you didn't get irritated, if you laid down on the job, there are people who would be disappointed. You have a fine chance to enhance your reputation. Don't neglect it. Good night, Mr. Baldwin."

Artemus told Leeds in an explicit manner what he could do. Leeds giggled and the line went dead.

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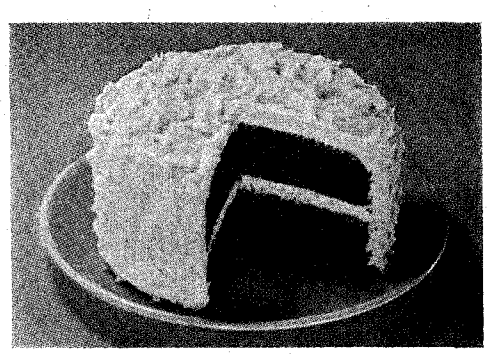

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PREAM

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The False Step (Continued from Page 37)

"State police and local authorities have set up roadblocks at all intersections," Jim's voice continued over the radio.

Tom switched it off with irritation, and got out to see what damage had been done. You could break a spring that way, a tie rod, an axle.

Still muttering, he got down to look at the truck's front end. At the edge of the ditch the ground was soft, muddy from the rain yesterday. As luck would have it, maybe no damage, after all! He got back into the cab, cramped the wheel farther to the right, put the shift into reverse and carefully let out the clutch. At first the wheels spun a little; but a moment of rocking back and forth, and he had the front end free of the mud, and back up on the road.

With a final imprecation at the driver of the other car, Tom started again along his way, lit a cigarette, and switched the radio back on.

"—— unfortunately, positive identification of the license plates isn't available at this time; but pedestrians questioned at the scene were in general agreement that the getaway car was a coupé, described as small and battered, probably at least ten years old."

"Well, what do you know!" Tom exclaimed aloud.

Of course, he reasoned to himself back in the company garage an hour or so later, it didn't have to be. There were plenty of ancient, beat-up, little black coupés around. And he wasn't at all sure whether the driver of the one which had run him into the ditch might not have been a girl, for that matter.

"The way I figure it," Jack Barstowe was explaining to the gang on the big maintenance truck, "it'll be all over by suppertime. There's only three routes out of town, and how's he gonna get by them roadblocks?"

"Yeah, O.K.," Pete Black agreed, "so long as the guy went out! But suppose he didn't!"

"Yeah, supposin' maybe he's a local citizen," Elmer Trenner offered.

"How 'bout you, Tommy?" Jack asked with a wink. "We got everybody's ideas on it but yours. What you think?"

Tom grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"You want to know what Tommy's thinkin'!" Pete laughed. "He's thinkin' about all that Government lettuce—what he could do with it if he had it!"

"Aren't we all?" Jack admitted, shaking his head.

By the time Tom got home that evening, no fewer than fourteen small coupés of varying hues, ages and conditions had been rounded up by the police. Some had been caught in the roadblocks, some found parked around town. But all the drivers had alibis; and no one who'd been on the sidewalk at the time of the robbery could agree with any other witness as to which, if any, had been the getaway car—they couldn't even be certain as to its color.

When Tom came into the kitchen, Tommy, who was seven, and Sally, who was five, had paper bags with cutouts for eyes pulled over their heads.

"Hand it over quietly and nobody gets hurt!" Tommy screamed, poking a toy gun at his father; and, shouting with laughter, the children made their getaway in the coaster wagon in the yard.

Nancy shook her head helplessly, dried her hands on her apron, and put her arms about Tom's neck for their kiss.

"You watch them and worry over them," she said, nodding toward the yard. "You try to correct bad tendencies—protect them from ideas of violence. You're careful of TV programs and comic books. Then something like this, and every neighbor, every kid on the block, every delivery boy goes on about how clever the thief was."

Tom laughed. "You've got to hand it to the guy, though. Apparently he did the job so neatly, the girls at the computing machines weren't even scared enough to scream." Taking off his jacket, Tom noticed dried mud on the sleeve. "Guess the only violence was when he ran me into the ditch."

Nancy, washing lettuce, was instantly all concern. "You mean you saw him!"

Tom sat down and told her about it. "Of course it probably wasn't the thief," he finished. "But then, it might have been."

"Ow! Darn!" Nancy cried, jumping back from the oven door. "Can't you do something about that, darling? This is the third time in a week." And she began dabbing butter on her arm.

The spring catch on the oven door again. It would seem to be going to hold the door open; then, when Nancy was least expecting it, it would let go, and the hot door would flip up just enough to give her a mean burn.

"The only thing I can do is buy a new range," Tom said helplessly. "But you agreed that if we wait till the sales after Christmas ——"

Nancy studied the burn a moment longer; then: "All that money," she said, going back to the counter. "Do you suppose he'll get away with it?"

Tom shrugged.

"But what will the bank do?" she asked.

"Oh, it'll be covered by insurance," Tom answered. "And the insurance company'll tack the cost onto next year's premiums, I suppose. Which we'll pay our share of—which is why we can't buy stoves without counting pennies. When I grow up," he whispered, "I'm going to be a bold bank robber, and hide all my loot in a hollow tree, and every couple of weeks I'll take out enough to buy you a diamond or an emerald or a ruby."

"First a new stove," she whispered back, and kissed him. "Please!"

"With push buttons and colored lights all over it like a jukebox," he assured her.

"It's a shame you didn't marry a rich man," he told her across the breakfast table the next morning.

Startled from her own silent train of thought, Nancy raised her eyebrows.

"Look how you look now," he went on. "No make-up, hair all kind of woozy, old bathrobe, and yet how pretty you are!"

Nancy gave a depreciatory little laugh. "Which has got what to do with my marrying a rich man?"

Tom poured more coffee into each of their cups. "It's like you shouldn't put a prize rose in a Mason jar," he explained. "A rich husband could give you a proper setting. A mansion with columns. Priceless period furniture. Brocaded housecoats to eat breakfast in. Sables to wear for other occasions."

"That would be nice," Nancy nodded. "And what I'd do is keep putting the phone out of order, so you'd have to keep coming to fix it."

"Which has got what to do with your marrying a rich man?"

"Because you'd be my lover, of course!"

When Tom went into the phone-company office, Betsy MacLelan was saying, "What'll happen, some gal'll get jealous of some other gal and go to the police ——"

"Not if it was me!" little Ellen Taggard interrupted from her typewriter. "As long as I got my share of the cash, I wouldn't care if he had a harem!"

"But suppose you didn't get your share?" Betsy insisted.

Tom grinned. Not that he hadn't been working on it himself, he thought as he went in to talk to the wire chief.

The way Tom figured it: suppose, just for fun, it had been the thief who'd run him off the Old County Road. Three and a half miles of rutty, bumpy dirt, winding through the woods, the Old County Road went nowhere but to the five decrepit farmhouses. It did, however, connect, in a roundabout loop, two of the main routes out of Centerville. Hence, there was only one possible reason why, when time was so (*Continued on Page 96*)

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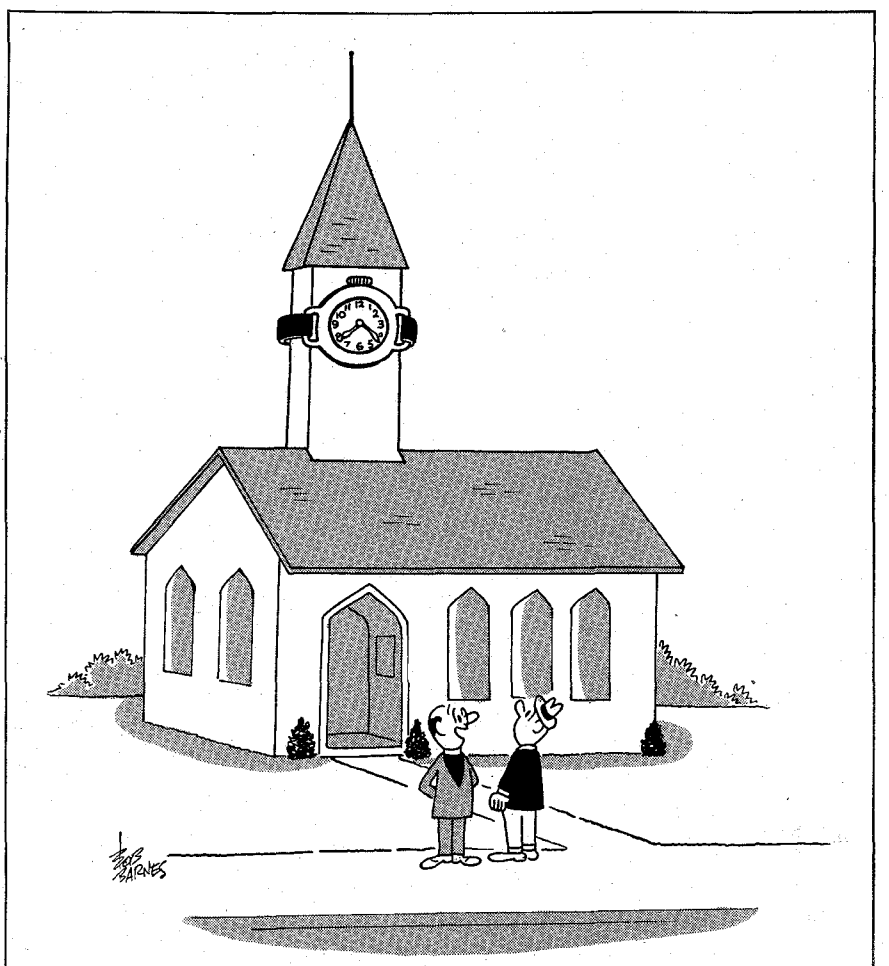

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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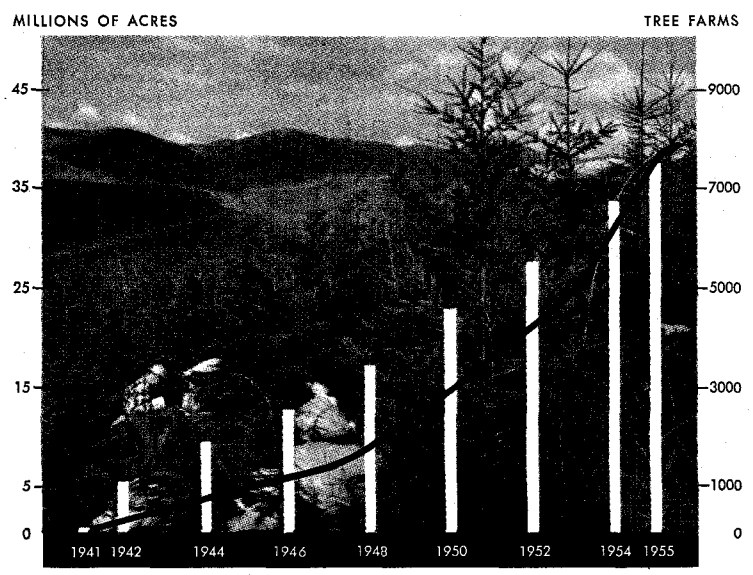
MAKING FORESTLANDS SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH GOOD MANAGEMENT

CLYDE SAYERS MARTIN, forestry consultant; Fellow and former president, Society of American Foresters. A forest engineer for Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, 1907-20, he later became its chief forester, 1939-54, following positions as forest engineer for the governments of India and Madras and as chief forester, Western Pine Association. In 1941, he helped draft a national code of forestry practices for tree farms.

measuring the growth of the nation's tree farm movement...

The number of privately owned tree farms and their total acreage have grown rapidly since tree farming began in 1941. White bars indicate acreage and the black graph line, number of tree farms.



At the turn of the twentieth century, steps were being taken to manage timber as a crop in America. This practice grew as industrial forestry progressed and was given its greatest impetus in June, 1941, when the first privately owned forestland area was officially dedicated as a *tree farm*. To stimulate interest in this concept of good forest management, Clyde S. Martin and other industrial forestry leaders drafted a uniform code of tree farm practices. The public and industry reaction to this program was so favorable that it soon resulted in establishment of a national tree farm system for continuous production of forest crops.

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(*Continued from Page 94*) important, the thief would have been on it. He'd have come out of town on one route before the police had organized themselves; he'd turn in on the Old County Road, hide the cash somewhere along its twisting length, turn off it again at the other end, and head straight back for Centerville. He'd be able to pass the road blocks unmolested by then, since the police would be checking cars coming out of town.

He could park his coupé unobtrusively on some out-of-the-way street and, on foot, there'd be no possible way of identifying him.

"Well, Tommy, what do you think of our local heist?" Sam Spender, the wire chief, asked.

"Golly, I don't know," Tom answered.

"They've got the car, pretty sure," Sam went on. "A '38 coupé, black, stolen from some farmer upstate a few days ago. About an hour ago Ned Chalmers spotted it. Back of the vacant lot by the condemned schoolhouse on Jenner Street. Could have been there since yesterday."

Black! Tom had been quite certain all along that his near accident had been with a black car. But: "Which tells us exactly nothing," he said ruefully to Sam.

"We'll just have to wait till the guy starts spending it," Sam agreed, pulling out the maps he and Tom would go over. "That's the way it mostly goes. Fellow starts a lot of sudden, unaccountable splurging, and they nail him."

I'll have to be careful, Tom thought; and was so completely surprised that the thought should pop into his head, that he felt himself blush.

The only darn trouble was—he reflected with amusement as, half an hour later, he once again rattled along the Old County Road—the guy could have stashed it away anywhere, on either side of the road, at any distance from the road, at any spot along the three-and-a-half-mile length of it! But what the heck—just for fun—kill an hour on the one chance in a million.

Which was why, on the wildest notion—it couldn't be considered even a hunch—Tom stopped the truck when his eye caught what might be a balled-up brown paper sack lying at the edge of the road. *The nutty things you'll do if you're alone*! he laughed to himself.

When, carefully uncrumpling the paper bag, Tom discovered the two round holes torn in it, he felt himself go suddenly rigid.

But how many children, how many jokesters must have made similar paper-bag masks since yesterday! Tom crumpled the bag again and tossed it into the woods.

Still ——

And then, the way those things happen, he realized that he must have been staring for a full minute at the path of trampled-down grass—plain as a row of signposts—leading in under the trees. And then the footprints, just as plain in the soft loam beneath the trees. And, at the foot of the big oak, the hastily thrown up pile of leaves and brush. Tom kicked gently at the pile.

If someone had asked him what he'd do if he found this, he thought as he looked down at the brown suitcase, he'd have said that he'd report it to the police. Which was what anyone would say if asked.

Tom gave a little laugh. *Nuts!* he thought. *Go to the police with it, and worry for the rest of my life what some gunman's going to do to get even!*

And he began covering it up with leaves and brush.

Still, why not have a look first, just for fun, see what that much in one place looked like?

Tom bent down, tried the catch. The bag wasn't locked. This bird had really been in a hurry! he thought. Then, not letting himself think about it any longer, he counted out a thousand dollars in bills, put the bills in his pocket, closed the suitcase on the rest, covered it with brush, and walked swiftly back to the truck.

It was just the same, he told himself turning out of the Old County Road, as finding a ten-dollar bill on the sidewalk.

Tom was whistling as he strolled into the appliance store during lunch hour and began scowling at the price tag on the smallest range. "I guess we've finally got to have a new one," he said when Bill Ohlman came over. "Whether we can afford it or not."

Bill nodded understandingly, but nonchalantly laid his hand on a slightly more expensive model; and Tom repressed a smile at how easily it was going to work out. The trick, he'd decided, would be to make Bill sell him the fancy one—the one in the window. And of course he'd pay for it on time, like everybody else.

Skeptically, he regarded the medium-priced line of which Bill was now extolling the features, moving by easy stages toward the prize in the window.

"Do you suppose it could be delivered this afternoon?" Tom asked. "Whichever one I pick?"

Bill assured him that Nancy would be cooking supper on it that evening.

Funny how darn careful you had to be, Tom thought, looking at the window of the expensive little dress shop on Green Street. Sure, he could buy something for Nancy there that he knew she'd like—the brocaded housecoat to eat breakfast in! But for him to go into that particular shop wouldn't be quite in character; it wouldn't be absolutely, perfectly natural.

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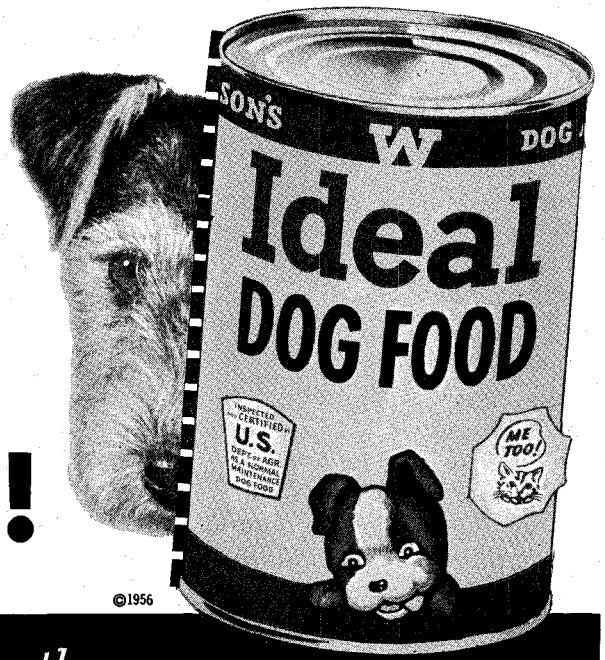

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However, something from the jeweler's—"for a birthday present."

"Now this," Nat Gordon, the jeweler, was explaining to him a few moments later—"this is something she can really treasure. A truly beautiful necklace. An heirloom piece!"

The diamonds weren't very big, nor were the rubies, and six hundred and fifty dollars seemed awfully high. Still, Tom knew Nat, and if that was Nat's price, it was probably a fair one.

"I suppose I could pay for it—you know, by the month or something, couldn't I?" Tom asked.

"Why not?" Nat answered.

Just as Bill Ohlman had promised, when Tom came home that evening, Nancy had supper cooking on the elegant new range. As soon as he'd stepped into the kitchen, she rushed toward him and threw her arms about his neck.

"It's extravagant," she said, "and crazy and we can't afford it—but it's so wonderful!"

"The way they say about buying a bed," Tom explained, "you spend a third of your life in it, so get the best. Think how much time you spend at the stove!"

"Look, daddy, how the lights light!" Sally was crying. "Like a Christmas tree!"

"Here, let me show!" insisted Tommy.

Tom watched, grinning, as they took turns switching the burners on and off.

"Oh, look!" Tommy cried. "Daddy bought something else!" And the boy's hand was immediately on the box protruding from the pocket of Tom's jacket.

"Is it for me?" Sally cried, running to join her brother.

"It's for neither of you!" Tom commanded, suddenly in unreasonable panic, and he snatched the box from the boy. "It's an anniversary present," he told Nancy, trying to think fast. "You weren't supposed to know about it yet." He stood for a moment, holding the box, still not understanding his hesitancy. Then, as if to be rid of it, he handed it to her, and managed awkwardly: "Since the secret's out, maybe you should see if you like it."

She wiped her hands, took the box, and broke the string. When she'd opened it, her eyes grew wide at the sight of its glittering contents. "Why, it's perfectly beautiful!" she whispered after a moment. Then, after a moment more: "They're real, aren't they—the stones—little diamonds and rubies!"

Tom nodded and took a deep breath. It was going to be all right, after all. He'd been afraid that the stove and necklace, coming so close together —— But even his temporary confusion must have seemed perfectly natural under the circumstances. "I just thought—nine years, you know—kind of a special occasion."

All Nancy seemed able to do was stare into the little box. He hadn't counted on her being quite that overwhelmed by it. He began at last to feel much pleased with himself. For all practical purposes, the thousand was spent—and he hadn't made one false move!

Never could the remotest circumstance connect him with the robbery. The thousand dollars probably wouldn't even be missed—not by the thief when he returned to collect his loot, not by the police when they finally caught up with the thief. And to the insurance company, or whoever would stand the difference between what would be eventually recovered and what would not, a thousand dollars would be no more than—than if he were to lose a nickel in a gutter.

"They're just little ones," he said, looking at the necklace in Nancy's hands. "Ruby and diamond chips, they're called, Mr. Gordon said. But I think it's awfully pretty, don't you? Put it on."

But Nancy only continued to hold the box, a faint, thoughtful frown slowly coming over her features. "Our anniversary is almost four months off," she said softly. "Was Mr. Gordon having a sort of sale or something?"

"Well—not really a sale. The way it was, I happened to get talking with him, and he happened to mention that he'd come by the necklace very cheaply. He said he'd just like to show it to me. I don't think he expected that I'd buy it."

Tom managed a laugh. "Or maybe he did. Married—what would it be?—nine years, eight months, and—how many days?"

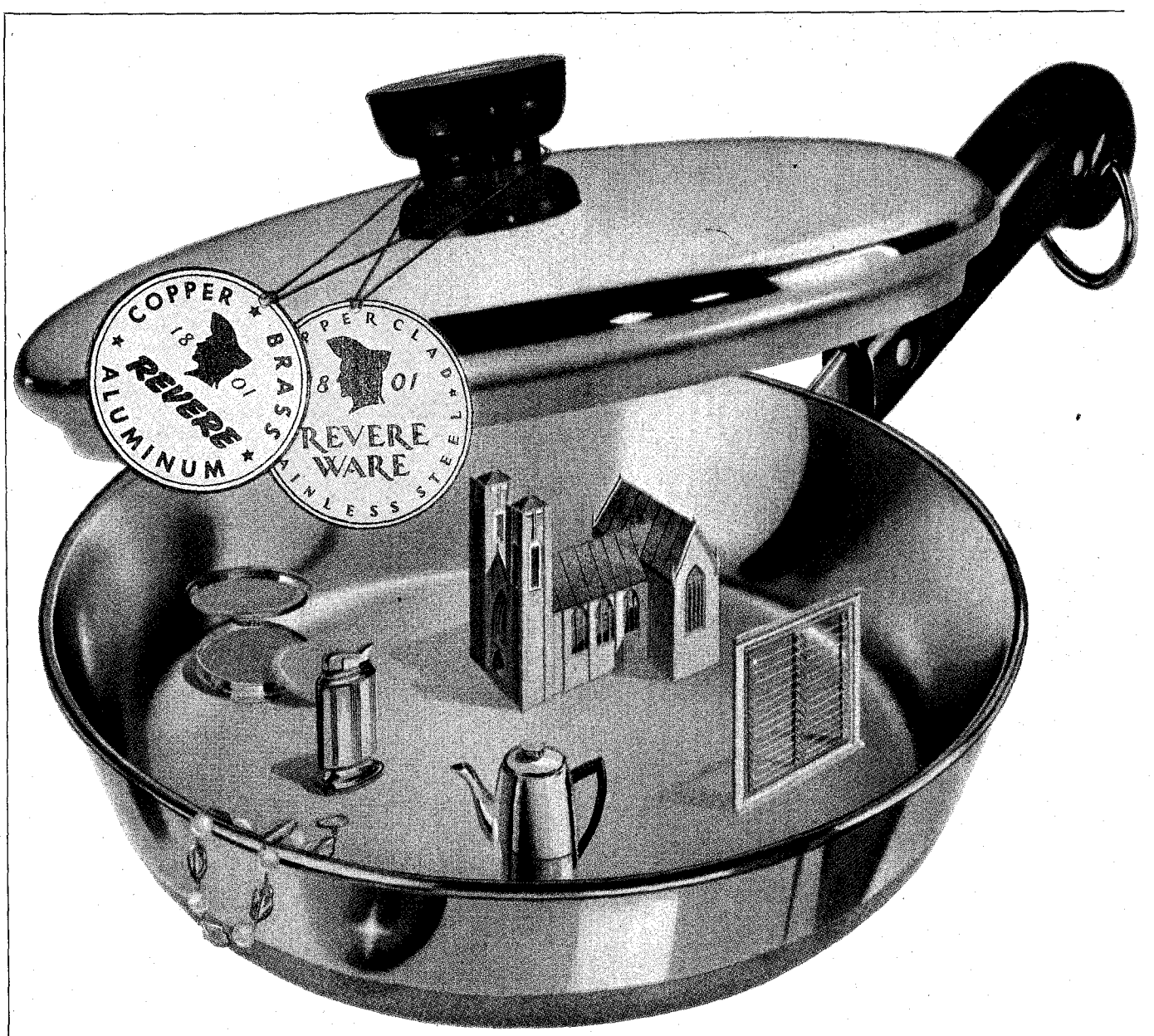
She put down the box.

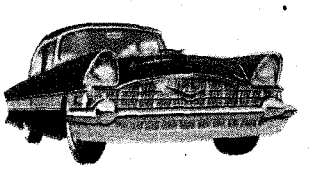
"Why don't you try it on now?" he suggested again. "I'd like to see it on you."

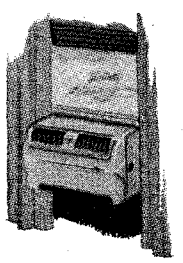
"Later, maybe," she murmured, and reached over and closed the cover on the box.

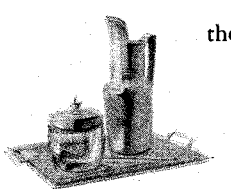
Tom shrugged and put it back in his pocket. Odd that he hadn't, from the moment he'd taken the bills, considered what Nancy might think—not until Tommy had discovered the necklace. Perhaps it was because he'd been so carefully covering up his tracks where everyone else was concerned. Not that he'd done anything she'd disapprove of, really. He'd explain about the thousand being nothing to the insurance company; about how he'd be paying them back anyhow in next year's premiums. Still ——

Too bad he'd told her about being run off the road. And if he must rush out and buy jewelry—like any crook for his moll!—he should have had at least the









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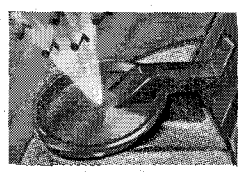

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sense to hide it for a while. But all Nancy had was a guess, a suspicion; no more than a hunch, probably. Which, he decided, he would simply deny.

From then until supper, and during supper, and after supper until the children were in bed, Nancy continued quiet and thoughtful.

It was while Tom was washing dishes and she was drying, that Nancy at last came out with it: "You found the money, didn't you?"

Tom looked at her. But there seemed no challenge in her expression, no accusation; merely a quizzical little smile. He considered a moment more, then changed his decision: best to tell her, after all. And he was suddenly relieved that he could.

"It was absolutely cockeyed!" he said. "I followed nothing but a bunch of hunches!" He grinned, remembering how it had been, how neatly he'd managed it—looking forward, now, to telling her all the crazy details.

Nancy's expression altered only slightly. "And you took it," she said, almost as if to herself.

"Oh, not exactly," Tom said, trying to laugh it off. "Just a little—nothing anybody'll ever miss! A thousand dollars."

"The stove and the necklace," Nancy said, still meditatively, as if she hadn't quite made up her mind, hadn't yet taken an attitude toward it.

"That's right," Tom answered lightly. "But of course I didn't spend the money I took. That might have been a give-away. The way I figured ——"

Nancy had put down the dish towel. "Do you think you can still put it back?" she asked. Her tone was no more than conversational, although—Tom saw, with a terrible sinking feeling—her eyes were smoldering. "However you took it, couldn't you put it back the same way?"

A thousand reasons, explanations, analyses and excuses raced rattling through Tom's mind. But under the power of Nancy's eyes he knew it would be futile to utter them.

"Yes," he said, beaten. "Tomorrow. I can tell Sam I want to recheck the poles on the Old County Road." Then, beseeching: "Don't be angry at me."

"I guess I'm not," she said softly. "I'm just surprised, I guess." And something in the way she was looking at him made him think it was as if she was seeing him for the first time.

She went slowly out of the kitchen then, and he finished the dishes alone. Later, he discovered her in their room, where she'd thrown herself on the bed and was crying into the pillow.

"Please," he whispered desperately. "You've got to let me explain the way it was—the way it seemed at the time—how I happened to do it!"

But, sobbing into the pillow, she wouldn't even turn her face to him.

For a moment longer he stood over her; then, quickly, he left the room. In the kitchen, he took his jacket from the back of the chair where he'd hung it to do dishes, and went out to the garage.

It wasn't until he'd turned into the Old County Road that he began planning what he might do if one of the rare night travelers should see his parked car and, out of curiosity, stop to investigate. Or if someone—even late-riding kids—should see his flashlight in the woods.

Say I dropped something while I was checking poles, he thought. Pretty fishy! But then, anything that might happen would be better than having to endure Nancy's eyes, which had accused him more terribly than any words. *A common thief!* her eyes had said; *I'm married to a common thief!*

Not until he'd traveled nearly a mile along the twisting road, however, did he become aware of the real difficulty he was up against: he hadn't the vaguest idea at what spot he'd that morning noticed the crumpled paper bag!

What he'd done, in finding the money, was act on a series of impulses, as he had in taking some of it. And now, he discovered, he couldn't even recall whether it had been before or after he'd crossed the rickety wooden bridge. Which would have made finding the place near enough to impossible in daylight; whereas, now, in the thick black of a moonless night —— In final despondency, he stopped the car.

Couldn't he bury it anywhere, just chuck it in the woods, tell her he had put it back? No. Nancy'd know. She'd know just from looking at him! Or he'd tell her the truth—sometime—the way he'd told her he'd taken it.

And then he heard—or thought he heard—over the sound of his own idling engine, that of another car. He turned the ignition key and switched off his lights. Yes, unmistakably, a car was coming toward him; slowly, from the sound of its motor, coming from the direction toward which he'd been heading. Slowly! Every muscle in his body tensed, and his blood raced, pounding at his temples. Slowly, as the driver of the other car searched for the distinguishing group of trees, the particular turn in the road that he, Tom, hadn't remembered.

Frantically, absurdly, his mind sought and rejected methods by which he might still put the money he had back with the rest. And then the sound of the approaching motor stopped and he knew the only way by which he could redeem himself. He opened the door of his car.

Walking in the soft, dew-damp gravel along the edge of the road—he'd discovered that there his footsteps were best muffled—he hadn't the vaguest plan of action. If he'd been in the company truck, he could now be armed with at least a wrench, a hammer or a bit of pipe from the junk which forever rattled about him as he drove his daily rounds. But the only tools in the trunk of his car were a jack and a socket wrench, both tied up in a cloth bag behind the spare tire, impossible to get out without a noise which would surely, in the still night, carry to the thief and warn him.

But it didn't seem to matter. No more than, provided he could overcome the guy with his bare hands, what he might say, how he might explain his presence afterward, mattered. All that mattered was that he redeem himself before Nancy.

He'd gone perhaps a hundred yards along the road when he saw the flashlight beam darting in amongst the trees. And then, fifty feet farther, the dark hulk of a parked car. A new car this time, he noticed, coming up to it; big, high-powered. *He's planning a long trip—he wants to be comfortable!* Tom thought, almost with humor, as he climbed silently into the back seat.

The man was whistling softly as he came out of the woods. Still whistling, he tossed the suitcase into the front seat, and got in behind the wheel. Tom waited until the motor started. Then, scarcely two inches from the thief's ear, he muttered the cliché of every movie and crime book: "You're covered."

All the man did was start swearing—an unceasing stream of every oath, profanity and combination of the two it was possible to conceive. Tom had expected that perhaps the guy would turn on him, or at least try to make a deal with him. But there was only the swearing.

"Hand your gun back here—quick. Nobody'll blame me for killing you in self-defense."

Of which the thief was doubtless well aware; because he immediately, without

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turning his head, passed a heavy automatic back over his shoulder.

"Now start driving," Tom ordered. "I'll tell you the roads to take."

They were almost at the State Police Barracks when Tom remembered, with more of a fright than he'd had all evening, that he still had the thousand dollars in his pocket. Holding the gun at the thief's neck, he hauled the suitcase into the back seat.

He phoned Nancy from the police barracks, heard that she'd been desperately worried, hadn't known what to do, hadn't dared call the police. He assured her that he was fine, would be home in a few minutes.

When he got there, he described everything exactly as it had happened. "I told the lieutenant I'd gone back to look for your necklace!" he finished. "I told him I'd missed it here this evening, and figured I must have dropped it out of my pocket during the afternoon—probably when I got out of the truck to check guy wires. I said I'd just found it at the foot of one of the poles, when I happened to see the thief's flashlight, and acted on a hunch!" He gave a little laugh. "What a break that I had your necklace with me! That you didn't want to wear it—before our anniversary." He took her in his arms and kissed her. "It's nice to be home again," he said. He realized as he held her that she was still trembling. "Everything's all right now," he assured her. "It's all over—all but the headlines!"

And the next day, in the Centerville Gazette, the headlines stretched clear across the front page, with a two-column picture of Tom, and, on the opposite side, one of the thief he'd captured—"daringly . . . resourcefully . . . fearlessly . . . single-handedly."

That evening he was reading the article aloud to Nancy: laughing at the accolades, joking—guardedly, since the children were in the room—about what might have happened. Nancy was quietly listening as she went about her business of preparing supper, smiling at him from time to time—still a little uncertainly, he couldn't help noticing.

Then: "Tommy!" she shouted.

The boy was standing by the sideboard, now in wide-eyed terror at the sudden shrillness in his mother's voice. Tom saw that he held a five-dollar bill in his hand.

Ashen-faced, Nancy was watching him from over by the new stove. "What are you doing with that money?" she demanded almost hysterically.

Stunned, bewildered, the little boy slowly put the bill back on the sideboard. "Just looking at the man's picture," he said. "Just looking at the man's picture on it."

For a long and terrible moment more she stood there, turning from father to son, from father to son. Then, at last recovering something of her ordinary mother-to-child tone: "Well, leave it alone," she said sternly. "It's for the milkman. And don't ever touch anything that doesn't belong to you!" She took a deep breath. "And now both of you go out and play till I call you for supper."

Still not possibly comprehending, the little boy obediently crossed the kitchen and went out the door. Puzzled, his sister trailed along after him.

"Nancy!" Tom pleaded when the children had left the room. "Nancy, for heaven's sake—of all the unreasonable ——"

But her face wore an expression of such utter wretchedness that he didn't finish.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Hornby, a wealthy young Englishman, was supposed to be learning the cattle business during his visit at a big Montana ranch. But he spent most of his time talking to the ranch hands and the cook about his famous ancestors, a subject that obviously delighted him.

He could never understand why Americans took their ancestors so casually. Time after time, he pointed out to the men in the bunkhouse how important his ancestors were, and what a fascinating study they made.

After one especially long and wearying lecture, dealing largely with the importance of heraldry, the Englishman announced, "You know, I'm thinking of having my family's coat of arms embossed on my saddle. What do you chaps think of that?"

"Well, Hornby," said the cook, who had been known to go for days without uttering a word, "we call them coat-of-arm things brands in Montana, and we put 'em on cattle."

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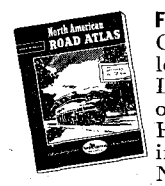

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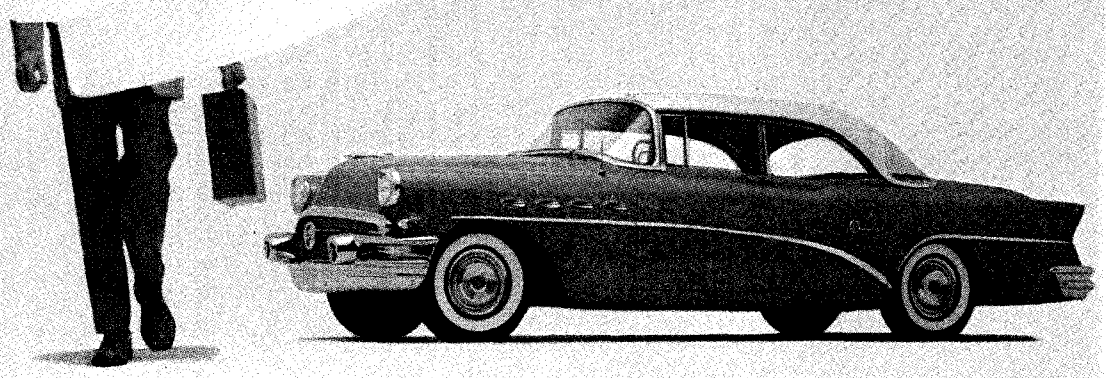

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I Say Pro Golf Isn't So Tough

(Continued from Page 31)

Championship in Niles, Illinois, during a violent electrical storm. You should try keeping your head down under those conditions.

Another championship I am not likely to forget was the 1950 National Open. I lost a ripe opportunity to win it because of a harmless breach of the rules. In a playoff with George Fazio and Ben Hogan I sank a long putt on the sixteenth green to come within a stroke of Ben, the eventual winner. However, just before I stroked the putt, I had—without thinking—picked up my ball to blow a bug off it. The U.S.G.A. officials informed me on the next tee that I had been penalized two strokes for touching the ball in play. Rough, you say? Sure it was. But that's the way it goes—in golf or any other sport. You win some and you lose some. Blowing a bug off your ball is against the rules, so I lost that one.

After all, worse things can happen to a golf pro than not winning the National Open. In spite of this rather obvious fact, golf fans everywhere will be on tenterhooks this week to see who muffs the opportunity. Conversely, they will look upon the man who doesn't muff it as a kind of super pro. Just why this should be escapes me altogether, particularly in view of the fact that some of these super pros fail to beat anybody ever again.

No title by itself, not even the National Open, can be this important in the life of a golf pro. Pro golf is a week-to-week proposition. As such, it has no more pressure attached to it than any other business. As a matter of fact, it probably has less. I don't know a single pro on the circuit who is nursing an ulcer.

Since the National Open is theoretically the most important tournament of them all, and hence the one with the most pressure, let's use it as an illustration. Let's look at the tournament when it is stripped of its headlines and locker-room dramatics.

To begin with, the title is a figment of the public's imagination. The U.S.G.A. itself makes no claim to the title, "National Open." Strictly speaking, there just is no such a tournament.

Sure, the course over which it is played is generally a monster, with backbreaking length and knee-deep rough. But it's still a golf course. It has eighteen tees and eighteen greens. Everybody in the field has to play the same ones. Pros don't play against the course; they play against each other. Put up enough prize money and they'll play on a goat range.

This year the total prize money for the Open Championship reaches a new high, $25,000. There is no denying that this is a handsome pot. But it is not the largest, not by a long shot. To be exact, there are nineteen other tournaments with purses that equal or exceed it. One of them—the so-called World's Championship—exceeds it by $125,000. If you called that event the Hot Dog Championship, it would still be the one I'd most like to win.

If the man who wins the Open is a pro—and no amateur has won it in twenty-three years—he will, of course, exploit the title for a good deal more than his prize check. He can endorse a hair tonic, play a few exhibitions and perhaps make a guest appearance on a TV show like Ed Sullivan's. This exploitation has raised the estimated value of the title to as high as $100,000. Hardly anybody estimates it at less than $50,000.

These estimates are just a lot of blue sky. I doubt if there is any sports title more overrated monetarily. I know. In 1946 I won the Open. Here is a breakdown on what I earned by virtue of holding the title: Prize money, including a share of the gate receipts from a play-off, $3500. Exhibitions, $6000. Endorsements, $5000. Bonus from the company whose equipment I used, $1500. Total: $16,000.

That's the credit side of the ledger. Now let's look at the debit side: Expenses during the week of the Open, including caddie fee, $750. Expenses to, from and during exhibitions, $2250. Expenses to banquets and other functions in my honor, $2000. Total: $5000.

That gave me a net total of $11,000. Now, winning the Open is a whole lot better than not winning it; this goes without saying. But the money you actually get is a whole lot less than the $100,000 you are supposed to get.

My income from the Open Championship was about average. There are some who may have earned more from it than I did, but there are many who have certainly earned less. Today, the first-place money is up to $6000, and conceivably the winner might also get a bigger bonus from his company than I got, but not much bigger. Why should he? Winning tournaments is what he is supposed to do; that's why the company hired him in the first place.

If he has a club on the market bearing his name, possibly its sales will spurt. But they won't spurt much. Since golf has been enjoying a seller's market ever since the end of World War II, manufacturers are having a tough enough time meeting the demand as it is. In fact, the three best-selling clubs on the market today have no player's name on them.

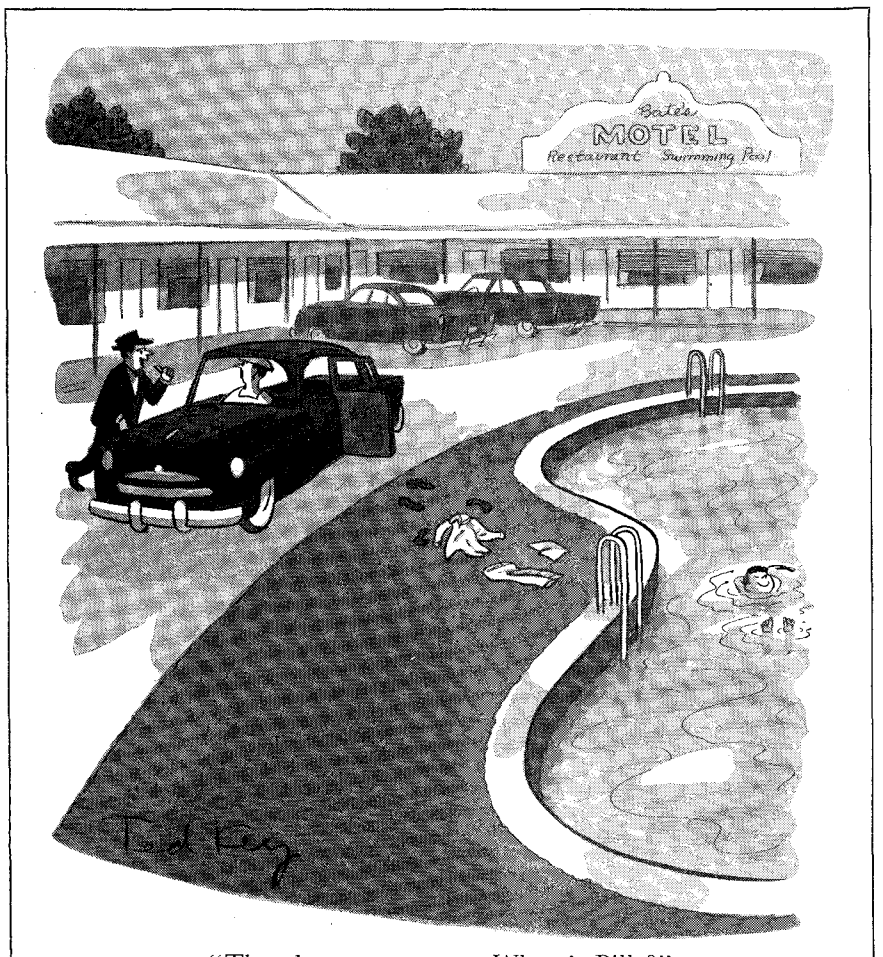
If the winner represents a country club, he might receive a bonus. If he doesn't represent a club, he might be hired by one. In either case, he'll be hindered from cashing in on his title. Any country club that has an Open champion in its golf shop will want to keep him there. You can't get lessons, advice or sympathy from a pro who's doing his lollygagging on an exhibition tour. It's not likely the club will want him solely as a playing pro either. With only two exceptions that I can think of, tie-ups like that pay next to nothing. In fact, I know some playing pros who don't get paid at all by the clubs they represent.

Sooner or later, a player who is trying to exploit the Open title will reach a point of diminishing returns. The time he is spending off the circuit acting like an Open champion will begin to cost him money he could be winning on the circuit playing like one. And how long do you think he can keep up the act, anyway?

To prove that my experience as Open champion was about average, let's consider cases at the two extremes. First, take a man who has never won anything but the Open. There was precisely such a case not long ago. You might think that the public would have been clamoring to see him in action, if only out of curiosity. Well, it just so happens that he couldn't book a single exhibition by himself. Then he teamed with the champion of the Professional Golfers Association. Unfortunately, this man had never previously won a tournament either. I understand they made three appearances and then racked up.

Now let's take the opposite case of a man who has won everything but the Open. That, of course, could only be Sam Snead, who has won more than 100 tournaments. Nobody else has come close to winning as many, and nobody ever will. Because the Open, and only the Open, has eluded Sam, many people think the title would be worth a fortune to him. One newspaperman seriously estimated the value at $1,000,000.

This is preposterous. Beyond his prize check and bonus, Sam wouldn't earn a nickel from the Open. No one knows this any better than he. What would he make his money from? Exhibitions? As it is, Sam can't play a fraction of the exhibitions he is asked to play. Endorsements? The man is already endorsed from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. I mean



"They have a vacancy. Where's Billy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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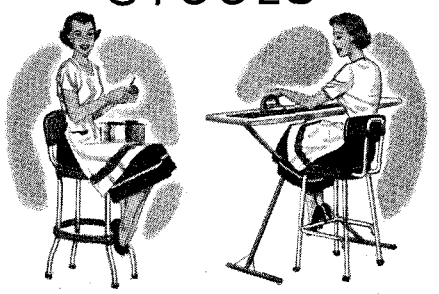

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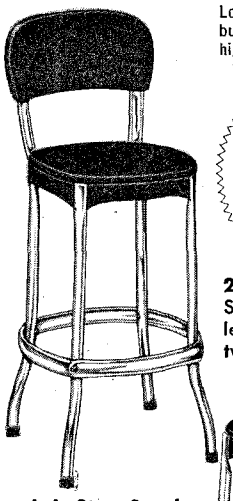

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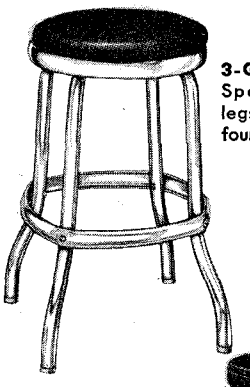

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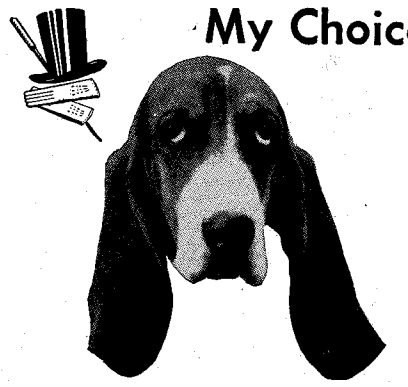

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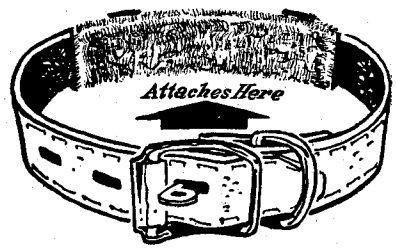

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that literally. He has been signed by everybody from a hatter to a shoemaker.

If there is no pressure on Sam to win the Open, then why doesn't he? Actually, that's no mystery at all. Losing the tournament has become an obsession with the man; everybody knows that. He'd invent a way to lose it if first prize were a Howdy Doody button.

The hardest tournament for any pro to win is one he has never won before. The Masters, in Augusta, Georgia, is the one that stumps me. I keep coming close every year, but I never quite ring the gong. I still hold the course record, though. In 1940 I played the course in sixty-four, yet couldn't win the tournament. This past spring I tied for fourth. Fourth isn't first, but it's better than fifth.

Whenever I hear this talk about the Open Championship, or any other tournament, being unique, I think of Craig Wood, one of the sagest, most gentlemanly pros this game has ever known. Craig won the Open fifteen years ago this month. He received a handsome trophy to place on his mantel, a title to be printed after his name, and a number of headlines to paste in his scrapbook. There were so many fans patting him on the back and so many newspapermen asking him questions that it was a week later before I had a chance to congratulate him. This was at another tournament in another city. Unfortunately, Craig wasn't putting as well that week as he had the week before and finished well back in the pack.

I found him slumped in a chair in the clubhouse lobby. Playing without a gallery, he had finished his round before the men who were leading the tournament had even teed off. Alone and ignored, he looked like a tired spectator waiting for a ride back to town.

"Sorry," I said, shaking his hand, "but I didn't get a chance to congratulate the champ last week."

"Thanks," he replied with an empty smile. Then he jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward the golf course. "Tell me," he said, "who do you think will be champ *this* week?"

In pro golf there is a new champ every week. Make no mistake about that. Not long ago I was paired with a young man who was finding this out for the first time. He had won a tournament the week before, and halfway through the third round of this one, he was only two strokes off the pace. On the ninth green, however, he blew a three-foot putt. This so hurt his vanity that he decided not to go through the formality of addressing the three-incher he had left. Instead, he just reached over with his putter and made a distasteful pass at it, like a man picking his hat out of a gutter with an umbrella. The result was that he missed that one too. He played the remainder of the round as though he were in a daze, and eventually finished clear out of the money.

As this young man will learn, nobody can win more than his share of tournaments. Not in this league, at any rate. With the brand of golf the other pros are shooting today—on the whole, the best golf ever played in the history of the game—it is not likely that any pro will ever again dominate the tournament scene like a Hogan, a Snead, or a Byron Nelson. There are seven or eight times as many players capable of winning tournaments as there ever were before. You not only have young players like Gene Littler to contend with, you have the older pros who can get by on know-how alone. Jimmy Demaret, for example, is only eight years younger than Bobby Jones and Gene Sarazen, and he's still winning tournaments.

As that young man I mentioned will also learn, a pro plays golf for money. He does not play golf for titles, trophies or pats on the back. Consequently, if he can't come in first, he should try to come in second, or third, or some place in the money. What good is a title going to do him, anyway? After he has won a few, it will dawn on him that he is not scaring anybody simply because he is a champion. There are more than thirty pros at any given tournament who are, or were, champion of something or other. Whom are they going to scare—one another?

Knowing all this as well as I do, I am sometimes amused by those pros who play as though winning a tournament were a matter of life or death. They lose their tempers over nothing—perhaps at a photographer snapping a shutter on their backswings. I don't like a shutter being snapped on my backswing any more than the next man, but I don't see any sense in blowing my stack over it. In fact, I think it's stupid. The shot I miss because of it might cost me $100. The loss of my temper, however, might eventually cost me $1000 through loss of concentration.

There are plenty of days when you feel like losing your temper, but somehow you don't after you have been on the circuit as long as I have. For an example, let me tell you about a certain day in Salt Lake City.

I was leading the tournament going into the last round. Come what may, I had no intention of losing it. When I got out of bed at my hotel that morning, I called room service for my breakfast and the morning paper. The breakfast consisted of salty ham, dry eggs and cold coffee. When I mentioned to the waiter that he had forgotten my paper, he got surly.

I picked up my car an hour later. Sometime during the night it had been scratched from bumper to bumper with what seemed to have been a nail. The garage attendant denied any knowledge of it.

On my way to the course a policeman flagged me to the side of the road for speeding. To save time, I pulled out my driver's license and registration card while he parked his car and walked back to mine.

"Wal-l-l," he said, like a truant officer who's caught a schoolboy playing hooky, "I see you know just what the procedure is. You must get caught pretty often." It hurt, but I smiled.

Arriving at the course, I was stopped at the gate by a guard. Reaching into my pocket for my pass, I discovered I had left it back at the hotel room. I leaned out the window to explain this, but the guard just shook his head and refused to let me by.

Then I noticed he had a newspaper in his hand. "Look," I said, "I'm playing in this tournament. In fact, I'm leading it. Open that paper and you'll see my picture on the sports page."

"I don't care who you are," he said, without even glancing at the paper. "You don't get in unless you've got a pass. Them's orders."

I eased my car toward him. "Orders or no orders," I yelled, "I'm coming in! Get out of the way!" He soon realized that I meant what I was saying.

I still had fifteen minutes before my starting time to warm up. Parking my car I ran into the clubhouse and put on my spikes. In my haste, I broke a shoelace. Hobbling out to the golf shop for another pair, I ran into my caddie.

"Sorry, Mr. Mangrum," he said, "but someone's stolen your practice balls."

A few minutes later, I drove off the first tee. As I said before, I had no intention of losing this tournament. I didn't either.

This episode brings up another myth about pro golf. I mean that bit about the pressure always being on the leader. Just why this should be is beyond me. If you're leading a tournament, you are at least one stroke ahead of everybody else. So the percentage is with you. I can recall only one occasion when I lost a tournament in which I was leading going into the last round. Don't ask me why I lost that one. I shot seventy-five, yet played just as well as I had the day before, when I shot sixty-five. (*Continued on Page 104*)

"Why, Harry, you old flirt!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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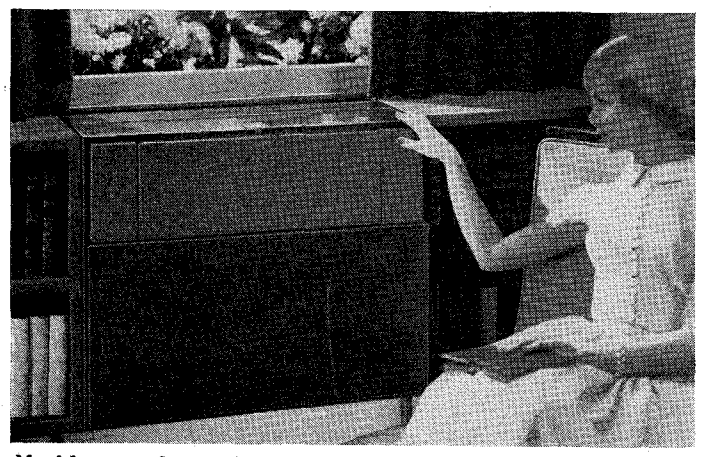
Snorkel Air Conditioner by York • Gown by Kasper

York's new Snorkel Air Conditioner makes all others old-fashioned!



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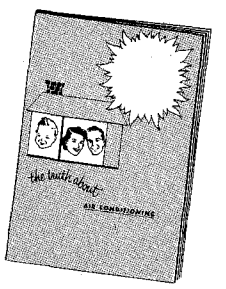
FREE NEW BOOKLET gives you the facts on how air conditioning affects your health, your work, your family life. Write today to York Corporation, York, Pa. for your free copy of *The Truth About Air Conditioning.*



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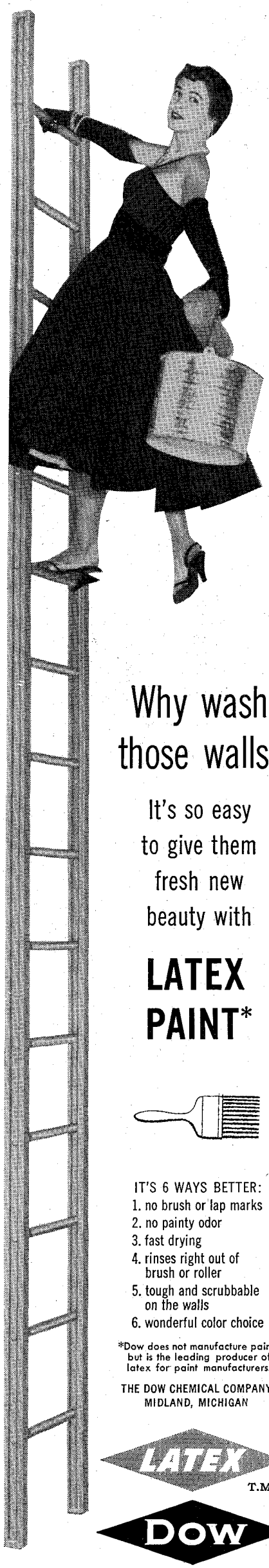

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DOW

(*Continued from Page 102*) Some days the ball goes in the hole and some days it doesn't. I stopped wondering why a long time ago.

When you come right down to it, pro golf is a game of percentage. Like a broker, a pro is constantly thinking of ways to make this percentage work for him. Two years ago, for instance, I discovered that flexible-glass shafts had less torque than steel shafts. This meant that, at impact, the face of the club would more consistently meet the ball at the desired angle. Since a difference of only one degree can knock a ball ten yards or more off line on an average drive, I felt that the advantage here was obvious, particularly for a golfer like myself, who has an inherent tendency to be wild. And the first time I used glass shafts in competition I won the tournament. This was the Los Angeles Open last January. I am convinced now that glass shafts will eventually supersede steel, the way steel superseded hickory.

The average spectator thinks of a pro as simply a man who can hit the ball farther and straighter than the ordinary golfer. Actually, this has very little to do with the pro's low scores. There are more than fifty men on the circuit who can outdrive me, and probably a hundred who can hit the ball straighter, yet I've won more money than any of them. People are forever stepping out of the gallery to ask me questions, like when do I cock my wrists, and how long do I keep my head down, and in what way do I shift my weight. Frankly, such things never enter my head. I never cock my wrists, keep my head down or shift my weight—not consciously, at any rate. If I did think about these matters, I probably wouldn't be able to break ninety.

Cary Middlecoff and I often hold clinics at night in our hotel rooms on the various techniques of hitting the ball. At some time or another, I think we have debunked every popular theory in the game. Last summer there was a vogue about opening the face of the club at the top of the backswing, à la Hogan. When done properly, this meant that the palms of the hands would be perpendicular to the ground. This action was supposed to be a guarantee against a hook, a pro's biggest headache. At the very time it was in vogue, however, Doug Ford, a notably closed-face player, was winning more events than anybody else on the circuit. At the top of his backswing, Ford's hands are actually parallel to the ground. He looks like a waiter carrying a trayload of dishes.

Let me put it this way: On the circuit it isn't how you shoot, it's how many shots you take. There are at least thirty pros in the ordinary tournament who hit the ball as well as the next man. For proof, all you have to do is watch them on the practice tee. At the end of the tournament, however, there may be twenty strokes' difference between two of them. Each knows as much about hitting the ball, but one man knows more about playing the game. There's your real difference.

The variations are so minute that they are difficult to put your finger on. One pro might cut the ball out of a trap, while another pro, faced with the same shot, might blast it. The decision might make a difference of only one stroke in their scores. One stroke a round, however, is four strokes a tournament. And four strokes a tournament could make a difference of $20,000 in their yearly earnings.

For purposes of illustration, let's take two of the more obvious differences. When a poor player is faced with a chip shot, for example, he will almost invariably choose a lofted club, such as a niblick. A good player, on the other hand, will choose a five-iron or a four-iron, perhaps even a putter. He knows that by doing so he can employ a shorter backswing. The shorter his backswing, the less apt he is to turn the blade off line. Then the better his chances are of bringing off the shot he had in mind.

Again, when a poor player sizes up a putt, he concentrates mainly on the line. When a good player sizes up a putt, he concentrates mainly on the speed. That's why most pros spend so long studying their putts. The line is obvious, but it takes a bit of scrutiny to judge the speed, particularly when you are playing on different greens each week. Without the proper speed, the line is worthless anyhow. What good is a putt dead on line if you leave it six feet short? Or six feet over? It would be better to have the correct speed and stroke it four feet off line, an improbability among even the poorest of golfers. It's as simple as that. Many pros will tell you that I am over-simplifying the game. That may be, but these are the theories that have worked for me, and I am getting tired of those theories which enshroud the game in myths.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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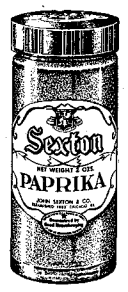

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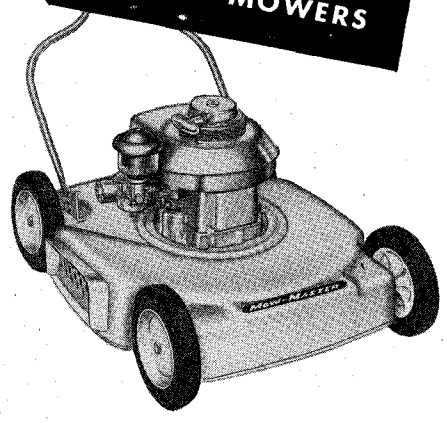

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Golf myths extend to more than matters of playing technique. One example is my own reputation. I am constantly being likened to a "Mississippi river-boat gambler." With my mustache and my air of nonchalance, I suppose I may look the part. Well, the truth is that I can't play canasta without dropping the cards on the floor. I do play a locker-room brand of gin rummy, but seldom more than five or six times a year.

The idea behind this description of me is that I am a "tough guy." Those are one reporter's very words. He added that I am probably a hard man to do business with. As a matter of fact, I don't do business with anybody off the course. I leave all that to my wife, Eleta, whom I call "Mother." I win it, and she invests it. So far, she has done rather well. We own some business property, part of an oil well and a $100,000 home at the foot of Mt. Baldy, in Apple Valley, California. This reporter might be interested to know that we have seven grandchildren, all of whom I adore. If that's his idea of a "tough guy," then so be it.

I was born August 1, 1914, on a farm in Trenton, Texas. When I was five, my family moved to Dallas. By the time I was fourteen I was earning my own way as a caddie at the nearby Cliff-Dale Country Club. That's when I played my first round of golf. I've never done anything but play golf since, and always for money.

A maverick sort of a kid, I struck out on my own for Los Angeles when I was sixteen. I made my living there caddying at the Sunset Fields Club. On the side I'd play amateurs for bets, five- and ten-dollar Nassaus. That was a lot of money for a teen-ager during the depression. Very often it was all I had in my pocket. If I lost, I didn't eat.

I entered my first tournament in 1936—the Southern California Open. I placed sixth and won forty-five dollars. That forty-five dollars got me to the next tournament. I've been going ever since.

Later I was to win as much as $22,500 in a single tournament. But I don't think I ever played any harder than I did for the first forty-five dollars. I still play hard for forty-five dollars. You always will if there has once been a time when you needed it to get out of town.

It was 1940 before I won my first victory on the tournament circuit, the Thomasville Open, in Georgia. By 1943 I had also won the Atlantic City Open, the New Orleans Open and, with Lawson Little, the Inverness Four-Ball in Toledo, Ohio. I was finally coming into my own. I had been married since nineteen, with three stepchildren. The future was now beginning to look somewhat secure for the first time in my life.

Then I got called that very year into the Army. I was attached to a reconnaissance group which spearheaded the 90th Division, of the 3rd Army, notably at Utah Beach and the Battle of the Bulge. One other man and I were the sole survivors of our original platoon, which had five different lieutenants. That's when I discovered that worse things can happen to a golf pro than not winning a tournament, even though that tournament may be the National Open. At least you're still alive.

With this attitude I have been able to earn half a million dollars in postwar golf, half of that directly from tournament prizes. I have been able to earn it because I realize that you can't always come in first. If I can't come in first, I try to come in second. If not second, then third or fourth—or twentieth. The point is, I try to get in the money. After all, that's what a pro is supposed to be playing for.

Titles? Trophies? Pats on the back? You can have them. As the hills get steeper and the fairways narrower, you begin to realize how useless those things are.

Byron Nelson, for example, has a warehouseful. Not long ago I had occasion to introduce him to the nineteen-year-old daughter of a friend of mine. After the introduction was over and Byron had gone about his business, she turned to me with a question. "Who," she asked, "is Mr. Nelson? Is he a golfer or something?" As I say, there's a new champ every week.

Magic Eyes for Fighting Men

(Continued from Page 33)

are impressed by its practicality. The Army's hopes for television are now funneled through the Signal Corps and the chief of its TV branch, Capt. Hugh C. Oppenheimer, sometimes called "Captain Video."

As Oppenheimer sees it, television, properly developed, can supplement or replace forward artillery observers; used to guard ammunition dumps and the like, relieving sentries for other duties; mounted on expendable vehicles to reconnoiter or destroy. And in this year's maneuvers, tactical TV will be supplemented by closed-circuit TV, linking various command posts for briefings.

One piece of TV gear may become as standard someday as the walkie-talkie was in World War II. This is the "creepie-peepie," a lightweight TV camera and transmitter—in effect a portable TV studio which can be carried on an infantryman's back.

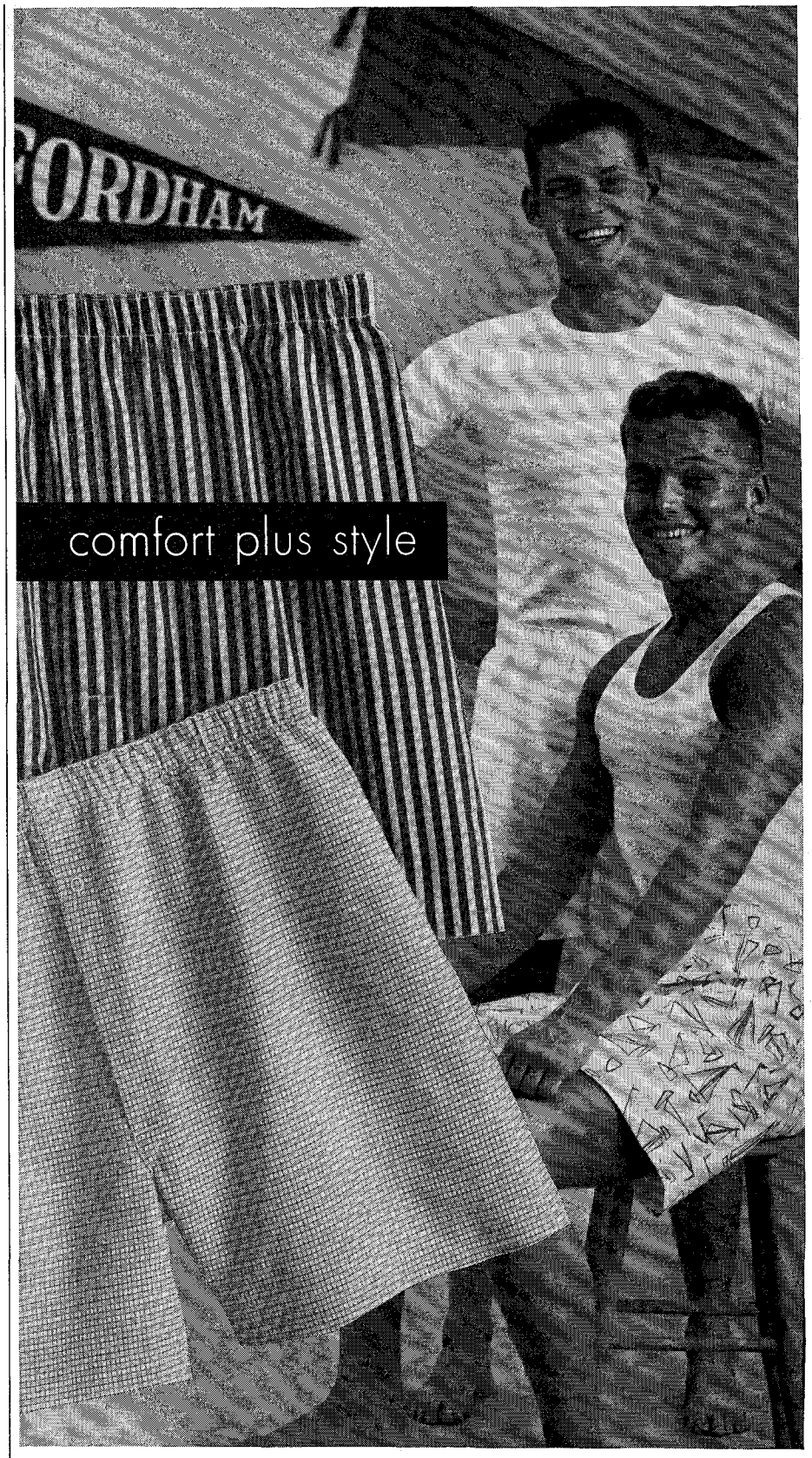
All three services have turned to television as an instructional device and their best hope if they have to build an all-out fighting force. In World War II, the military needed at least six months to convert a civilian into a usable replacement—and his weapons and equipment then were comparatively easy to master.

"In the event of another war," said Captain Oppenheimer, "we'd need technological troops at once. We'd never have enough instructors to train them by platoons. But with closed-circuit television, a few expert technicians could teach thousands of men at once. In other words, we've become so technological that we need technology to teach technology."

According to available records, the first serious proposal for military television was made in 1934 by the Russian-born inventor Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin. Trained at the Petrograd Institute of Technology, Dr. Zworykin fled the communist revolution, came to the United States, and here developed some of the basic devices for modern television.

For the Westinghouse Company, he worked on an early version of the cathode-ray tube. Then, in 1923, he filed for patent a television-camera tube which he called the Iconoscope. Shortly afterward, he left Westinghouse to join the research staff of the Radio Corporation of America, where his enthusiasm for electronic TV struck sparks from David Sarnoff, the energetic chairman of RCA and a fellow emigrant from Russia.

"In 1930 Zworykin assured me that his electronic system would work commercially," Sarnoff recalled recently. "He said we would have something within two or three years, and that the whole project could be managed nicely for a hundred thousand dollars. I never knew what a



Is there any reason why underwear shouldn't look as good as it feels?

No reason we can think of. And, more and more men seem to agree. They're buying Arrow underwear—in a wide variety of patterns and colors because they find perfect fit and supreme comfort. In boxers, tie sides and French backs—all "Sanforized"-labeled!

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salesman Zworykin was until we'd invested twenty million and were still trying to market the product."

Except for Dr. Philo T. Farnsworth's invention of the "Image Dissector" camera in 1928, Zworykin and his associates produced most of the major advances in the television art—the Orthicon tube in 1939, the Image Orthicon in 1943 and the Vidicon in 1949. But before these devices were ready, Zworykin, in April, 1934, had another proposal for Sarnoff—a "flying torpedo with an electric eye." News reports from Japan spoke of a suicide corps being formed to crash bombers into enemy targets.

"One possible means of obtaining practically the same results as the suicide pilot," Zworykin wrote, "is to provide a radio-controlled torpedo bomber with an electronic eye. This torpedo will be in the form of a small steep-angle glider without an engine and equipped with radio controls and an Iconoscope camera. One or several such torpedoes can be carried on an airplane to the proximity of where it is to be used, and released. After it has been released, the torpedo can be guided to its target with the short-wave radio control, the operator being able to see the target through the 'eye' of the torpedo as it approaches."

Sarnoff and Zworykin eventually sold this idea to the United States Navy and the Army Air Corps. But the television camera and its related gear then weighed some 300 pounds—far too much for a "flying torpedo." There were many unpredictable bugs. Television might work in the laboratory, but the military needed more reliable equipment. With limited funds in those years, the military turned the responsibility of pioneering back to industry.

In the services, however, a few young technicians were devoted to the concept of remote control. They were already flying unmanned planes by radio signals from "mother" aircraft. Their control, of course, was only as remote as their line of sight. But with television, they believed, the distance between the human operator and the flying drone could be extended enormously. Among these young enthusiasts were the late Lt. Col. George Holloman, of the Army Air Corps, and Comdr. Delmer S. Fahrney, of the Navy. As early as 1936 Fahrney was arguing for further research in aerial torpedoes, further development of radio-control techniques, and television sighting.

The Navy's interest grew slowly. In 1939, the Naval Aircraft Factory in Philadelphia ordered a single camera with a four-inch Iconoscope, or camera tube, for experimentation.

During the war years, television contracts were issued to electronics manufacturers whose emerging civilian markets were suddenly cut off by controls of essential materials. Du Mont, Farnsworth, General Electric, Remington Rand and the Radio Corporation of America, among others, turned to military television, but R.C.A., which had financed Doctor Zworykin's early concepts, was awarded most of the military TV contracts.

Zworykin and his engineers, working with the Navy and the Army, undertook three major research and development projects, given the code names of Block, Ring and Mimo. In the Ring project, they were primarily concerned with expanding television's reach for long-range aerial reconnaissance. In Block, and later in Mimo, they were trying to condense the TV eye into a compact, lightweight package for Doctor Zworykin's electronic kamikaze.

Development was gradual, experimental, top secret, and never as suddenly sensational as enthusiasts hoped. On August 22, 1941, for example, the Navy filed a secret report that an experimental drone had made fifty runs, using television to sight the target, and that under ideal conditions all but three of the runs had been successful. "The pictures are clear and distinct," Commander Fahrney observed, "and there is every promise that television can be utilized in radio-controlled torpedo planes on dive-bombing attacks effectively."

That same year both the Navy and the Army Air Corps tested Block equipment for aerial reconnaissance, but found that flight conditions caused distortions in the picture, and that weather was a severely limiting factor. By the end of the year, however, the Army had used Block equipment to control a radio-television target plane in flight for more than ten hours.

The first wholly successful remote-control test was on April 19, 1942, when Navy Lt. (j.g.) Molton B. Taylor, piloting a mother ship, directed a Navy BG-1 assault drone eleven miles away into a towed target raft. The unmanned drone, guided by television, made a direct hit. To Commander Fahrney, now a retired rear admiral and unofficial Navy historian, this was something new under the sun. Together with Colonel Holloman, his fellow enthusiast in the Air Corps, Fahrney felt that the new device deserved a better name than "flying torpedo," or "television bomb." They agreed to baptize it the "guided missile."

But one successful test doesn't guarantee a wonder weapon. For the next two years, research and development continued in secret. The Navy installed electronic eyes in small glide bombs, calling their project the "Glomb." At the same time, the Army Air Corps launched a War-Weary project, fitting television controls into overage bombers, planning to pack them with explosives and direct them as unmanned drones against enemy targets in occupied France. Meanwhile, the television systems were getting shake-down tests in the United States, and technicians were finding flaws, and the industrial laboratories were called on for further improvements.

Finally, in the summer of 1944, the military sent a mysterious group called "Castor" to England. Castor was composed of Army and Navy pilots and technicians who had worked on War Wearies and Glombs for two years in the States. In England they converted overage B-17's and B-24's into drones. The expendable bombers were to be loaded with fourteen tons of explosives, directed by radio across the Channel, and guided by television into the Germans' submarine and rocket-launching installations.

The first TV mission, against a German V-2 site, was entrusted to the Navy's Special Air Unit No. 1, then based in the town of Dunkeswell, Devonshire. The unit put its control ship and drone through exacting final tests. Volunteers rode in the drone to check out the equipment. On the actual mission, they would stay in the drone up to the coast of England, where they would turn over the controls to the mother ship and bail out. The control plane would then take the drone across the Channel and into its target.

From the volunteers, two young Navy pilots were chosen to ride the drone. One was Lt. William J. Wiley, executive officer of the Special Unit. The other was Lt. Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., oldest son of the former ambassador to England and brother of the present Senator John Kennedy, of Massachusetts. Kennedy had piloted patrol bombers on antisubmarine searches, completed his quota of missions, and was on orders to return to the States. Instead, he volunteered for the secret TV mission.

On August 12th, the drone was loaded with 25,000 pounds of torpex, an explosive more powerful than TNT. At five P.M. Kennedy and Wiley took off, followed by the mother plane. They checked out the equipment for twenty minutes or so, noting how the drone responded to the mother plane's short-wave signals. Everything seemed in working order, they reported, and the two planes turned toward the English coast and the next stage of their plan—the bail-out of Wiley and Kennedy. Then, at 5:23 P.M., the drone exploded.

A Navy observer reported, "One second the drone was there and next there wasn't anything left but a tremendous cloud of smoke and a hail of small pieces about the size of tennis balls. . . . We couldn't imagine what had happened."

Experts flown down from London for the investigation could only suggest possible causes of the disaster. Perhaps one of the men had attempted to change some wires; perhaps one of them had tripped over an electric lead. No one knew for sure what caused the deaths of Kennedy and Wiley.

But the War Weary missions went on. Five days later, another drone and other volunteers were ready. The maze of fusing, wiring and novel devices was given exhaustive tests. On September third, the torpex-loaded drone and its pilots took off, made their final corrections, and bailed out over the drop zone. The control plane took over and escorted the unmanned drone over the North Sea by short-wave signals, a Navy pilot manipulating the robot controls. At seven P.M., just before dusk, the drone came near the Luftwaffe airfield at Heligoland, Germany. In the control plane, the pilot turned on the distant television camera and in his screen watched flak coming up at the drone.

"I was several miles away," he reported later, "but in my screen I could see trees, streetcars, barracks, an airfield full of planes, and the enemy running by the hundreds for cover. I guided the drone toward the airfield. Just before the hit, flak knocked out the camera. . . the picture disappeared from the screen."

The mother-plane crew, however, could see the explosion with their own eyes. "The column of smoke poured up to eight thousand feet," Lt. James M. Simpson reported. "We learned that we'd hit a fuel dump and several barracks full of the enemy. Part of the airfield and several planes were burning. We returned to the States several weeks later, satisfied that we'd flown the first successful radio-controlled television-equipped drone against an enemy in wartime."

There were many missions thereafter, both with War Wearies and Glombs, in Europe and in the Pacific. Yet the guided missile, television style, never quite proved itself. The Castor group in England, after its first success, reported failures in a series of eight missions. In the Pacific, the Navy's work with Glombs was inconclusive during World War II, and again when the Navy tested television drones during the Korean War. In Korea, six experimental drones were launched from the carrier Boxer between August 28 and September 2, 1952. Of these six, the Navy reported, one made a direct hit on a bridge over the Yalu River. Four missed their targets; one flight was described as an "operational abort."

After this test, the Navy concluded that the television missile was still interesting, though not as promising as had once been hoped. Radar guidance, as one method, was a more reliable means of sending a missile to its target.

If television failed to produce the perfect guided missile, it did prove that guided missiles could be made to work. And out of the wartime tests emerged another and perhaps more far-reaching application—a means whereby generals and admirals can see and direct their forces in battle. If the wonderful eye robs the private of his ancient privacy, it may also make him a little less lonely and vulnerable at the moments of his greatest peril.

THE END

"A cup of coffee and a bowl of hot water."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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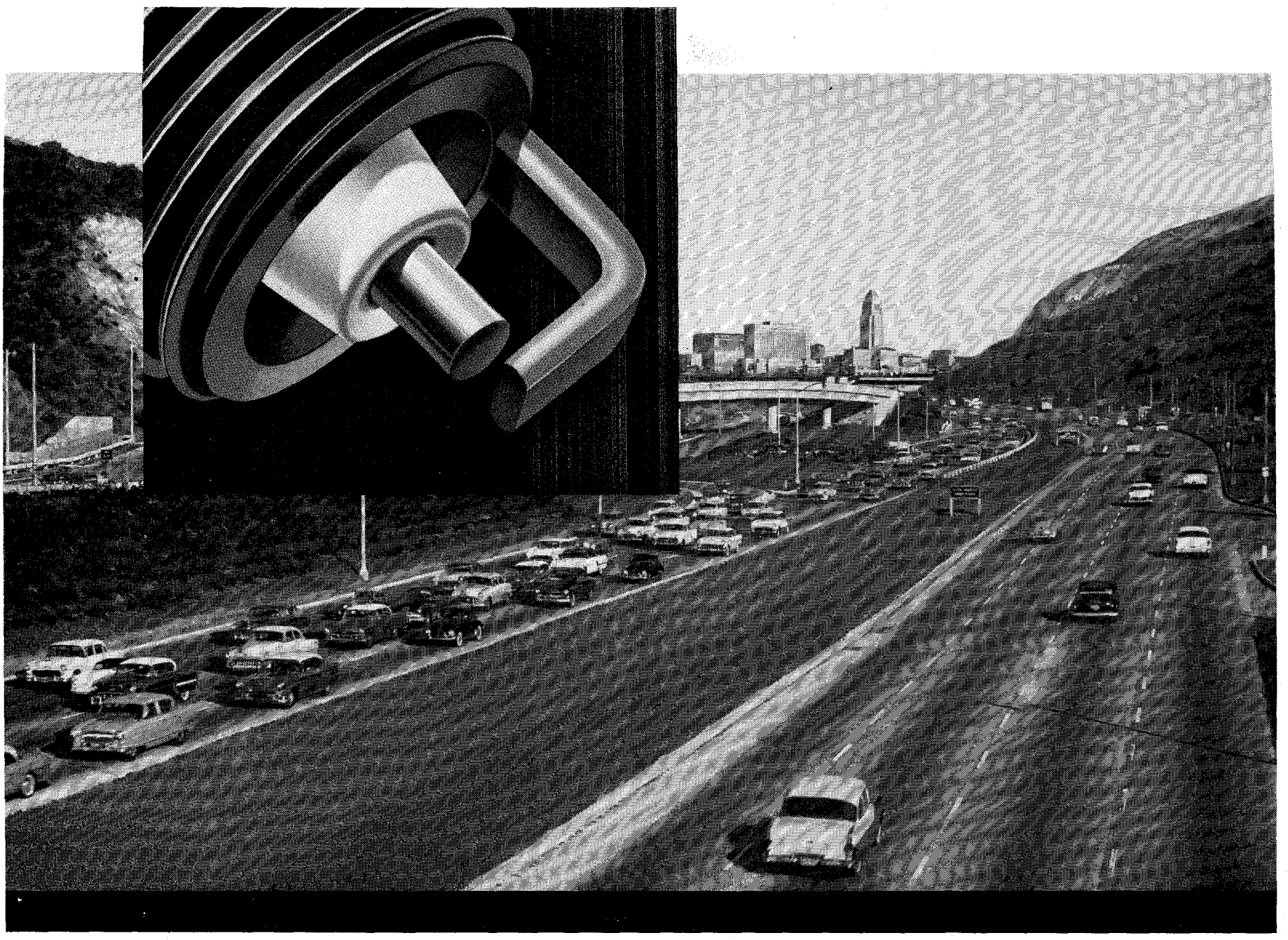

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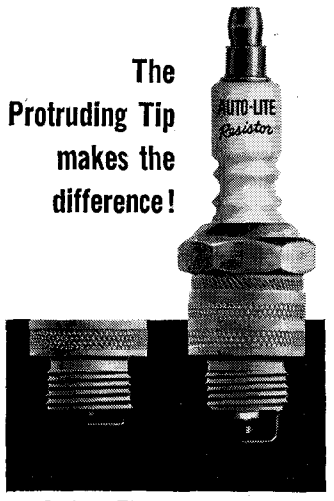

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The Fall of Edie Markham

(Continued from Page 43)

"You won't meet me," he countered flatly. "I'll come up and get you."

"But that won't be necessary."

"It's plenty necessary. I want to see what kind of a beehive you come out of."

"All right," she said boldly; "I haven't got anything to hide. Come early and meet my mother."

"Yeah," he said slowly, "I think I'll just do that."

"But where did you meet him?" asked Edie, sitting on the edge of the tub.

"I told you. He's tearing down our old apartment."

"Is that any reason for you to be going out with him?"

Maggie laughed. "He's very interesting," she said. "Sort of rough and bad-tempered, but he offered me money without any strings."

"He did what?"

"He wanted to give me money. I was talking to him about a job and he thought I was broke and he offered to help me."

Edie's eyes narrowed. "I think I missed the first act," she said slowly. "I didn't know you were looking for a job."

Maggie's hair hid her face. "I am, though," she said.

"Why?" asked Edie bluntly.

"Because it's time for me to do something. On my own."

Edie stiffened. "It's time for you to be young and enjoy life. It's time for you to have beaux and go to parties and ——"

"Maybe get married?" Maggie faced her mother. "Is that what you want for me?"

"Is that so terrible? Look, darling"—her tone softened—"this great, big, cold, hard world you're so anxious to get into, it's no fun."

"I think," said Maggie quietly, "that you don't like the idea of Joseph Anthony Petrelli much, do you?"

"Not much."

"But why? You've never even laid eyes on him."

"Yes, I have. I know the type. He's strictly mass-manufactured. They never get anywhere—never become anything."

"Get where?" asked Maggie tightly. "Become what? The owner of a department store, maybe?"

"That," said Edie slowly, "was out of line."

"I'm sorry," said Maggie. "but you tolerate Paul Gilbert. You placate him and wheedle him and put up with him, and he's ——"

"He's my boss," said Edie smoothly.

"I hate the way you say that word." Maggie whirled on her. "You don't need him."

"And you don't need Mr. Petrelli," Edie answered as she stood up. "Shall we call it a draw?"

"Isn't it kind of silly to quarrel over him? You might like him very much."

"I'm worried."

"I worry about you too. I wish you'd quit and marry Sam and ——" She stopped. "I wish you were happy."

"I am happy."

Maggie sighed. "All right. You're happy."

The bell rang.

"There's your boy."

"Would you go? Talk to him a little bit. But nicely."

"Nice as pie."

Edie went out. She felt an almost irresistible urge to bolt the door, but she opened it with a welcoming smile. "Mr. Petrelli, isn't it? Do come in." . . .

She noticed that he was not drinking his drink. He kept it clasped between his two large hands while his eyes swept the room. *He sees everything, that one,* she thought; *he's evaluating every item in the room, including me.*

"Drink all right?"

"Yeah."

"Maggie told me how you met."

"Yeah."

"She's awfully young," she said almost frantically. "Did she tell you that?"

"She's a kid."

"How old are you?"

He put his drink down jarringly on the table. "I'm going to be twenty-eight."

"I see."

He cocked his head to one side and looked at her piercingly. "You want a clean bill of health on me?"

"Well, I would like to know something about you."

"You call it. Go ahead. I'm not bashful."

"Why are you taking her out? Why do you want to see her?"

"Good question. I don't know."

"That's very odd."

"That's right. Very odd indeed. I may not take her out any more after tonight."

"Really?" An icy crust edged Edie's tone.

"That'd be all right with you, wouldn't it?" He leaned back and put his hands behind his head. "You could live without my showing up."

"How do you know that?"

"I've got instincts. I'm not sore. It's the way you should feel about her. Jumpy. Careful. It's a good thing."

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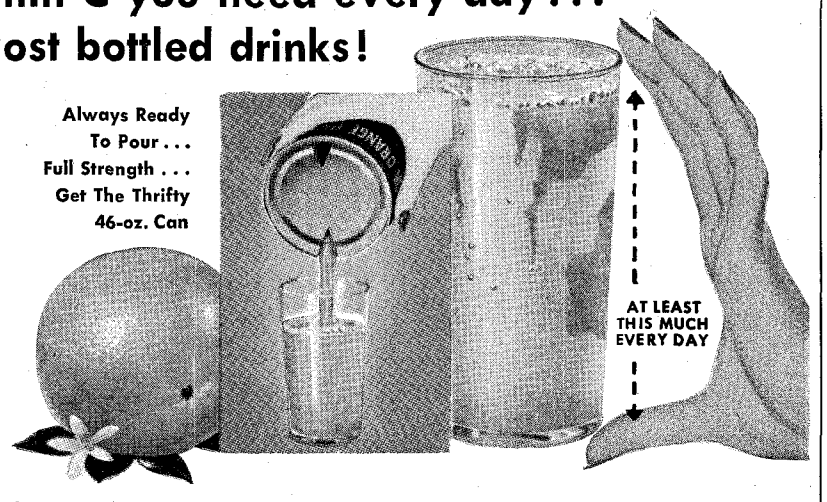

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"Thank you," she said sarcastically.

There was the rustle of silk in the room. Maggie stood in the doorway. Her coat was hung carelessly around her shoulders. She was wearing too much perfume and her cheeks were flushed.

"Hello," she said.

He got up. "Hello," he said; and then, "I can smell you clear across the room."

She laughed nervously. "It spilled. Is it terrible?"

"I can stand it." He turned to Edie. "Good night," he said. There was no deference in his manner.

"Don't keep her out too late," said Edie, and laughed a little. "I think I'm supposed to say that. . . . "

They had a bad dinner in a cheap restaurant. Afterward they stood on the pavement outside the door and looked at each other. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

"Anything you'd like."

His face grew dark. "Big deal. We can go to a movie or ride around in a cab. Which?"

"Why don't we go to your house?"

"My house? Are you kidding? There are four kids in my house. One on the couch, two in with Bess and Steve, one in my room. It's the movies or the cab."

"The taxi," she said, "if it isn't too expensive."

"I've got to live somewhere," he said with a wry grin. "Come on."

They flagged a cab and he told the driver to ride them around for an hour, slowly. She sat stiffly at his side, clutching her purse with both her hands.

"Take off your hat," he said.

"Why?" Her voice trembled.

"So I can see your face."

She pulled it off. It dropped on the floor. Hurriedly she reached forward to grab it. Her head knocked his as he bent at the same moment. He turned to her.

"You ever been out with a man before?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I doubt it."

"Why?"

"You act like you think I was going to make a pass."

"Oh."

"You afraid of a pass?"

"No. Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"You're shaking all over. I can feel it." He put his arm firmly around her shoulders. "Stop shaking. You're O.K. with me."

"I know." Her body relaxed; she leaned against him. They drove in silence for a long time.

"Maybe you should see it," he said quietly. "Where I live. Want to?"

"Yes, I do."

"O.K. I'll show you."

He spoke to the driver. The cab swung past the lights and sounds of the street. The neighborhood changed; the houses were old and shabby, crowded in among dry cleaners and liquor stores.

"O.K., bud," he said suddenly. "Pull over. This is it." He paid the man and then helped her out of the cab. "Up there. Two flights."

She followed him. When they made the landing, he paused, putting his arm across the narrow hall, stopping her. "Bess is a pig around the house, so it'll be dirty."

"That's all right."

"She reads a lot. She's got four kids and she likes to read. She figures it's better to read than to clean up the joint, so that's how come."

"I understand."

"There's nothing fancy in there." He laughed mirthlessly. "They're good people. They love their kids; they love each other. They even maybe love me. That's the story."

"Are you going to let me meet them?"

He nodded and walked ahead of her.

The door he opened revealed a room in chaos. It was small and littered, and smelled of stale cooking. There were toys scattered everywhere and papers and books, and there was a little girl asleep on the couch wearing torn blue pajamas. A woman in a faded wash dress, her eyes obscured by heavy glasses, sat beside her in a chair. There was a cigarette in her mouth and she was squinting against the smoke. She was young, without any of the freshness of the young.

"Hi," she said loudly. "Come on in."

Maggie started to tiptoe.

"You can raise the roof; Janie wouldn't hear you."

Joe nodded. "We came home for a beer," he said. "This is Maggie Markham. Where's Steve?"

"Bowling. I'm sorry, Joey, there's no beer. There's some tomato juice, maybe."

"Forget the beer. . . . Sit down, Maggie."

Maggie sat down on the nearest chair. A loose spring twanged loudly.

"We gotta get that chair fixed," said Bess mildly. Then she smiled at Maggie. "Joey's crazy, dragging you over here," she said. "The place is running over with kids. I got three more in the back."

"Yes, he told me. You have a wonderful family."

Bess beamed. "They're dolls," she said. "No trouble at all. Honestly. Even the baby. Dresses herself; asks to go potty. Dolls."

"That's wonderful."

"You got brothers and sisters?"

"She's a loner," said Joe. "That's how she picked me up—prowling around the Twenty-fourth Street job."

"Oh. Like me. I was an only kid." She smiled at them benignly. "You're the first girl Joey's had up here since he got out of the Army. . . . Maybe I shouldn't say that, huh, Joey?"

Joe grinned. He was watching Maggie absorb his environment.

"Joey works like a dog. I'd like to see him with a place of his own. Married."

"Shut up, Bess," he said calmly; "you're scaring her."

"It's the truth. Steve thinks so too. We've talked."

"Yeah, I'll bet." He turned toward Maggie. "These are very nosy people."

"Why should they be polite about you?" said Maggie. "They really care what happens to you."

"That's the God's honest truth," said Bess.

Joe stood up. "I think I'll get you out of here before she has me proposing."

"I could make you some coffee," said Bess, picking up her book again, "but there's only a little bit left. Maybe you like it weak?"

"No, I'll buy her some. 'Night, Bess."

"'Night. . . . Pleased to have met you. Come back."

"I will," said Maggie.

He glanced at her quizzically. "Maybe," he said, and herded her out of the room.

She waited for him in the dark little hall. He moved slowly, as if he were tired.

"Now you got my whole life story. So—now what?"

They stood close together. When he bent to kiss her, it was lazily, without conviction. The first time. Then he had her tight in his arms, close to him, his mouth hard and seeking on hers.

"Let's do this," he whispered; "let's do a lot of this."

"No." She pushed him away gently. "I don't think so."

"You like it," he said. "I can tell you like it fine."

"Yes, I do," she said quietly.

"Stop worrying, then," he said; "it's not against the law." He sounded gay; his hands reached for her.

"Joe," she said softly, "we don't even know each other."

"This'll help."

"No. It just mixes me up."

"You're nice when you're all mixed up," he said, cupping her face.

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When Francis came home from the movies, five narcotics agents with drawn pistols arrested him. Asked if he would permit them to search his home, he nervously agreed, although he knew he had a constitutional right to refuse. The agents found incriminating evidence and presented it at the trial. Counsel for Francis objected.

"This evidence is the result of an illegal search and seizure made against Francis' will," defense counsel asserted. "He was overawed at the time."

"On the contrary, it was obtained with Francis' expressed consent and permission," the prosecutor countered. "He knew exactly what he was doing."

If you were the judge, would you rule out the evidence?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The evidence was thrown out. The court said that while Francis could waive his constitutional protection against the agents' search under normal circumstances, he was so intimidated by their display of firearms that "his acquiescence was rather in the nature of resignation than consent."

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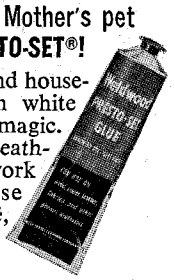

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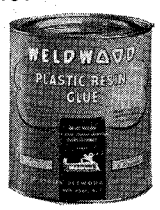

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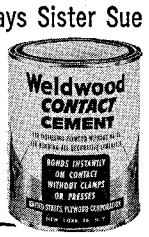

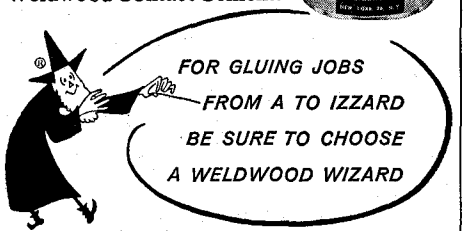

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"You're nice, too," she responded gravely. It was confiding and trustful.

"O.K., friend," he said, "we'll go find a cab." Then he ruffled her hair and took her by the hand to lead her carefully through the dark. . . .

Edie heard Maggie come in and knew it was late. She resisted the impulse to call to her, to receive her confidences.

The night was long, but not long enough for Edie. Night was the time sacred to her own problems, the scrutiny of her fears. It was then she told herself the truth. Paul Gilbert's replacement, Betsy Harris, was pushing her to the wall at the store. Betsy had worked over the staff like a diplomat. Edie had seen her in action; had watched her asking for help in the appealing, vulnerable way of a child. Even Billy Ecland had bitten. He fathered her the way he had once fathered Edie. And Nanny Gray, bewildered and neurotic, had found a new outlet for her life's story. She had gone to lunch with Betsy. She had drunk too many Martinis; she had cried and been comforted; she had been won over. The weak and the strong were in Betsy's camp now, and Edie knew why.

"The velvet's off me," she told herself, tossing restlessly on her bed. "I'm down to pinching and biting and scratching to stay at the top. I'm too tired to be kind, too anxious to be merciful, and they all know it. I think I'm through," she whispered to herself, and sat up in sudden sweating fear. She turned the light on, threw on a robe and went to stare out the window. She could see the lights of Markham's monument from her room.

"No," she said aloud; "I won't let her have it."

Coldly, she examined the alternative. Become a woman—the kind Paul Gilbert had been wanting her to be for years. The thought of it was like medicine, nasty and bitter. For the first time in years she let herself think about her marriage. She had almost forgotten what he looked like, Maggie's father. Maybe that boy Maggie had brought home had made him come alive again in her memory. It seemed now that their life together had been nothing but potent physical moments, framed in the heat and fever of a New York summer. Love in a room with a view of the delicatessen. Love and then the end of love, with Edie coming home from the hospital with Maggie to a room left quite empty, except for a silk tie of his and a worn leather jacket. Not a dime to feed her stomach; not a line to feed her soul.

"Paul Gilbert's a prince beside him," she said defiantly. Her heart remained cold and silent.

"I've got to go away with him or I'll lose my job. It's as simple as that." Her heart sickened. "I'm forty," she told herself; "I've got to hang onto what I've built for myself."

Joseph Anthony Petrelli did things he had never done before. As the weeks went by, he made room in his life for something besides the wrecking crew, the beer on Saturday nights and cold-eyed blondes. He found he could wait for Maggie the way a kid waits for Christmas, with trembling anticipation. He found he could be lonely and could have that loneliness satisfied by the sight of her. Not that he could figure it out. He and Maggie were a crazy pair. Half the time he didn't understand her; the other half he was trying to be understood.

"You must 'a' been born under glass or something," he told her crossly. "You don't know anything."

"Why? Why don't I know anything?"

"You don't, that's all. For instance. You call me up all the time. Sunday mornings. Every Sunday morning. Bess and Steve got it into their heads you're crazy about me. They keep asking when are we going to get married." He looked at her anxiously. "A thing like that can be very embarrassing."

"But I want to talk to you. Why is that wrong?"

"Like I said. You were born under glass."

They were walking in the park. She put her hand into his. "If I didn't call you on Sunday morning, you wouldn't be walking with me on Sunday afternoon."

"That's a chance you got to take." He paused. "Your mother know you call me all the time?"

"I haven't seen much of her lately."

... ...

Like Proud Women

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

Some city parks, I think, are
too austere,
Imprisoned in their own
geometry;
A fountain and a stationary
deer,
An oval shrub beside each
formal tree;
One blue-eyed lake, as
unperturbed as glass,
Six rigid benches on its
shoreless shore,
Where treads, like squeamish
girls, a ring of grass;
And then a walk and then
the grass some more.
There is no invitation,
into shade,
Where one, remembering,
goes to forget,
Nowhere to lose the city in a
glade,
Or wait a shower through
and not get wet.
So rigorous, so simple, so
apart;
So pleasing to the eye, but
not the heart.

... ...

"She wouldn't like it."

"Maybe not."

"So how come you do it?"

She moved around so that she stood in front of him. Then she put out her hands toward him, not quite touching him, but offering him something delicate and tangible. "So you'll know that I am crazy about you," she said.

The park was crowded. All he could do was to nod once or twice as though he'd discovered an enormous truth.

"Aren't you going to say something?" she asked tremulously. "Anything?"

"Maggie," he said; "Maggie."

"Yes?"

"I'm not much."

"You are. You're everything."

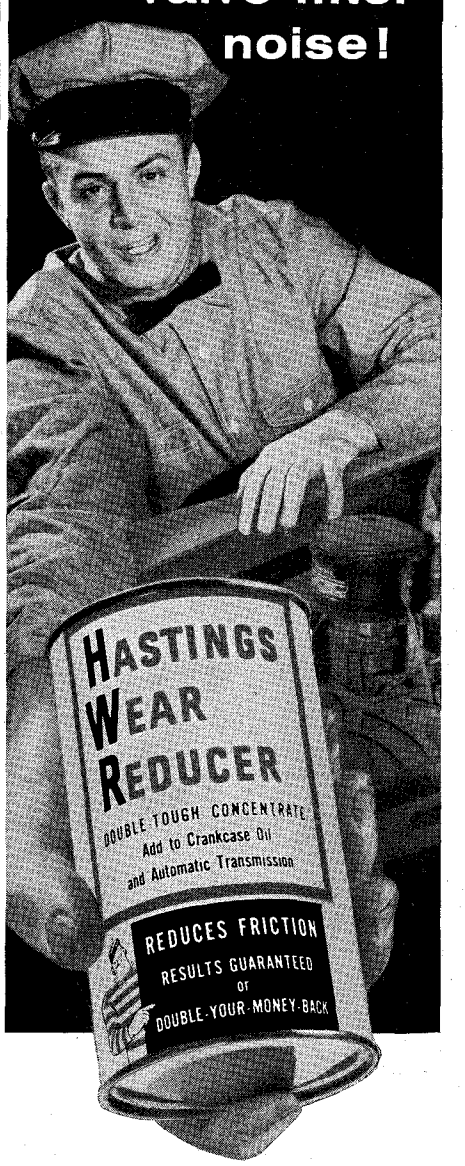
He shook his head. "I'm nothing," he repeated intensely. "You ought to get wise to that. I am no prize package. You listening?"

"Yes."

"Listen good. I've got one hundred and seventy-six bucks in the bank. That's the works. I didn't finish high school. You're a baby. This doesn't make good sense."

"Yes, it does," she said firmly. "I'll be good for you." She sounded pleased and complacent, as if it were all decided.

Stops hydraulic valve lifter noise!



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"I don't even have a place of my own. You want to live in a cab?"

"Is that all you can say to me when I've just told you I love you?"

"Yeah. Use your head."

"Are you saying no to me, then?" she asked calmly.

"No, I'm not saying no. I'm giving you some facts."

"Then you do love me," she said pertly.

"All right," he said, "I love you. I can't help myself. Believe me, I know it's crazy. That much I know. It's really one for the books."

"Can we do something about it?" she asked him. "Can we get married?"

"What else were you thinking of?" he demanded angrily.

"Well ——"

"Listen," he said harshly. "I've been running around with you for weeks. I've been careful of you. I'm no ape, you know. We'll get married all right and if we have to live in a cab we'll live in a cab—but married! Understand!" He was shouting.

"Sh-h-h. Yes, I understand. I love you."

He led her off the path and under the trees. He folded her into his arms. "I just want to stand here," he murmured to her, "and think about it. The whole crazy bit—you and me." And then he threw back his head and laughed like a boy.

On the way to her office Edie saw it—the door next to hers being chastely lettered in gold: BETSY HARRIS, ASSISTANT TO PAUL GILBERT. She hesitated only a fraction of a second before she went in.

"Hello, Miss Markham," said the secretary, a shade too smugly; "Miss Harris is on the phone right now. If you'd care to wait ——"

"I never wait," said Edie, brushing by her, "and hold the calls till I come out."

"Hello, Miss Markham," said Betsy, putting her hand over the phone. "Sit down. I'll just be a second."

Edie remained standing. Betsy's eyebrows arched, and then, as if she'd changed her mind, she hurriedly terminated the call. "What can I do for you?" she asked smoothly.

"It's not what you can do *for* me," said Edie with a faint smile; "it's what you can do *to* me." She sat on the edge of the desk and reached for a cigarette.

"Oh." Betsy got up nervously.

"I've been watching you," said Edie. "You're good, Miss Harris; you're very good indeed. Five months in the store and I can feel your hot breath right down my neck."

Betsy's pretty blue eyes narrowed. "When Paul—Mr. Gilbert brought me in here, he expected me to do a job of work."

"Hogwash," said Edie calmly. "Your 'job of work' was to bring me to heel. And that you have done. I would say I'm just about within nipping distance."

"I don't know what you're talking about." Betsy's face flushed unbecomingly. "You've had the field all to yourself for a very long time."

"So I have," said Edie, drawing on her cigarette. "I also cleared the field, dug in it, planted it, weeded it, prayed over it. The question is: Who gets the harvest?"

"Isn't this a rather childish discussion?" asked Betsy. "If you think I'm crowding you, do something about it."

"That's good advice."

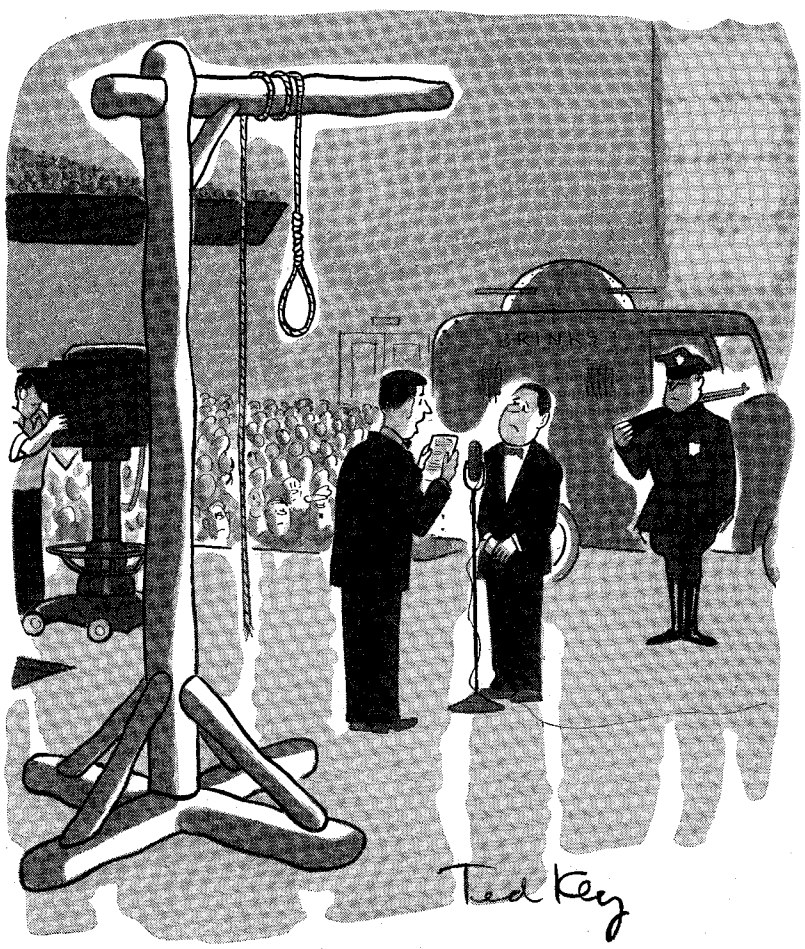
Suddenly Betsy whirled on her in a fury. "He's not that fond of you!" she said spitefully.

"Probably not, but he thinks he is, and that should be good enough."

"You're an obsession with Paul because you've played Snow White all these years. Afterward ——"

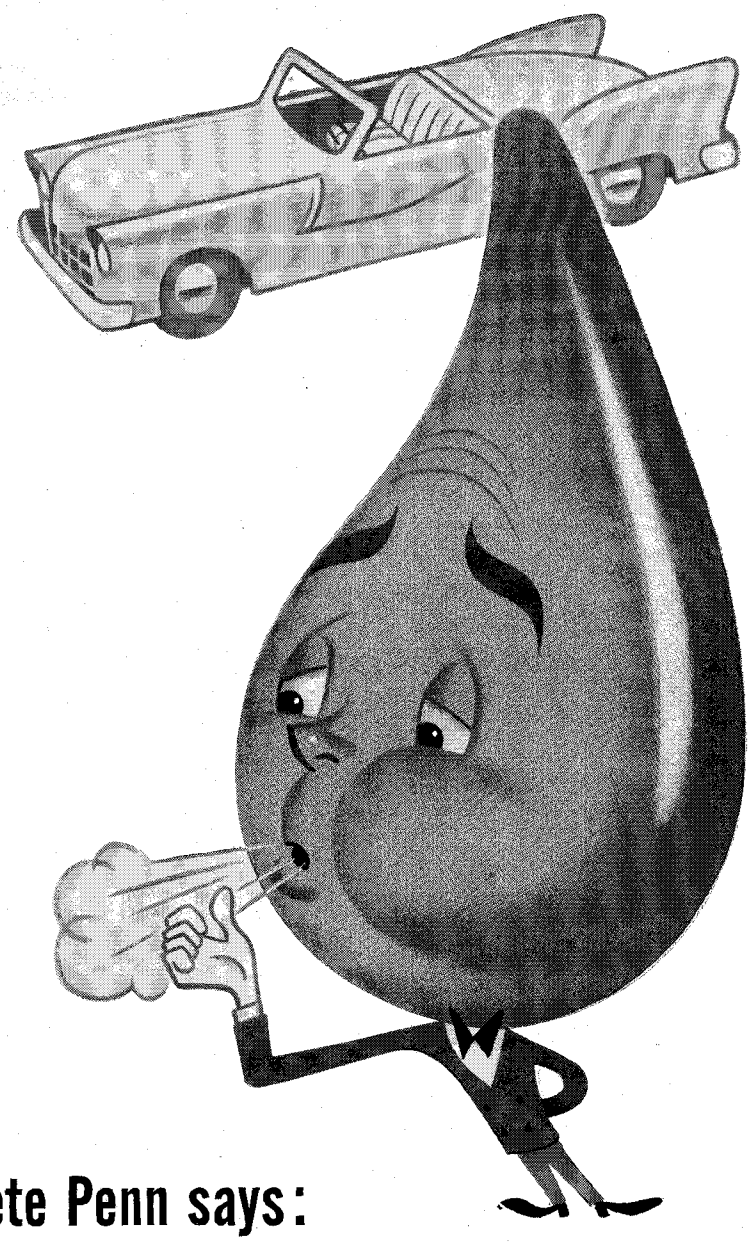
Edie got up and moved toward the door. "Let afterward take care of itself. And here's a tip from a veteran. Be sure they're dead before you bury them." . . .

When she got home from the store that night, the apartment was dark. There was



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"However, should you miss the question. . . ."



Pete Penn says:

"Pardon me, but...

"You're looking at the kid Mother Nature endowed with everything the other motor oils *wish* they had."

Nature's *best* crude comes from the oil fields of the Pennsylvania Grade region. That's why today's *best* motor oils are brands of Pennsylvania. They give your engine greatest protection against wear caused by the high speeds in today's close-fitted engine parts.

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some cold supper for her, laid out in the kitchen, and a note: "Out for the evening. Don't sit up late. Eat everything I put out for you. Love, Maggie."

She sat at the kitchen table and drank coffee and tried to bring her thoughts into some kind of order. She should be concerned about Maggie. All these past weeks she had been in and out of the house, like some kind of a wraith, avoiding meetings, eluding questions. She'd probably been with that Petrelli kid. She ought to confront her. She ought to think about calling Paul, arranging a meeting. Quite suddenly she began to cry. She cried hard, wrenchingly, trying to come to the end of endless tears. She needed something—someone. Blindly she ran into the living room, groping for the phone in the dark. It was a long time till Sam answered.

"It's me; Edie," she said, swallowing the trace of tears in her voice. "Are you terribly busy? Could you come see me?"

"Now?"

"Yes."

"Sure," he said promptly, "I'll take you out for dinner. O.K.?"

"Yes, thank you. Where can I meet you?"

"Brinley's—joint on Third. I'll be the man with the wide smile." He waited for a laugh. There was none. "Edie, you all right?"

"Yes. Only wait for me." She'd talk to Sam. Sam knew how to live. He had the right reasons for doing everything he did.

She got dressed, selecting something feminine with roses, just to show Sam that part of her was still woman, still fragile. They'd have dinner and then go for a long walk, and some of the closeness they had shared long ago would come upon them. Sam's soothing humor had healed her then. It would heal her now.

She began to hurry, anticipating the meeting with a surge of almost childish joy. Sam was a good thing in her life, like Maggie and happy memories from her girlhood. Fourth of July and summer picnics and the feeling she had at eighteen that she would live forever. Where had they all gone—the delicate summer memories? She wondered suddenly if Maggie was having anything out of her youth. She ought to savor it; make it count. How could she—spending her time with that Petrelli kid? Edie had married his kind, and that's when all good memories had stopped. Well, she could handle Mr. Petrelli. Buy him off with a few bucks and send him prowling through other alleys. And soon. Yes, she would do that soon.

She paused at her dressing table for a touch of verbena. She was almost to the door when the phone bell sounded. She was tempted to ignore it. Still, it might be Maggie. Reluctantly she returned to her bedroom. It was Paul Gilbert. He wondered if she could possibly be at home to him. He would like to drop by for a chat.

"I think you ought to see me," he said quietly. "You see, Betsy Harris has just left here in something of a state. Impressionable child. She thinks you're planning to try some winning wiles with me. Are you?"

She had no time to think. "Possibly," she said, trying for a note of lightness.

"Splendid," he said. "I'll be along shortly."

She hung up, feeling a kind of breathlessness come over her. Well, she thought bitterly, it was part of the pattern; the career-at-all-costs pattern, cut out years ago by humiliation and rejection.

She made herself a stiff drink; she made herself drink it and then called the restaurant on Third Avenue and told them if a tall man in a shabby tweed jacket, named Sam Standish, should ask for her, to tell him she was unable to make it and would call him later.

"I'll be very good to you," Paul said; "you'll never be sorry. I really am in love with you."

"Yes," she said.

"I'd divorce Virginia, but she'd go to pieces."

"It's all right. I understand." She faced him candidly. "Just one thing, Paul," she said; "let's not lie to each other and let's not examine motives."

He shrugged a little. "I'm more than a lecher," he said, "and less than a gentleman. I'll give you what you want, on my terms. I'll do away with Betsy Harris and all possible future Betsy Harrises. And you—what shall I ask of you, Edie? What are you able to give me?"

"Your money's worth," she said coldly.

He threw back his head and laughed. "Can you possibly hate sentiment as much as that?" he asked her, still smiling.

"As much as that."

"We might have been really good friends, if you weren't so attractive," he said.

"I doubt it," she told him wryly.

"Yes, we would have. I respect you. I respect you and I understand you. In some ways, my dear," he said, "that is better than love."

"I wouldn't try selling that idea if I were you," she answered. "No one but a fool would buy it."

"You're very hard on yourself."

"I'm no fool," she said. "I'm getting what I wanted from you, and the price is right."

"Thank you," he said, with a trace of bitterness. He rose and moved toward the window. "I'd like us to go away together for a little while. Could you arrange that?"

"Right away?" she asked tensely.

"I think so." He looked at her with a faint smile. "There's an air of barter in here—the smell of the market place. I'd like to put it behind us. Pretend. Like children do."

She looked at him in surprise. "How do you know what children do?" she asked.

People are Like That

It is well known that many accidents occur in the home. As wives are at home more than husbands, do you suppose they suffer more fatalities in domestic accidents?

In the 25-to-44 age bracket, twice as many men as women are killed in home accidents, a large insurance company reports. The rate was 5.3 per 100,000 for men, 2.5 for women. Mechanical gadgets and "do-it-yourself" were, moreover, responsible for only a small proportion of the men's fatalities.

Arthur Larsen

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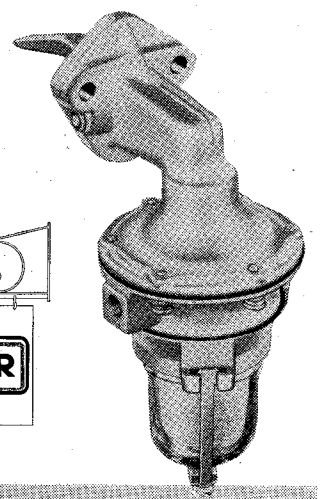

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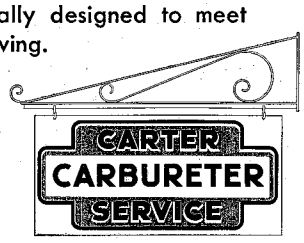

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"Got a dope sheet, eh? Well, that figures."

"I was the only child of very unpleasantly married people. I became quite good at pretense. Of all kinds. I think it might come in handy from now on. Don't you?"

She felt a twinge of pity for him. She fought it down. "I have to be hard, Paul. Hard as nails."

"Not necessarily," he said quietly. "But I scarcely think I'll be the one to teach you that. Shall we leave town day after tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'll book us passage—someplace south, I think. Nassau. A thawing climate." He held out his hand to her. She took it. "Play fair, Edie," he said. "I can be tough on deserters."

Edie stood in the middle of the room shivering. Hell, she thought wryly, could be a trip to Nassau, and perdition the empty promise of love.

"You kids mean it?" asked Bess, squinting against the smoke from her cigarette. "You gonna get married?"

"That's what they said," Steve boomed; "that's what the boy said!" He pounded Joe on the back. "I'm gonna get pie-eyed drunk in honor of the announcement, starting right now." He went to the cupboard and came back with a dusty bottle of bourbon. He glanced worriedly at Bess. "My kid brother's getting married, honey," he said.

"Is that any reason to tie one on? This is a very serious, solemn moment." She sighed a little.

Maggie looked at her; she saw the tired eyes, the matronly sag to the figure.

"A serious, solemn thing," she said again, and sat down.

"Sure, honey," said Steve, "but later, huh? With ice or without?"

"Maggie doesn't drink," said Joe, "and I'm not in the mood."

Steve looked disappointed. Then he patted the bottle fondly and put it back in place. "Come to think of it," he said, "when Bess said she'd take me on, I didn't get drunk. As a matter of fact, I think I bawled or something."

"He did," said Bess; "he cried like a baby. It scared me to death."

"Remember that night?" asked Steve. "We went home and told your folks, and your maw climbed up on a kitchen chair and got down a jar with fifty-two bucks in it and gave it to us. Your old man kissed me. First time in my life I ever got kissed by a man. They were sure happy."

"We're happy, too," said Maggie.

"Only I ain't got no dowry," said Joe.

"Maybe not money, Joe baby," said Bess, beaming. "but I got something put away for you. One dozen and a half Irish-linen sheets. From the old country. With hand-crocheted lace. They're for you, Joey, and many happy returns." She came over and kissed him loudly on the cheek. "Want to see them, Maggie? They're in the back."

"I'd love to."

"Come on." She held out her hand and Maggie took it.

They went down the narrow hall to a little unpainted chest. Bess opened the lid. The sheets were piled in one corner of the chest.

"There," breathed Bess reverently; "feel them." Her hands traveled lovingly over them. "My mother never used them unless I was sick or pop was down with neuralgia or if my aunt came up from Boston."

"Oh, Bess," said Maggie, kneeling down beside her, "I'm glad you're Joe's family. Really glad. You'll tell me if I do anything wrong or bad or anything, won't you?"

"What can you do bad if you love him?"

"Nothing—I guess."

"Then what's to worry about?"

"I—I don't know how my mother's going to take this."

"Why? What's the matter with Joey? He's the best there is. Listen, he never got into any kind of bad trouble. He's wonderful to my babies. He's clean."

"I know. I know all that."

"You're afraid that she'll bust it up, maybe?"

"She wouldn't. Not if she knew I wanted it."

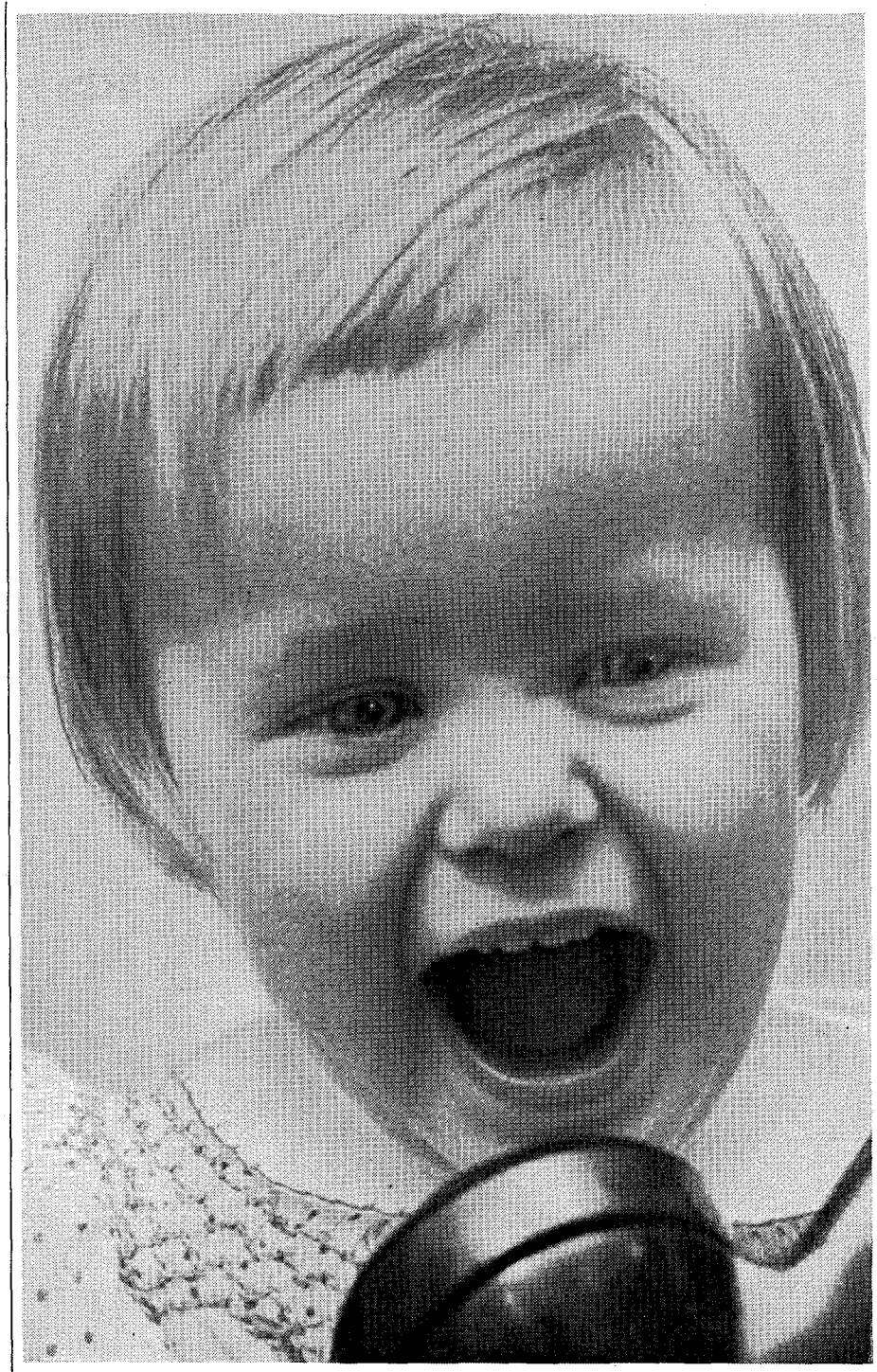
"You're scared she'll be sore? Sore at him?"

"Yes."

"He's no baby. He can take care of himself. Joey doesn't get pushed. Lean on him; you'll see." She put an arm around Maggie. "For the big things in life, she said, "you fight. For Joey, you fight. Even your mother. O.K.?"

Maggie nodded. "I'll try."

TO BE CONCLUDED



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Boys are Afraid of Girls

(Continued from Page 26)

"You should talk," said Emily. "She tells me I'm getting old-fashioned yet."

One thing Walter Fenton could not imagine was Emily's getting old-fashioned. "Emily, what's wrong with her?" he said in alarm.

Emily looked at him steadily. "Don't you know?"

"No, Emily, I don't."

Emily sniffed.

"It couldn't be boy trouble, Emily! If there is any scheme under the sun that child hasn't used to lure boys into captivity, I haven't heard of it."

Emily placed her hands akimbo. "Walter Fenton," she said, "don't you know that there comes a time in every girl's life when there's a difference between chasing a boy and having a boy chase her?"

"What has that got to do with ice cream, magazines, radio and television?"

"Right now your daughter is scared to death."

Walter Fenton shook his head blankly. "I absolutely can't see why, Emily."

"Because Nan is waiting and nobody is chasing, that's why."

They were having supper and Walter Fenton had only a vague idea of what he was eating. He was thinking of his own painful and accidental boyhood, when, to him, girls had been mysterious and unattainable creatures. Good girls, that is. Good girls like Emily. And he would never fully understand the miracle that had happened to him when Emily had first smiled upon him. Nor would he ever forget the wonder of her first kiss. Even today he choked at the memory of it.

Suddenly he heard a wistful gee-I-wish-parents-weren't-such-a-burden sigh. He looked up quickly.

"I wish you wouldn't burp the way you do, father."

"Emily!" Walter Fenton glared.

"Good thought," said Emily.

Then Walter Fenton noticed that he was eating corned beef and cabbage for supper. "Cabbage is sneaky," he said.

"You must be eating an awful lot of sneaky things lately, father."

Walter Fenton pushed his plate back and borrowed some dignity. "Is there anything else that's troubling you about my make-up?"

Nancy sighed. "I wish you wouldn't tell such big fibs about the fish you catch, father."

Fishing was a tender subject with Walter Fenton. "I do not lie about the fish I catch!" he retorted.

"You have an awful loud imagination, father."

Walter Fenton fumed in baffled silence. Then he said stiffly, "Your mother is perfect, I presume?"

Nancy glanced uneasily at her mother. She hesitated. "She's getting pretty dowdy."

Emily stifled a gasp.

"Are you going to stand for that, Emily?" Walter Fenton shouted.

"I'm going to eat my supper," said Emily.

With the knowledge that there was time later for an explosion, Walter Fenton controlled himself.

"Emily!" he exploded later in their bedroom. "You can't tell me that burping on account of cabbage has anything to do with boys chasing girls!"

"No?" Emily turned away from brushing her hair with a glint in her eye. "Maybe it's time you learned something about girls."

"I don't need any courses in birds and bees, Emily! Not after seventeen years, I don't!"

"There might be a difference of opinion about that."

"Cabbage has nothing whatever to do with the birds and the bees, Emily!"

"It has a lot to do with waiting for the Boy from the Blue though."

"I don't understand you, Emily."

"Waiting for Lochinvar to come out of the west, then."

"Since when has Lochinvar been coming out of the west in this day and age?" Walter Fenton snorted.

Emily smiled thinly. "For your information, Lochinvar has been coming out of the west ever since girls were born. And, so far as I know, the situation hasn't changed a bit."

"Emily," Walter Fenton croaked, "does Nancy believe that kind of junk?"

"That kind of junk, as you put it, is proof absolute to a girl that she is both wanted and desirable. And for girls, the times that Lochinvar doesn't come out of the west are a form of torture beside which the rack, thumbscrews, lead in the veins and burning at the stake are mere trivialities.

"Walter Fenton, when Lochinvar doesn't come out of the west, a girl wants to know why. Does she have pimples? No, she doesn't have pimples. Isn't she pretty? Yes, she's pretty. Are her legs crooked? No, her legs aren't crooked. What you don't understand, Walter Fenton, is that a girl has to find some reason why the Boy hasn't come out of the Blue. Right now I'm dowdy and you burp when you eat cabbage. What the reason will be tomorrow I haven't the slightest idea. But I can tell you this: until the Boy does come out of the Blue, you and I will be brought up all over again. Somebody has to take the blame, and it's right that they should."

Walter Fenton had never heard Emily talk so much before. Emily was ordinarily given to crisp sentences and rejoinders. He shook his head in bewilderment. "Emily, were you like this when you were a girl?"

"None of your business," said Emily. "Go see what your daughter is doing in her bedroom right now."

"She'll be reading a magazine, eating a gallon of ice cream and listening to her radio, and on challenge she'll be able to tell me the details of all three!"

"Go see."

And Walter Fenton did. He crept stealthily to Nancy's door and opened it a bare crack.

Nancy was parading in front of her mirror in a new frock. Her hair was no longer done up in the familiar pony hair-do. It was tightly done up and seemed to peak at the top. She was twisting and turning. Smiling and frowning. Suddenly her lips trembled and she snatched for another frock from a pile on her bed.

Even in his masculine denseness, Walter Fenton knew that Nancy was trying to convince herself that the Boy from the Blue would come someday. He closed the door softly and crept back to his room.

"Emily, there must be some solution to this!"

"If there is," said Emily tightly, "there are several hundred million mothers in the world who would like to know about it."

Walter Fenton slept fitfully that night. He was plagued by a hideous contradiction. All during his own boyhood, girls had been princesses, and just as remote. He could still remember his wild, improbable dreams of rescuing girls from terrible distress, dreams of unheard-of prowess in any number of desperate circumstances. Through the years he had come to realize that those dreams had been born of his own fearful belief that he would never be noticed by a girl. But now his own daughter in her girlhood was plagued by the very same fears that had made his own boyhood a nightmare.

As usual when he was troubled, Walter Fenton quickly busied himself in the morning. He shaved, he dressed, he shined his shoes, he tried another tie. But his thoughts were racing.

And Emily was taking more pains than usual, but he didn't notice at first. "Emily, I think we could help her," he said.

"Next year we ought to consider air-conditioning the whole house."

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"Don't be silly," said Emily. "We don't even have a boy to start on."

Walter Fenton heaved a sigh. "Well, at least it isn't a tragedy, Emily. After all, she's only fifteen."

"Did you ever hear of Romeo and Juliet?" said Emily.

"Everybody's heard of Romeo and Juliet!"

"Juliet was fourteen," said Emily.

Walter Fenton vaguely resented the fact that somehow Shakespeare had understood tragedy could happen so early in life. Then he noticed Emily.

"What are you getting all dressed up for, Emily?" he said blankly.

"I'm dowdy," said Emily.

"But you're going to get breakfast, I hope!"

"Breakfast is no time to look dowdy," said Emily.

Walter Fenton watched in mild astonishment as Emily applied make-up. The years seemed to slip away from her. In spite of himself, he planted a kiss on the nape of Emily's neck.

"I love you, Emily," he murmured.

"Habit," said Emily.

"Emily, my love for you is not habit!"

"It is too."

"Do you love me, Emily?"

"No," said Emily.

"Emily!"

"Let's go and make breakfast," said Emily.

And Walter Fenton trotted down the stairs after her, very much as he had during their honeymoon.

Nancy was late for breakfast and she was suspiciously red-eyed. Apparently she had not slept well either. But when she saw her mother, her eyes rounded in horror. "Mother!" she cried in betrayal.

Walter Fenton glanced, bewildered, from his daughter to Emily. As far as he could see, Emily looked every bit as desirable as she had the day he married her.

But there was a worried look in Emily's eyes. "Did I forget something, Nan?"

"Mother!" Nancy wailed. "I don't want you to look like my sister-r-r-r!"

Fortunately, the telephone rang, but Walter Fenton was too stunned to answer it. With a reproachful glance at her mother, Nancy answered.

"Hello.... Oh, hi, Dibs.... No, I never met your brother.... You want me to what? Wha-a-at did you say?" Nancy glanced sharply at her mother. "Oh, I s'pose I'd have to ask my mother. Wait a minute."

Nancy cupped her hand over the mouthpiece. "Mother," she said lifelessly, "Dibbie Williams' brother's date, Posy White, stood him up on account of Posy's got the chicken pox, and he doesn't have anybody to go to the Auditorium dance with tonight, and his dance card is all filled up, and Dibbie wants to know if ——"

Emily's smile was strangely sad. "Do you want to go, Nan?"

"He would be kind of secondhand, mother."

"A boy is a boy," said Walter Fenton.

"That used to be my line!" Emily snapped. Then she said, "Do you really want to go, Nan?"

Nancy hesitated and her chin trembled. "It's awfully secondhand, mother."

"You go!" Walter Fenton ordered.

Walter Fenton went to work that morning with a spring in his step. Now that Nancy had a boy again, he was certain his domestic life would return to normal. He could not have been more mistaken.

That night he found Nancy and Emily knee deep in dresses. Nancy was close to tears.

"But I don't want to wear that dress, mother!" (*Continued on Page 116*)

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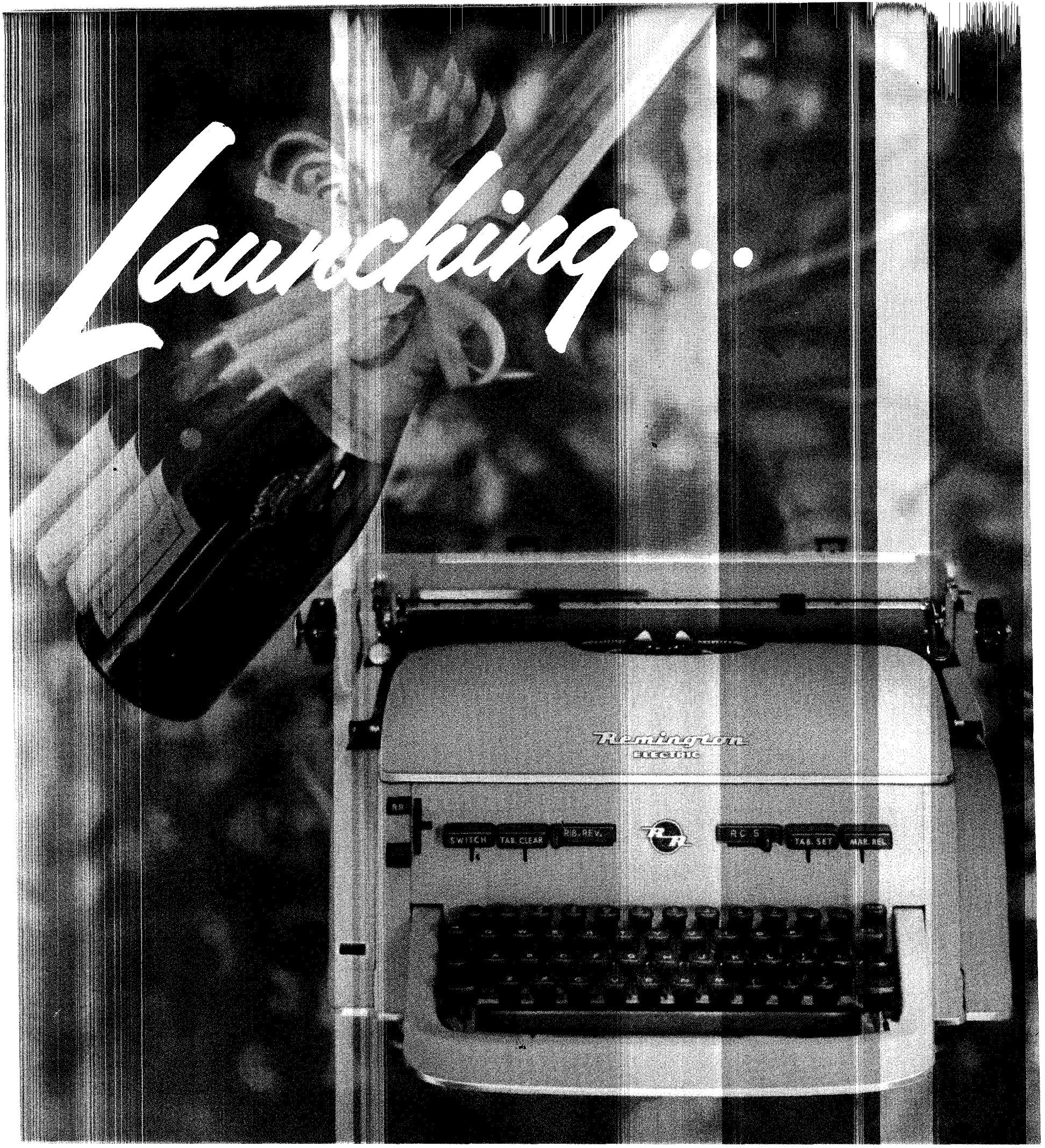

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(*Continued from Page 114*) "Nancy, behave yourself!" Walter Fenton ordered.

Suddenly and furiously, Emily was upon him, hauling him out of hearing. "Walter Fenton," she stormed, "if you let one more peep out of you, I'm moving into the guest room!"

Walter Fenton stared in masculine bewilderment. "But she's going to a dance, isn't she?"

"At this moment she'd rather die."

"But ——"

"Walter Fenton, can you ever get it into your head that a boy who has been stood up by chicken pox is not precisely a Lochinvar riding out of the west?"

"But he's a boy, Emily."

"Who will undoubtedly be hideously glad when this dance is over and he has dumped Nan on the front doorstep!"

"He asked her, Emily."

"His sister asked her, and that boy is probably beating his sister's brains out right now."

Walter Fenton flushed loyally. "Then that boy is an idiot!"

"And so are you!" said Emily, tripping back to Nancy.

So it was another dreary supper for Walter Fenton. Somehow he knew that he would never understand women. Not even Emily.

Just then Nancy pounded her little fist on the table. "Mother, I don't want to go!"

"I don't blame you," said Emily with pressed lips.

After supper, Walter Fenton tried to seek solace from a mystery story. Next to Emily and his beloved tulips, a mystery story was Walter Fenton's most cherished delight. But the adventures of a mayhem-minded old maid were neither mystifying nor entertaining. He was interrupted by Emily's angry steps tripping down the stairs.

"If you want to see what a mess you've made of things, go upstairs," Emily gritted.

Emily's tone was not one to be trifled with, and Walter Fenton neither protested nor commented. He trudged heavily up the stairs and into Nancy's room.

Walter Fenton knew very little about fabrics, especially girl fabrics. All he knew was that Nancy was a shimmering dream as she sat on the edge of her bed, and that the tears were streaming down her cheeks. A flood of sobless tears.

"Nan."

"Please go away, daddy."

Walter Fenton tried again, "Nan."

As the tears streamed, Nancy was staring straight ahead. "I wouldn't care, daddy, if I thought he'd ask me again. But he won't."

Walter Fenton had never felt so inadequate in his life. And suddenly he knew he was going to say something he had never believed he would say to a living soul. He knelt by the bed.

"Nan, did you ever hear about your mother and me?"

"I know you were very fortunate to get her, daddy."

"Did she ever tell you how it happened?"

"She said you chased her within an inch of her life."

"I was too scared to chase a girl, Nan."

For the first time, Nancy stopped staring. "Scared? You, daddy?"

"Boys get scared, too, Nan."

"Not the way girls do, daddy." Nancy's shoulders heaved. "No girl wants to go where she isn't wanted."

"Nan, when I was a boy I was so scared I used to watch your mother going down the sidewalk with other boys carrying her books and I didn't dare speak to her."

Nancy shook her head sadly. "That doesn't sound like you, daddy. You make so much noise all the time."

"You never had to just watch and dream, did you, Nan?"

"A girl has to do it all the time, daddy!"

"Not if she knows the boys are just as scared as she is."

"That's pretty hard to believe, daddy, when you spend your life waiting for a telephone to ring."

"Nan, I went to a dance once. At the same Auditorium you're going to."

"With mother?"

"I didn't even have a girl, Nan. And it was my graduation dance."

"You didn't have anybody?" Nancy was slightly incredulous.

"Nobody."

"Mother always says she met you at a dance and you chased the daylights out of her."

"That was the dance, Nan. And she went with somebody else. I was too scared to ask her."

"And you went alone?"

"It was my graduation, wasn't it?"

"Gee, daddy, it must have been awful to go to your own graduation dance alone!"

"It was wonderful, Nan. After a while, that is."

"Something wonderful must have happened, daddy."

"It did. Your mother was dancing by—I was a stag, you see—and your mother smiled at me."

"It must have been a pretty potent smile, daddy."

"It was."

"I don't think mother would like to hear you say that."

"That was what happened, Nan. I knew that smile, the minute I saw it, was just for me."

"You did?"

"A boy knows. Especially if he's scared."

"And then you chased the daylights out of her?"

"Well, we got married anyway."

Nancy breathed ecstatically. "Gee, daddy, you and mother must have had a wonderful love story!"

"We did, Nan," said Walter Fenton humbly.

Then Nancy's face fell. "But you weren't Henry Williams."

"Do you really want him to ask you again?"

"Oh, daddy," Nancy said scornfully, "any girl would want him to ask her again! He has curly hair and blue eyes and plays on the basketball team and ——"

"You give him a smile, Nan. Just for him."

"But, daddy, he didn't really ask me at all. He had his sister ask me on account of Posy White stood him up on account of she has chicken pox."

"Maybe he was too scared to ask you himself. You just give him a smile that's just for him."

"Do you think it would work, daddy?"

"I married your mother, didn't I?" said Walter Fenton.

Suddenly Nancy bounced from her bed. "Oh, mother-r-r-r!" she bawled. "I need you!"

Nancy had gone to the dance and Walter Fenton was sitting in his living room watching television with Emily.

"Walter, dear, what did you say to Nan?"

"None of your business." Walter Fenton grinned.

"Are you going to wait up and see how many times he kisses her?"

"Not me," said Walter Fenton. "I approve of the stuff."

"Since when have you stopped being the outraged father?"

Walter Fenton just grinned.

"Stop grinning like a drunken cat and tell me what happened between you and Nancy!"

"I ain't talking," said Walter Fenton.

"Well, I," said Emily, "am going to stay up and see what comes of all this."

So Walter Fenton stayed up too. And a little after midnight there were shuffling steps on the porch. Presently Nancy came bouncing breathlessly into the house.

"Oh, mother, I had the most wonderful time!"

"You did?" Walter Fenton beamed.

"And he's the most wonderful guy, mother!" Nancy bounced up and down.

"That's nice, dear," said Emily faintly.

"Did you kiss him?" Walter Fenton crowed.

"Oh, no, daddy," Nancy said gravely. "I wouldn't kiss a boy the first time for anything."

"Just a minute!" Walter Fenton cried in alarm. "There's something wrong here!"

Emily smiled at Nancy. "Maybe you'd better tell us what happened, Nan."

Nancy hugged herself. "Mother, I did just what father told me to and ——"

"What your father told you to!"

Nancy hugged herself again. "I smiled at Henry just the way father said, just for him—he's an awful jerk, mother—but he had his dance card filled up, so I had to dance with the other boys, and I kept practicing ——"

"Practicing!" Walter Fenton cried.

Nancy sighed wondrously. "And it got the most wonderful results! I guess boys really are afraid of girls, and I was dancing with this boy and ——"

"Which boy?" Walter Fenton cried, bewildered.

"Why, the boy with the freckles, father! He has freckles as big as pennies and he's awkward and he doesn't know what to do with his hands and his feet, but he's just wonderful, and he got ahead of all the other boys who wanted dates, and I think ——" Nancy ran out of breath.

"Emily, have you any idea what's going on here?" Walter Fenton shouted.

Emily grinned slyly. "I think Nan had a good time," she said.

"But, Emily, I sicked her onto this Henry Williams gink!"

"What you know about girls," said Emily, "would fill a very, very small book."

Nancy was pirouetting in ecstasy. "Oh, mother," she breathed, "it's wonderful to be chased!"

"I know," said Emily. "I know."

It was now long past midnight. Nancy was in bed. And Walter Fenton had slipped in comfortably beside Emily. For some reason, Emily had gone to bed with a trace of irritation, so Walter Fenton nuzzled against her shoulder. Emily always liked that.

"Do you think she's all right now, Emily?"

"A girl is always all right when a boy is chasing her," Emily said. "What did you say to her?"

"I just told her about you and me, Emily."

Emily sat straight up in the darkness. "What did you tell her about you and me?"

"I told her about the graduation dance when you smiled at me."

Emily snapped on the light. "Walter Fenton, I did no such thing!"

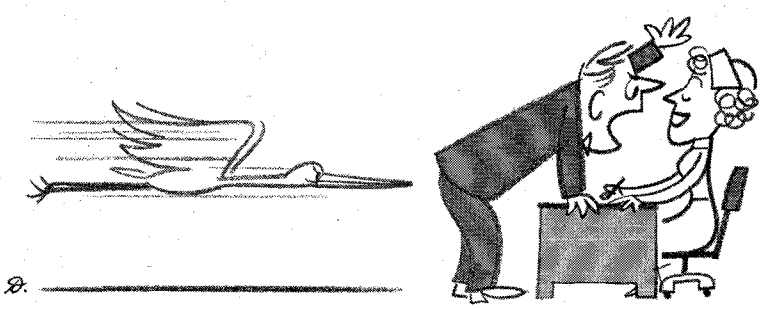
"You did, Emily."

"Walter Fenton," said Emily sharply, "I always was a sucker for an underdog, and you took advantage of me!"

Walter Fenton didn't even smile. He just reached over and snapped out the light. For now he knew something he had never known before. Something had caused him to chase a girl, and she had kept him chasing her for the rest of his married life. He liked it that way. And he didn't want to disturb the arrangement.

"I know, Emily," he said.

THE END



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The nurse calmly let him wait his turn. Using a regular questionnaire, she checked his medical history to determine whether he was eligible as a donor. Noting that she had left some spaces in the questionnaire blank, he said testily:

"You've taken so much of my time that you might as well ask me about those too."

"Well, sir," the nurse replied sweetly, "have you been pregnant within the past year?"

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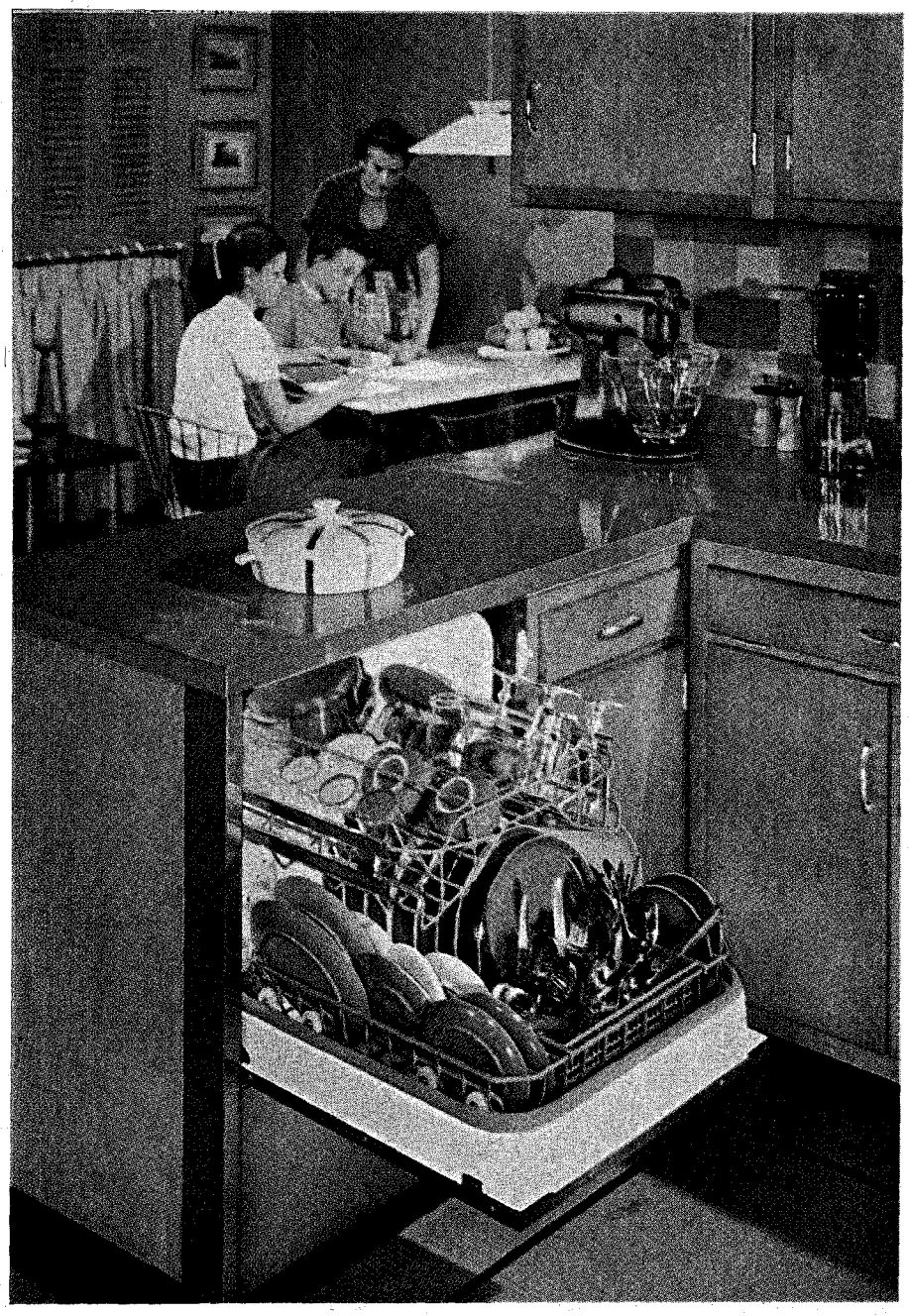

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Doctors Should Tell the Truth

(Continued from Page 23)

ignorance, she highlighted a situation which is endangering the lives of untold thousands of postoperative patients annually. As a general practitioner, each year I see scores of new patients who are wholly uninformed as to their past medical history. I would like to see this corrected. The time has come for doctors to stop treating their patients like backward children, morons or security risks.

Not only does this "ether curtain" of secrecy frequently make it difficult for the doctor to diagnose correctly the ailments of a new patient but it is damaging to good relationships between the doctor and his regular patients. Thanks to the wide dissemination of medical information by magazines, newspapers and other means of communication, today's patients no longer are uninformed about medicine or overawed by doctors. They want to know what's wrong with them and what's being done about it, and it makes them justifiably angry when their legitimate interest is brushed aside. It's their health and their money, and many doctors feel, as I do, that the patients have every right to the answers.

From the standpoint of the practice of better medicine, one remedy lies in a universal "medical-identification" card, listing exactly what has been done to every patient, why it was done, and what complications may exist. Then the doctor, seeing an emergency patient for the first time, will not be fumbling in the dark with the patient's life in the balance. The age-old query—"Doctor, what did you do?"—would be answered.

I know of a highly competent surgeon who lost a patient because of this very lack of information. The surgeon was blameless, but, if he had possessed accurate information on the patient's past medical history, the man's life might have been saved.

In this case, the patient, thirty-seven years old, also was a new arrival from a distant city. He was referred to the surgeon, after having gone to a general practitioner for diagnosis of a severe pain in the appendix region. Both the general practitioner and the surgeon immediately suspected appendicitis, but the patient informed them that this was impossible because his appendix had been removed several years ago by a surgeon in another city. Furthermore, he had a typical appendix scar.

All tests for other possible abdominal ailments were negative. There was no justification for opening the man's abdomen. So he was hospitalized for observation, and his condition grew worse. His white-corpuscle count went up, indicating infection, and he failed to respond to antibiotics.

After twenty-four hours, when the right abdominal wall became rigid, the surgeon decided that, previous operation or not, he was going to open up the man and take a look. He did. The "removed" appendix was there, all right—ruptured. The man died.

It remained a mystery to the two doctors as to why the patient had been so positive his appendix had been removed—and, of course, he had the scar. The only logical conjecture was that the previous surgeon had gone in and for some reason—possibly an infection from other sources or poor physical condition of the patient—had decided not to remove the appendix. If the patient had been told or if the facts had been written down on paper, my colleague would have operated immediately and the man's life might have been saved.

What I am proposing as a corrective measure is so elemental that it's hard to understand why the practice hasn't already been adopted. To put an end to this unfortunate business of doctors working in the dark with uninformed patients, I suggest two steps:

Every physician and surgeon immediately should start providing every patient with a written statement, setting down the details of surgery or of major medical treatment, with emphasis on complications likely to affect decisions and actions by doctors who may be called upon to treat these patients in the future.

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Meanwhile, a joint committee, representing the major medical societies, should be appointed to draft a proper medical-identification card and a universal medical code, consisting of letters and symbols which doctors everywhere would understand. By use of the code, all pertinent information could be noted on a folding card small enough to carry in a wallet. The system could be adopted easily for use throughout the United States, and even internationally. Drafting of such a card and code could be undertaken jointly by the American Medical Association, the American Academy of General Practice, the American College of Surgeons and perhaps other United States groups, in co-operation with corresponding societies of other countries and the World Medical Association.

The universal medical-identification card—or the physician's typewritten statement—should include all data pertaining to allergies and heart ailments to which the patient is known to be susceptible. The "wonder drug," penicillin, is a lifesaver for most patients. So is tetanus antitoxin, which prevents the condition commonly called lockjaw. However, in a small percentage of patients these same lifesavers can produce anaphylactic shock, which occasionally results in death. The condition is marked by shortness of breath and heart flutter, sometimes accompanied by fits of coughing and an abrupt and precipitous drop in blood pressure. The patient often breaks out with huge, painful hives covering the entire body; sometimes the face, hands and feet turn blue, and the patient loses consciousness.

An increase in the rate of dangerous allergic reaction has led physicians to increased conservatism in prescribing penicillin. Some of the newer antibiotics will produce diarrhea and painful skin rashes in some people. There are patients who are allergic to ordinary sleeping pills or morphine and other opiates used for relief of pain. Opiate and barbiturate reactions can produce highly toxic symptoms.

In my opinion, it is inexcusable negligence for a physician to fail to warn a patient who has ever displayed symptoms of reaction to antibiotics, tetanus antitoxin or other drugs, so that the patient himself may advise the next doctor. The written statement, of course, is preferable to the oral warning.

In the case of a person predisposed to any heart ailment, it may mean the difference between life and death if he undergoes emergency surgery in a strange city and the doctor, through a medical history, is forewarned that use of certain types of anesthetics is dangerous. I recently treated a sixty-three-year-old man for a recurrence of an ulcer condition that had not bothered him for twenty years. On his return from surgery, he almost died of a heart attack, which he said was the first he ever had experienced.

Shortly after, my patient had to undergo surgery again for a prostatic obstruction. The surgeon and I knew of his heart condition and were able to take the proper precautions. This patient now has a written statement from me, explaining his medical history in detail, so that if he ever is attended by another doctor the facts will be available.

Intuition is almost as indispensable to the skilled physician or surgeon as his X-ray machine or his scalpel. But in no profession is intuitive ability a substitute for factual knowledge. Intuition, however brilliant, remains always a last resort.

A physician's knowledge about any given case is derived from three major sources: the physical examination; the laboratory tests and the patient's medical history. The first two are no problem, for the physician obtains them firsthand from the patient. The third is a different story. How many times, on asking the patient what had been done to him last time, do we hear, "All I know is what my doctor said, and he didn't say much. Something about my gall bladder."

"Something about my gall bladder!" "Something about my womb!" "Something about a tumor that was pressing on something!" The physician has many frustrations, but one of the worst is this type of answer.

"Did your previous doctor remove your appendix when he took out the tumor?" the physician asks the patient with abdominal pain and a high white-corpuscle count.

Too often comes the answer: "I don't know—the doctor didn't say." Or: "I don't remember what he said."

Only recently, I received a new patient, Martha G., eighteen years old. She complained of severe pain in the right lower abdomen—typical appendicitis symptom. However, it also could have been an infection of the right ovary—or even both the ovary and the appendix.

"I was operated on two years ago, doctor," she said. "In California."

"What did the doctor do, Martha? Was your appendix removed?"

"I don't know—he didn't say. All I know is that it started with the same sort of pains."

What should the physician do? There were at least a half dozen things that might have been done to Martha at her previous operation, and all of them would have had some bearing on the diagnosis of her present ailment and on how to proceed in treating her for it. How much surer the diagnosis would have been if I had had in writing the answers to these few questions: Date and type of previous operation? Appendix—in or out? Ovary—removed or drained? Any complications?

After six hours, Martha's condition became worse. I sent her to surgery. We found that the appendix was out, and that there was a large, infected cyst, which the surgeon removed.

Martha made a quick recovery without complications. Before discharging her from the hospital, I paid her a final visit and gave her a present—a letter, stating in precise medical language what we had

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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done for her. If, in the future, Martha should develop further trouble and have to consult a strange doctor in another city, he, at least, will know what had been done for her in the past.

"Doctor, what did you do?" is a question asked by virtually every patient after major surgery. Unfortunately, the answer may not be given at all; it may be half given, indirect and evasive, or it may be given incomprehensibly. "You have had a bilateral salpingectomy, with a right oöphorectomy and subsequent excision of an involved nonmalignant fibroid mass on the posterior aspect of the uterus," the mystery-loving doctor may say. How many lay persons, even with a better-than-average smattering of medical knowledge, will understand that he means he took out both Fallopian tubes and the right ovary and snipped off a noncancerous tumor on the back wall of the uterus?

Some doctors will disagree with me, but, in my opinion, failure to inform a patient fully as to the nature of the operation is almost always a serious mistake.

I have one major reservation: In some—not all—cases involving serious illnesses, there may be good reasons for not disclosing all the facts. I am thinking principally of cancer, which seems to afflict many patients with mortal dread. The problem of what to tell the cancer patient always has been most difficult for the physician. My own feeling is that it is a question the individual physician has to ponder almost prayerfully and then make his decision on the basis of what he thinks it will do to the patient psychologically.

If I have a patient who I think can take the news and who may be grateful for the opportunity to put his business and personal affairs in order, in case the worst happens, I will tell him the facts. On the other hand, it is almost murder in some cases to tell patients that they have inoperable or "incurable" cancers. I have seen too many such patients who, on learning or even suspecting that they have cancer, have committed suicide. Others simply surrender their will to live and in a few months they are just as dead as if they had killed themselves.

Even with patients to whom I have broken the news about cancer, I never say flatly, "You have three months to live." There are two powerful reasons for not fixing a time limit. I know of several cancer victims who, according to all the medical books, should have died within a few months after their operations; yet, some of them, five years later, are still living, usefully and not too unhappily. Also, medical science is moving ahead so fast that no one can say when a cancer cure, or at least a more effective method of treating the disease, may be attained. Why condemn a man when his reprieve may be on the way?

My statement that too many patients are ignorant of what has been done to them on the operating table is not based on generalization. I have compiled a statistical sampling of case histories, based on questioning of selected patients seen during my fifteen years in general practice. My figures indicate that approximately 62 per cent of adult female patients who have had more than one abdominal operation cannot give a full, intelligent history concerning what was removed from their abdominal cavities.

Male adults—probably because they possess fewer abdominal organs that are prone to require surgery—are generally better informed. However, while the average male patient may know that he has had an appendectomy or a hernia operation, on other matters he is less clear. All too frequently, a man who has been operated on for an acute ruptured ulcer cannot tell the doctor who treats him later whether the ulcer was actually removed or merely closed by what surgeons call purse-string suturing.

Take, for example, the case of J.H., a thirty-five-year-old male, who came to my office complaining of severe pains in the pit of his stomach, extending over the upper abdomen. He was able to tell me that two years previously, while traveling in the South, he was stricken with what the doctors told him was a "ruptured peptic ulcer" and was taken to a hospital for emergency surgery. Beyond that, he hadn't the faintest idea where the ulcer was located or whether it had been removed or merely closed by suturing—stitching.

He couldn't even tell me the name of the previous surgeon, and there was no time for detective work. Furthermore, the patient was too ill to risk giving him barium, a substance which, when taken internally, shows up under X ray, thus revealing to the doctor the general pattern of the stomach and intestine.

So I made a diagnosis—largely by intuition—that the previous operation had been a closure only. A local surgeon, concurring in that diagnosis, operated on J.H. We were right—the previous operation had been merely a closure by stitching. This time the ulcer was completely removed and other necessary corrective surgery was performed. If we had guessed wrong, however—and it would have been because there was no written record of the patient's medical history—J.H. might have been cut open for something that already had been done.

On the basis of J.H.'s experience and hundreds of similar cases, it is my contention that, when a patient has a peptic-ulcer operation, either emergency or elective, he should be told exactly what has been done, and in writing. The document should state whether the ulcer was sutured or removed; whether any surgery was performed on the stomach or intestine, and whether a normal appendix was taken out at the same time, as frequently is done. If the surgeon observed anything about the condition of the gall bladder or other organs while he had the patient open, that information should be noted.

Such a document, carried by the patient, gives the next doctor a map as to how to proceed. Also, inclusion of what might appear to be irrelevant details may prevent the necessity at a later date for a laparotomy—an exploratory operation.

For the past several years, when I have referred my patients to surgical colleagues for operations, it has been my policy to furnish these patients with typed statements of what both the surgeon and I did for them. If there was a back operation, just which vertebra or disk was operated on? If the operation was in the eye, ear, nose or throat field, what was it? If surgery was performed on the breast, what type of tumor was removed and was it benign or malignant? If it was merely a cystic mass, nonmalignant, why subject the patient to further surgery in the near future for the same malady?

For patients moving to other cities, I have gone a step further by giving them any X rays in my possession, showing bone fractures or before-and-after results of previous operations.

The case for a universal medical identification card is made urgent by the great increase in travel, both domestic and international, in the last few decades. In today's air age, John Smith, the average supposedly healthy American, may be in New York today, without a thing ailing him, and tomorrow may be in Los Angeles—or London, or Madrid, or New Delhi—with a ruptured appendix, a coronary or something worse. For that type of fast-moving, far-ranging twentieth-century citizen, the universal medical-identification card may prove a lifesaver.

There is ample precedent for such a card in the international certificates carried by travelers, which show what vaccinations and inoculations have been taken, and when. On the domestic scene, many diabetics carry cards identifying their ailment, so they will not be given improper and often dangerous treatment if they fall into a diabetic coma. Some diabetic victims, lacking such identification, have died in jail cells because their condition was mistaken for intoxication.

The use of a code would make it possible to condense a great deal of information onto one card, and it would meet the objections of those doctors who feel there are certain facts which should be kept from patients. The medical profession, generally speaking, now recognizes that the "ether-curtain" policy is harmful to the vital element of sympathetic understanding between doctor and patient.

In fact, the American Medical Association, parent body of organized medicine, recognizing the serious public-relations problem facing doctors, has sponsored extensive opinion-sampling polls and studies based on personal interviews to determine what patients think of their doctors. In its penetrating examination of "public hostility" toward the profession, the A.M.A.'s special Committee on Medical Practices quoted a patient who objected to the type of doctor who turns off questions with the pat answer, "Never mind, I'll take care of it."

"When I put my case in a doctor's hands," this patient said, "I want the responsibility to be his, not mine. At the same time, I do object to the kind of a doctor who will not tell you anything. . . . Most of us are not morons! . . . We will co-operate better if we understand [what is being done]."

The intelligent and responsible patient is understandably offended when his physician is not completely candid. Often I have heard the entire medical profession severely criticized for what the public feels is its patronizing and even pompous attitude toward patients. A young-woman patient, quoted in a survey sponsored by the California Medical Association, put it in these strong words:

"I don't wish to be a passive receptacle for [the doctor's] cures. I want to know what he's doing and why. . . . He should explain it to me in plain English. . . . My body is my own. . . . The fact that a man is . . . my doctor doesn't make him my master."

Still another patient said: "If I am sick . . . I want to know what is wrong and what can be done. I don't like a doctor who beats around the bush and doesn't tell me anything. A doctor like that . . . doesn't help me at all."

Obviously, in regard to such criticism, the majority of the medical profession is taking the blame for the actions of a few. But I do think that evasiveness and secrecy are poison for any professional man.

My feeling is that, if a patient wants to know what's the matter with him and what's being done about it, the physician, unless there is a sound medical reason for not doing so—as in cases of psychologically unstable patients who may be driven to suicide—should tell him. If the patient wants to know the meaning of a medical word, define it for him. If he wants to know what is in his prescription, and why, tell him. If necessary, write it out for him.

I suspect that many of today's patients who display belligerence or suspicion in their attitudes toward their doctors have been, at some time or other, brushed off or treated like dim-witted children by some lofty physician with an overinflated sense of importance.

Medicine is a scientific profession, not a mysterious cult, and there is no reason why we cannot talk about what we are doing.

Patients can help the cause by discussing the situation frankly with their physicians and asking for—even insisting on, if necessary—a record of their medical histories. Intelligent curiosity is a healthy thing. The competent physician has a good deal to gain and nothing to fear in giving honest, complete and intelligible answers to the question: "Doctor, what did you do?" THE END

"But you asked for an honest opinion."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Athens (Continued from Page 44)

cool breeze from the Aegean Sea. Its houses, buff-colored or white, are set off sharply by the somber green of cypresses and spreading pines. Life, in the long warm season, is the free-flowing, outdoors life of the Mediterranean world, with half the population, it appears, merrily promenading up and down the street, while the more sedentary other half watches the gay procession from the sidewalk cafés.

As European cities go, this modern capital of 800,000 is, most emphatically, second-rate—which is another way of saying that it is provincial. And its provincialism is the source of much of its specific charm. For even Constitution Square, the droning center of the modern town, with its sleek-faced hotels, its stores and travel agencies, is, when it comes right down to it, a peaceful and relaxing village square. There, on a sunny day, oblivious of the stream of traffic rounding the four corners, Athenians gossip under palm and orange trees or read their papers at one of the small tables of the surrounding coffeehouses—which have annexed every square inch of ground the greenery has not claimed. On Sunday morning, the population then and there forgathered is treated to the festive spectacle of the changing of the guard, enacted with clangorous precision in front of the Old Royal Palace, which dominates the east side of the square.

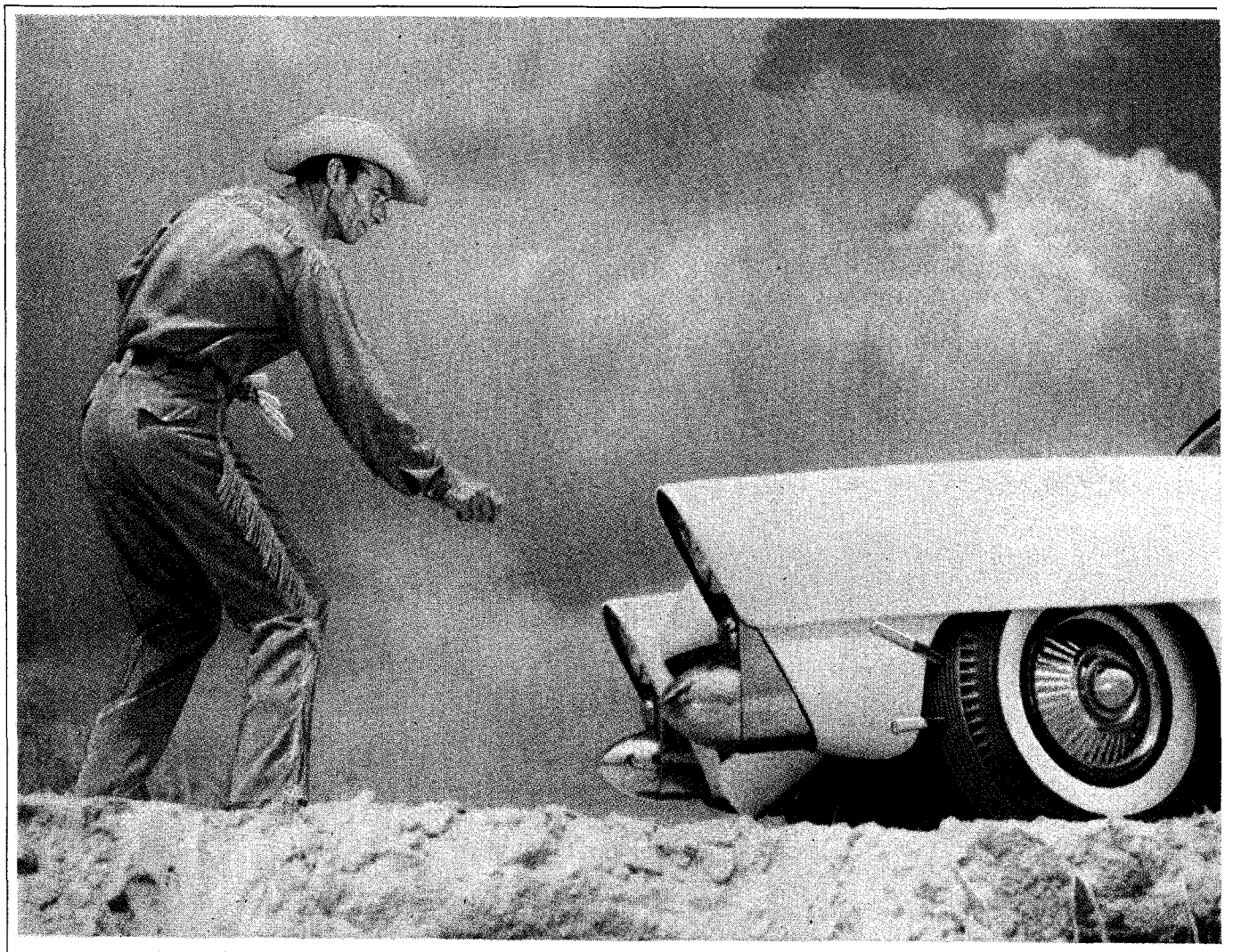
It is the kind of thing that has become a trifle rare in Europe. Or is it merely a faint echo of the good old-fashioned Balkans—the Balkans of the never-never days before the first World War? Greece has a king, of course, a tall and handsome monarch, Paul I, of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sönderborg-Glücksburg, who can be seen, occasionally, speeding down the boulevard in his fast car, waved on by shiny-helmeted traffic police. Greece also has a comely, smiling queen, Frederika, who spends much of her time helping the poor. The royal couple's modest home—to the delight of picture-taking tourists—is guarded to this day by Evzones, in their historic uniforms resembling long white underwear.

This is the city, then, where Western man was born—and it won't let you forget it for an instant. For one thing, what is spoken here is Homer's tongue—with variations. Though no one who took classic Greek in school can hope to understand what people say to him, he'll have no trouble making out the signboards and the street names. But there are other things that make the citizen of modern Athens a chip off the Pentelic marble block. He still considers himself—possibly with reason—a good bit smarter than the rest of mankind. He still is ridden by insatiable curiosity. "What's new?" today as in the old days is the standard salute calling for an itemized reply. He still loves to lament his fate, and he'll top his fellow's tale of woe with an even more heart-rending account of his own mishaps. He still is a resourceful, venturesome Odysseus who strikes out for far shores—and what a story he will have to tell when he gets home! He still is a shrewd trader and any stranger hoping to outdo him—watch out. He still is quarrelsome and critical of all authority. He even looks the same as his immortal forebears. Pause at any Athens street corner and there, by Zeus, strides brawny Agamemnon. That beautifully molded blonde is Helen, probably off to launch a thousand ships. There, handsome as a god, goes Paris.

Now, seated at a rickety coffeehouse table, you look around. The room is filled with males of every age, who sit there, sipping thick, sweet Turkish coffee out of tiny cups, nursing a glass of *ouzo*, the colorless, aromatic liqueur, or simply playing cards. All of them look fiercely intelligent. And their small talk is centered on one subject—statecraft. As in the days of Aristides and Themistocles, the ever-shifting scene of politics—the word is Greek—fills the Athenian with consuming passion.

He's had a good deal to be passionate about, these last few years. After the liberation from the Germans, which gave the Western European countries something like stability and peace—nothing but trouble here. A divided nation, a taut plebiscite recalling King George II, King George's death and the accession of his brother, Paul; a drawn-out, bloody civil war which might have ended in a communist victory had not American intervention saved the day; a seemingly stable regime led by a brave old soldier, Field Marshal Papagos. And, after the old marshal's death in 1955, a scramble for his mantle—a scramble far from settled by the February, 1956, national elections in which Greek women voted for the first time and which gave Premier Karamanlis' pro-Western government a shaky victory.

But what arouses the Athenian's passion most deeply these days is Cyprus, the British colony in the Eastern Mediterranean whose overwhelmingly Greek population is bent on unity with Greece. You cannot talk for very long with any Greek without the subject's landing—and



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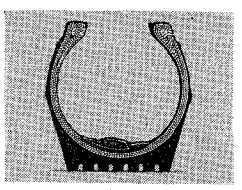

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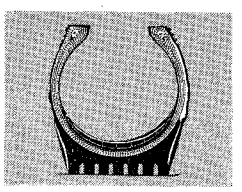

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exploding—in the midst of what had been a tranquil conversation. So deeply have these patriotic people been stirred up, and so frustrated have they been in their desire to embrace their Cypriot brethren, that indignation recently burst into bloody riots. But does not even this Olympian wrath against a former ally and old friend recall the everchanging moods of ancient Athens, which hailed a man as a hero one day and banished him the next?

Unlike "eternal" Rome, where almost every period, from classic times to the more recent past, is documented in a breath-taking profusion of monuments and buildings, Athens exhibits a colossal void between past perfect and the present tense. And the enraptured tourist, novice or repeater, keeps going back to a heroic age without which he himself might still be boarding in a one-room cave.

Accommodatingly, the country's most renowned attraction, the Acropolis, sits in the midst of downtown Athens, a leisurely ten-minute walk from Constitution Square. A 300-foot-high limestone knob which, in a city of tall buildings, would be blotted out, it shares the honors of the Athens sky line with Mt. Lycabettus—a sugar loaf three times as high and far more picturesque, but, to the visitor, devoid of interest. Acropolis Hill cradled Athens. Here, prehistoric kings lived in their roughhewn palaces, surrounded by Cyclopean walls whose weathered remnants are still visible. Readily fortified, the hill was used as a retreat and citadel, and finally became the sacred precinct of Athena, godmother and protectress of the city. Its face, an oval measuring some seven acres, is polished by the hoofs of sacrificial animals and by a million human footsteps.

Here, in this rocky garden of the gods, you are confronted by two marble apparitions, the massive Parthenon and the more fragile Erechtheum. It is impossible to say how you'll react. Well-armored businessmen coming up for their first look are known to have sat down and wept like children. How best to view them? On a late summer afternoon when the sinking sun rekindles the deep-golden patina which centuries of wind and glare have laid on the western façades? By moonlight, when soft shadows heal the scars of time? Or on a rainy day, when the smooth temple floors are shiny and the dark sky brings out the whiteness of the marble? Perhaps, like friends, these buildings want to be tried under varied circumstances before they will reveal their personality.

Put up in the fifth century of the pre-Christian era, after the Persians had destroyed the older structures, these temples represent the flowering of Greek civilization and Athenian power. The Parthenon, Athena's major temple, was built with a finesse unrivaled in the history of architecture. To counteract the sag effect of long, horizontal lines—the temple's base measures seventy-six by thirty-three and a half yards—its builders made them bulge. Peer down the length of the white steps of the foundation and you will see the upward curvature which gives the building life and bounce, and which repeats itself in the seemingly straight horizontals of the roof. Nor is that all. The forty-six great Doric columns lean inward to avoid a "spreading-at-the-top" effect; each column bulges in the middle, and distances between the shafts differ perceptibly.

All this sophistication, we now know, was needed to achieve the overpowering simplicity with which the temple faces us. And while, without the inspiration of Athena's dwelling, the world would be without a million Grecian structures, from Paris' Madeleine to Washington's Supreme Court Building, none of these adaptations would attempt to match the grandeur of the one and only Parthenon.

Unhappily, what we are privileged to look at is a wreck. The temple has, in various periods, served as a Christian church, a Moslem mosque—complete with minaret—and, fatally, as a powder magazine. In 1687, a Venetian mortar shell fired during a siege caused the explosion that left the Parthenon a ruin. The final blow—or, the first salvage operation, depending on which way you look at it—came in the early years of the last century, when Britain's envoy to the Turks, Lord Elgin, shipped what remained of the great statues and the exquisite frieze to London. Parliament paid him £35,000 for the lot and put the "Elgin Marbles" on display in the British Museum—where, the Athenians say, they pine away for the blue sky of Greece.

You let your glance shift to the Erechtheum, and find this smaller and more complicated building all elegance and grace. Its claim to fame, of course, is the Porch of the Maidens, copied and emulated through the centuries and, in the chastity of the original, a revelation to behold. On leaving the Acropolis, do not forget the little temple of the Wingless Victory—so delicious in its miniature proportions you'll want to wrap it up and take it home.

Now, standing on the breezy terrace, you face one of the world's most splendid panoramas. Beyond the crowded hillsides of Piraeus, Athens' port, beckons the shimmering blue sea, studded with islands that reach far into the golden haze. And, farther to the right, the snow-capped mountains of the Peloponnesus frame the horizon. Below you, in the foreground, huddles ancient Athens.

There is the Pnyx, the stubby hill where the assembly of Athenian citizens created the world's first democracy. And over there the Areopagus, seat of the high court. Hard under you, hugging the southern slope of the Acropolis, the Theater of Dionysus, where the great classic tragedies were acted before 18,000 critics. The well-preserved, peculiarly squat temple in the middle distance was sacred to Hephaistos, the god of fire. And what looks like a messy building lot is Athens' ancient market place and civic center, the Agora; covered with run-down tenements until 1931, it was unearthed by teams of American archaeologists who, as a crowning touch to their long labors, are now converting it into a public park—the not-quite-finished structure fringing the near edge is the white marble Portico of Attalus, painstakingly restored by the American School of Classical Studies to the pristine condition of the second century B.C.

Thus dreaming, between fluted columns and the sea, you watch, in your mind's eye, the wooden ships sail forth into the sun to meet the Persians—until a taxi horn from far below breaks up your reverie.

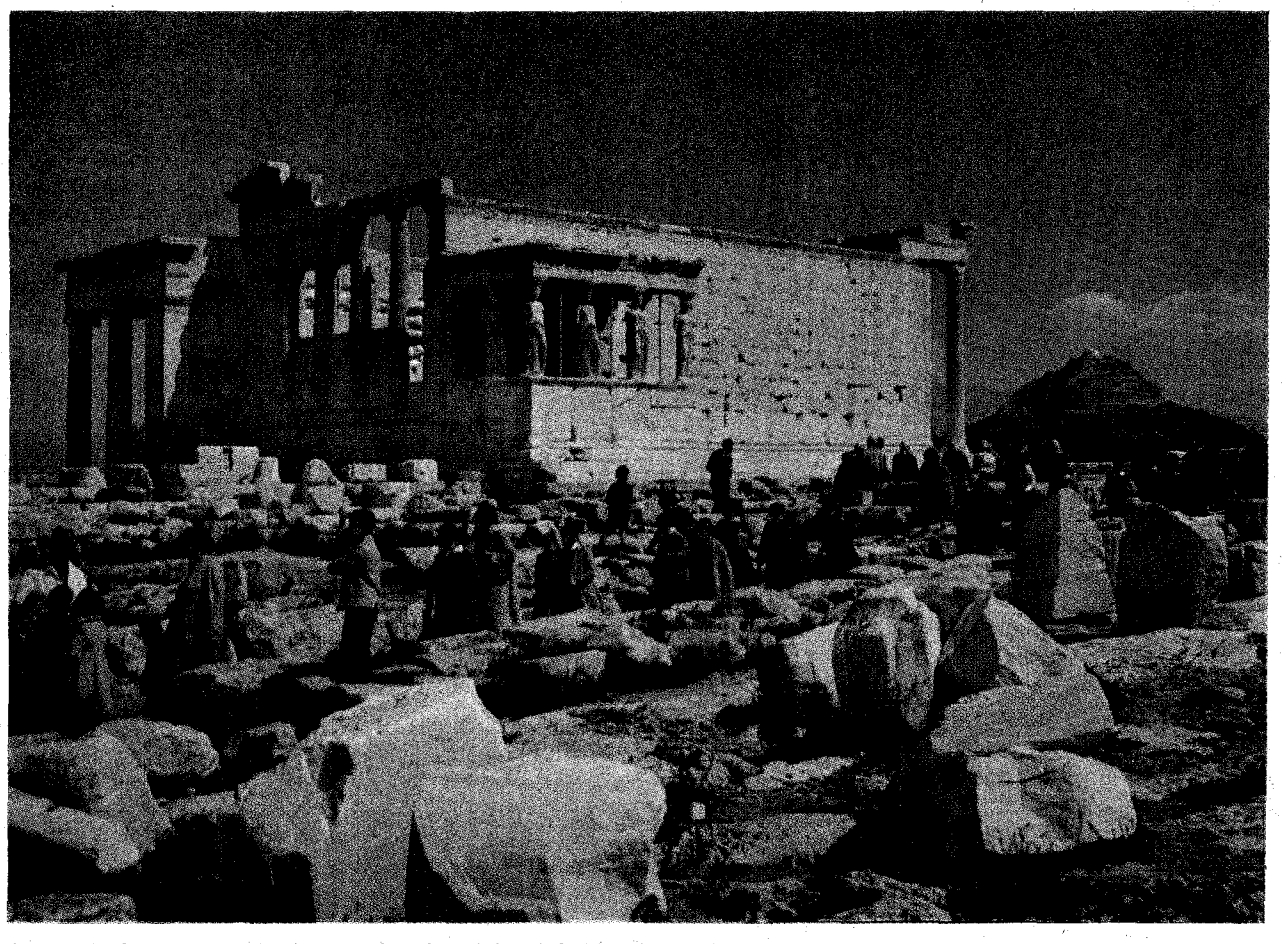
Why little Athens, which only rates two passing references in all of Homer, was chosen by the gods to soar to heretofore unheard-of heights of splendor, we do not know. Already, by the year 1000 B.C., the privileges of her kings were whittled down by influential ministers—an innovation which put Athens well ahead of other townships. But the Athenian people, it appears, were far from happy. As it was always the same group of noble clansmen that laid down the law, unrest was brewing among the city's workmen and the small farmers of the Attica peninsula, which had been brought under Athenian control.

It was that bold and admirable gentleman, Solon—lawgiver, poet, intellectual and, you might say, the prototype of Western man—who, around 600 B.C., laid the foundations of popular rule. In his new constitution, the lower classes—though not the slaves—obtained a voice in the assembly of the people, and were admitted as judges to the law courts. Still it was not until Athens had passed through bloody civil strife and tyranny that, by about 500 B.C., she finally emerged as a democracy.

No sooner had this free republic come out of the egg than it had to stand up and save Europe. Persia, the Asiatic giant whose massive strength derived from the suppression of all freedom, was groping toward Greece. The history of the ensuing battles, in which superbly led Greek forces bested the presumably invincible barbarians, is too well known to be repeated here. The tourist may go out to Marathon, twenty-five miles away, where, in 490 B.C., the brave Athenians slew more than 6000 of the enemy, losing 192 of their own men. He may, looking down from the Acropolis, survey the Strait of Salamis where, ten years later, a small Greek fleet commanded by Themistocles destroyed the Persians' powerful armada while Persian land forces sacked Athens. And, the next year—479 B.C.—in one of history's most brilliantly fought battles, Athenians and their allies routed the Persians at Plataea, ending the threat of Asiatic domination.

Athens, now Greece's leading city, and a sea power whose ships were feared from Sicily to Egypt, could turn her mind to the exploitation of her sea-borne empire—and to the leisurely rebuilding of her temples.

Time and again, in looking at the Golden Age which now begins, one is dumfounded by its short duration. Could so much genius flower in so brief a summer? Could all these miracles be wrought in one short breath? Lasting but two or three full generations, much of this unbelievable burst of fertility is covered by the life of Pericles, who ruled the city, without violation of its constitution, in his capacity as one of ten elected generals. Under his sponsorship, new forms, new principles and new ideas were generated by the most illustrious assembly of immortals the world has ever seen—from Sophocles, Euripides and Aeschylus, creators of the drama, to Aristophanes, whose bawdy comedies made Athens rock with (*Continued on Page 124*)



One of the best-preserved treasures of ancient Athens' Golden Age is the graceful Erechtheum, with its Porch of the Maidens.

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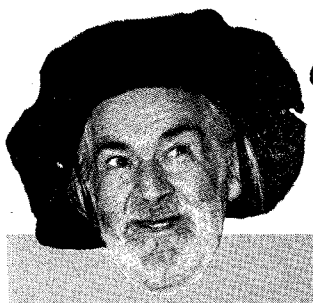

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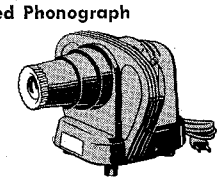

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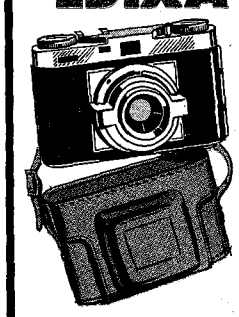

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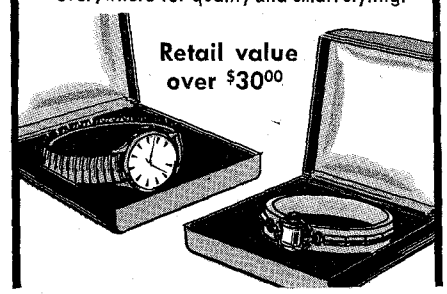

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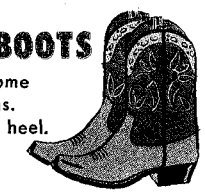

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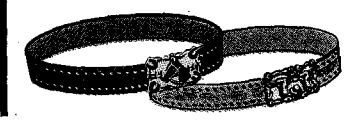

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4. Match the pictures against the item names shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the item name in the corner where you think it belongs. Example: We have put a 3 in the first box because Sombrero (No. 3 on the list) fits that picture.
5. On the dotted line shown on the entry blank, write in the name you would give the pony from the description given on the entry blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
6. Write your name, age, and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
7. Paste the completed entry on a 2-cent postcard and mail to "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 4th, 1956.
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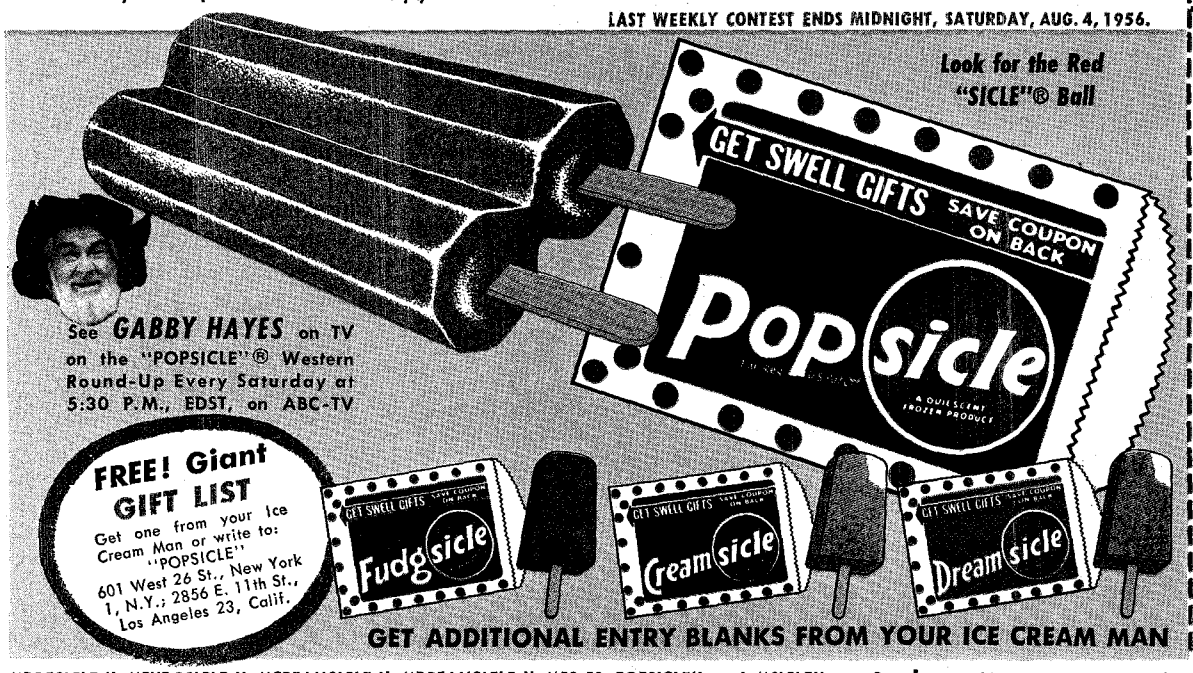
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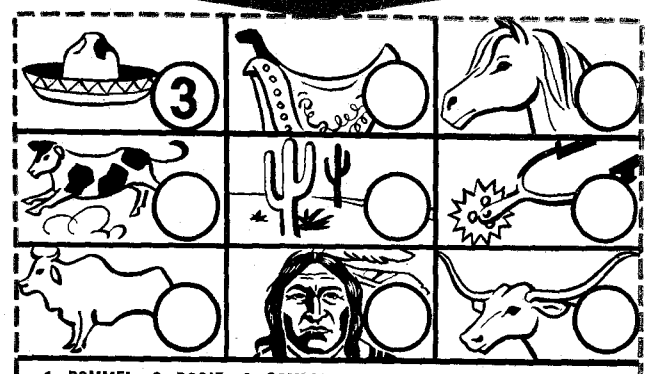

1. POMMEL 2. DOGIE 3. SOMBRERO 4. BRAHMA BULL 5. SAGUARO 6. SITTING BULL 7. LONGHORN 8. SPUR 9. PALOMINO

NOW, NAME THE DUDE RANCH PONY DESCRIBED BELOW!

Born April 1st; Mother's Name: Brave Squaw; Father's Name: Tucson Tom. Brown with white forelegs . . . white star on forehead. Favorite treat: "POPSICLE"!

My Name for the Pony is.....

My Name_____ Age____

Parent's Name_____

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City_____ Zone____ State____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells_____

PASTE 3 RED "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

When your entry is complete, mail it to: "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

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(*Continued from Page 122*) mirth; from Protagoras, the "wizard bird" who said, "Man is the measure of all things," to Phidias, whose much-admired bronze colossus of a fully armed Athena surmounted the Acropolis; from Gorgias, philosopher and stylist, to Herodotus and Thucydides, fathers of history.

Perhaps the wisest, and surely the most lovable, of all Athenians, a round-bellied, snub-nosed and bearded little man named Socrates, wandered about the streets asking so many questions that his fellow citizens, outraged by his incessant challenge to their morals, condemned him to drink poison in 399 B.C. His faithful pupil, Plato—who was to found, in Athens, the world's first university—has left us an account of the fantastic trial which, in its petty way, ended an epoch.

To catch a whiff of what this Golden Age was really all about, pay an unhurried visit to Athens' National Archaeological Museum where bronze and marble images look down at you with the assuredness of beauty in the absolute. Springing to life from the still-muted forms of the sixth century B.C., the sculptures of the classic period move with the measured grace of gods. Some of them do, in fact, portray divinity: Mourning Athena, leaning on her spear, and the great bronze Poseidon—some say Zeus—fished from the sea in 1928. Others are human, like the Dying Warrior, clutching his chest, or the Old Man With Dog, or the small broken head of a young woman with the suggestion of a smile still on her lips. But whether manlike gods or godlike mortals, these statues and reliefs, like characters in a Greek tragedy, convey the quest for moral, intellectual and physical perfection that is the hallmark of the Periclean age.

It could not last. In the long struggle with her rivals, Athens surrendered her supremacy among Greek states first to the Spartans, later to the Thebans. In 338 B.C., Greek power and Greek pride were broken by the heavy cavalry of Macedonia, led by that country's eighteen-year-old crown prince, Alexander—to be called "the Great." Athens would henceforth take her place in the Hellenic world. From the second century B.C., she was governed by Rome and finally passed under the golden panoply of Byzantium, whose empire survived until the Turks swooped down on it in 1453.

Surprisingly few souvenirs remain of more than a millennium of Constantinople's rule. One of the easiest and most delightful things to undertake in Athens is a pilgrimage to its Byzantine landmarks—pocket-sized Christian churches set incongruously in the modern city. Start with graceful St. Theodore, walk over to the "Small Metropolis," distinguished by its crazy-quilt façade, and finish with the little jewel, Kapnikaraea. Still used as Greek Orthodox places of worship, these unassuming monuments record the humble station of medieval Athens. More treasures from this misty period are to be found in the Byzantine Museum. And, out in nearby Daphni, in a quiet convent, a sparkling series of eleventh-century mosaics tells the story of Christ.

The Turkish heritage is more in evidence—in fact, you can't escape it. For one thing, much of the Greek's effusive gesturing is Turkish. Replying "no" to a casual question, he'll slowly lift his head, raising his eyebrows, lowering his lids and smiling enigmatically. (Because the head has to come down again, strangers are apt to mistake this for a nod.) Turkish, too, are the black or amber-colored "worry beads" Greek men are fingering behind their backs. Should your host, in his own parlor, proffer you a spare string of beads to occupy your hands while talking, there's nothing wrong with using them.

Turkish, of course, is the bazaarlike atmosphere of the old shopping quarter around Hermes Street, where leather slippers dangle from the ceiling strung up like hundreds of dead birds; where silver knickknacks, silken scarves and bales of gaudy-colored cloth tempt the imagination; where vendors peddle sweet soft drinks in samovars of shiny brass, and beggars squat all day with Asiatic impassivity.

And there is no denying the Turkish character of the *taverna*, the "typically Greek" eating and drinking place, of which you'll find a few authentic specimens in Plaka, the crowded section creeping up the northern slope of the Acropolis. These indoors-outdoors restaurants, which manage to achieve an arborlike effect even in wintertime, specialize in the delicacies of the country, from vine leaves stuffed with rice or meat and served with a white sauce, to barbecued lamb, squids cooked in wine, fried fish with garlic sauce. Compose your menu in the kitchen, where you are welcome to peer into pots and casseroles; and you may order your Greek wine—with or without the pungent resin flavor—straight from the barrel. There will be music while you eat, and even if your stomach may not take too kindly to Greek cooking, you are in Athens—do as the Athenians do.

A word of warning as you go adventuring around. Give the antique shops a wide berth. Avoid them like the plague. They're wonderful. And Greek law says that no antiques are to be taken from the country. Still, dropping in just for a look won't hurt, and if you should pick up a tiny terra-cotta vase, born twenty-four centuries ago, that won't turn you into a Lord Elgin. As for less venerable souvenirs—a dozen shops in easy reach of your hotel abound in handsome, hand-embroidered table sets, rough woolen shopping bags in merry colors, and earthenware in the classic tradition. No law forbids you to load up on these.

Incredible though it may sound, when Greece emerged from some four centuries of Turkish domination in the 1820's, proud Athens had sunk to the status of a seedy market town, inhabited by a few thousand souls. So great was the decay

Can You Name This Star?

This eleven-year-old hopefully made this photograph of herself in a Chicago dime-store automatic-camera booth. She wanted to become a model, and did, within a year. But she disliked it. So she ran an elevator, groomed horses, worked as a dental assistant, helped to sell electrical appliances. Luckily, she landed in a major movie role on her first try. Title: Pushover. Then came successes in Columbia Pictures' Five Against the House and Picnic. Now twenty-three, she is a green-eyed blond who stands five feet seven. Can you name her?

John Fanning Roberts

ANSWER:
Kim Novak

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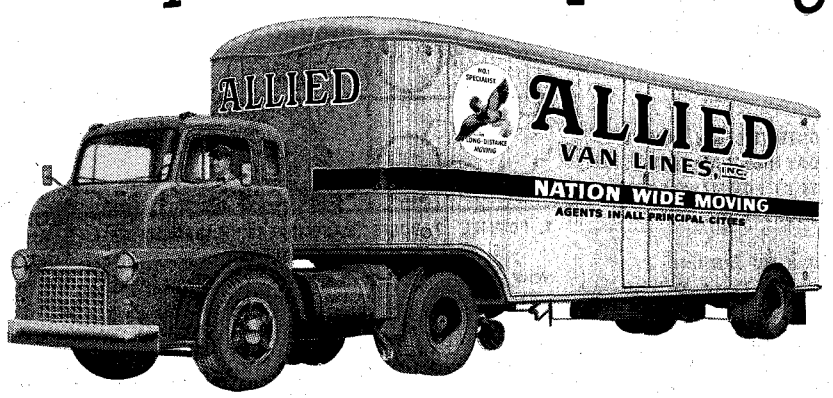

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If they don't leave soon the ice cream will all be melted."

that the first capital of the new nation was set up at Nauplia, in the Peloponnesus, and it was not until 1834 that the Greek government, for sentimental reasons, moved to Athens. Almost all of the capital's 800,000-odd inhabitants, therefore, are newcomers, by Old World standards.

They came in waves—Greeks from the mountains of the north, and from the smiling valleys of the Peloponnesus; Greeks from the islands of the blue Aegean and from the foreign lands where Turkish rule had scattered them. The biggest wave broke hard in 1923, when 1,500,000 Greeks were driven out of Turkish Asia Minor and a large part of them descended on the capital. More refugees poured in during World War II from patriotic villages burned by the vengeful Germans. The latest influx dates back to the civil war of 1947-49, when many troubled families took shelter here and stayed.

Hence the paradox that noble Athens, in spite of its impressive pedigree, lacks tradition. Rising by royal fiat from obscurity, and growing prodigiously until it contained one tenth of Greece's total population, it is essentially an upstart town—and getting more so by the minute as elegant and sober mansions, built in the comfortable days before the first World War, give way to balcony-embroidered, eight-story apartment houses in Athens' current building boom. Next door to the jam-packed old shopping quarter whose major bones are Hermes Street, Athenas Street and Street of Aeolus—the latter graced by the enchanting Tower of the Winds—begins the unimaginative chessboard pattern of the modern business and residential sections.

Hitched up to the two hubs of civic life, Union Square and Constitution Square, run the bright parallels which represent the capital's main drag—Stadium and Venizelos streets. Here you will find the larger stores, the offices and ministries, the marble-fronted banks, and, somewhat out of place, the unabashedly romantic palace built by Heinrich Schliemann, German-American discoverer of ancient Troy. Nearby the cheerful Boulevard of Queen Sophia, flanked by a row of embassies, leads east to high-rent Kolonaki, the residential district on the slope of Lycabettus; and thence to the pine-shaded suburbs on the hilly road to Marathon—Kifisia and Ekali. But the *crème de la crème*, considering the Kolonaki crowd a trifle on the vulgar side, now make their homes in the gleaming apartment houses around the royal palace and the park. To have a view of the Acropolis from your own terrace or, better yet, your bedroom window, is, as you might expect, the apogee of chic.

Still, strictly speaking, Athens has no high society. There is no aristocracy—and there is no great wealth. Greek capital still shies away from Greek uncertainties and taxes. Nevertheless, the powerful injection given the Greek economy by the United States assistance programs—since World War II, we have sunk nearly $2,000,000,000 into Greece—has made a few Greeks bold enough to bet on their own horse. Among those who have risked it, and done spectacularly well, are people like Catsambas, a farmer's son whose ultramodern spinning plants are now supplying Greece with heretofore imported cotton yarn; and Bodosakis, a onetime refugee from Asia Minor, who, in his unbelievable career, has made and lost several fortunes, and who, from his Athens command post, directs an ever-spreading mining, chemical and ammunitions empire.

But Greece is a notoriously poor country—full of "rocks and ruins." And our aid; applied in the strategic spots of the economy, has never really trickled down. The average Greek earns $200 a year, the lowest per-capita income in all Europe. Inflation eats away his substance, and unemployment stares him in the face. In one of the pathetic shanty towns with which this city is shot through, some twenty men were idling in a ramshackle café—some of them workers in a nearby factory, others out of work, all of them hollow-cheeked and thoroughly disgruntled. "We live like beasts. . . . Under the communists we would be better off."

And yet, even these far-gone citizens revealed themselves as worthy heirs of Socrates. For there ensued a philosophical debate on the eternal question: whether freedom was too steep a price to pay for a full belly? Leading up to the astonishing conclusion, "If we could only emigrate to the United States!" it proved that Athens, after all, was still the same old Athens—a high-pressure, rambunctious, unpredictable republic of its own, a fortress perched on the frontier between two clashing worlds, and, in the last analysis, irrevocably of the West.

THE END

Bayer Aspirin Makes You Feel Better Fast!

Getting up with a dull, morning headache can make the whole world look dark and dreary. To brighten things up *in a hurry*, take Bayer Aspirin. Just take two Bayer Aspirin tablets right away, and—by the time you're ready to leave the house—see if you're not your cheerful, carefree self again!

BAYER® You can take Bayer Aspirin with confidence whenever you need it—for temporary relief from the minor pains of arthritis, bursitis or sciatica as well as for any everyday pain. Bayer Aspirin is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever—**WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!**

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IVY

STOP SCRATCHING! This tannic acid treatment for ivy, oak or sumac poisoning is gentle and **SAFE** for children and adults, quickly dries up the blisters—often within a day. At druggists, 69¢

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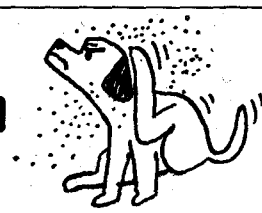

Is your dog frantic from scratching? It's a sign of fleas or summer eczema. Stop his itching torture *quick* – with Sergeant's Scratch Powder. Kills fleas, ticks, lice. Checks fungus and doggy odor. 49¢ and 79¢ at any drug or pet counter.

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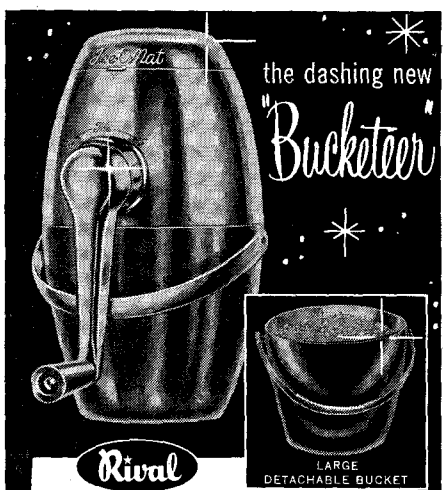

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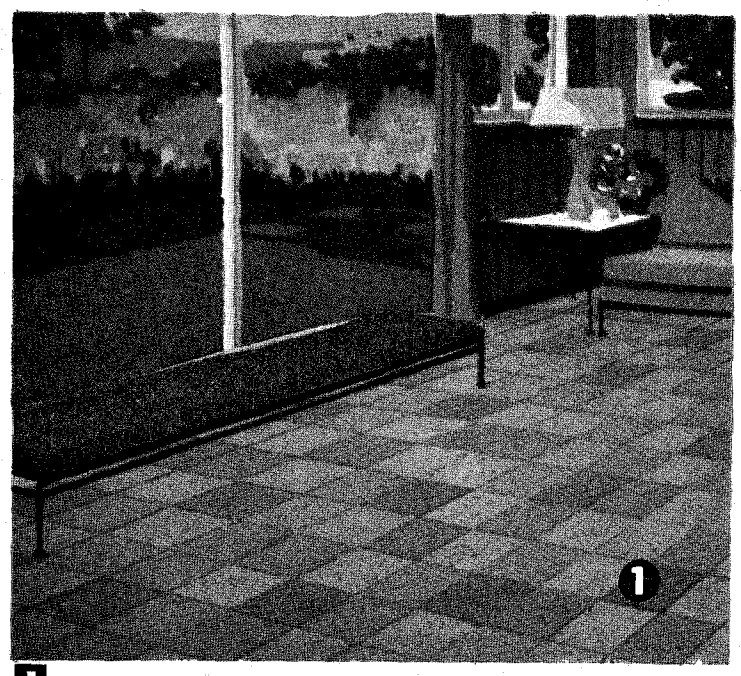
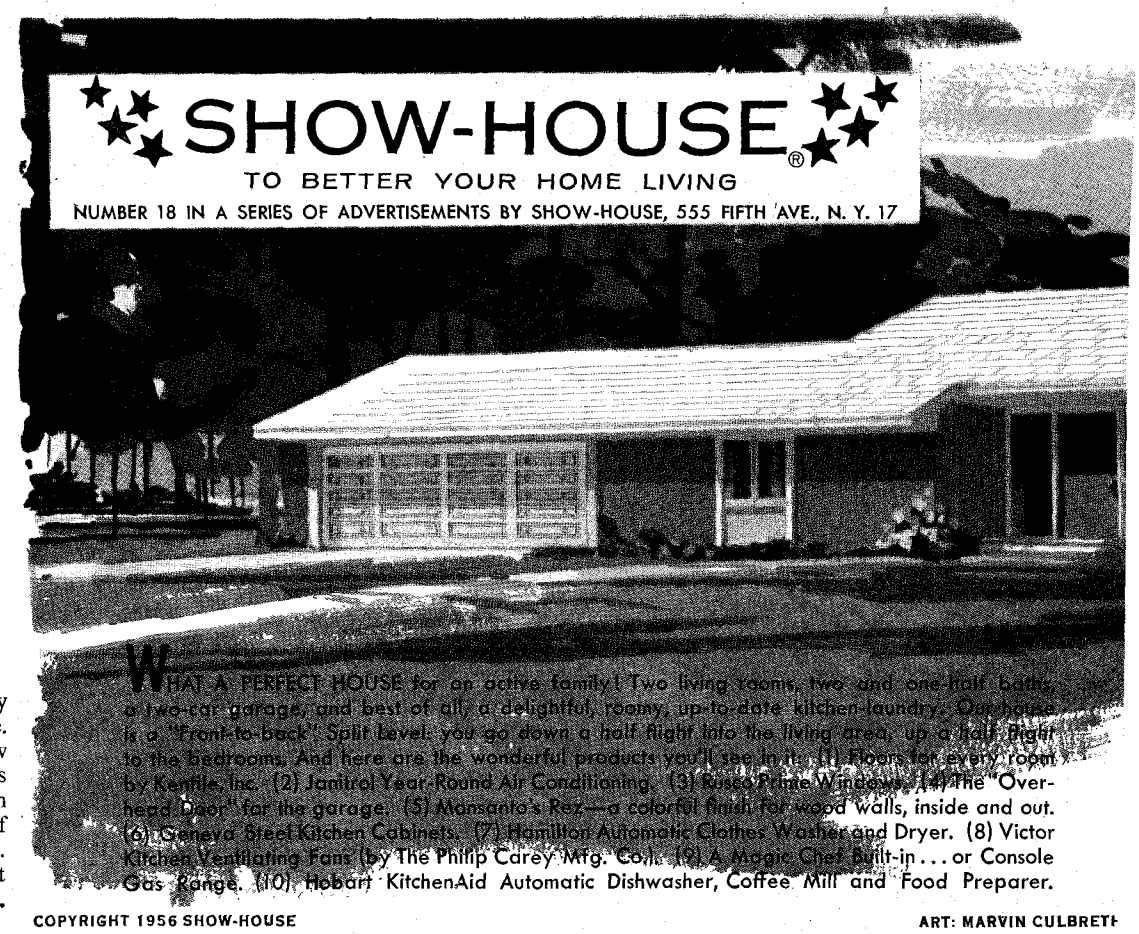


1 **There's a perfect floor by Kentile, Inc.,** for every room and every budget. Four are illustrated: Luxurious *Kencork* is shown in the room above. Its smart light tones of natural baked cork are a joy to clean, thanks to new plastic-fortified finish. See *KenRubber* tile in our entrance hall . . . it offers "Cushioned Beauty" to every footstep. The *KenRoyal* floor in our kitchen features greaseproof loveliness in tile-deep vinyl. The family room floor of *KenFlex* vinyl asbestos will take rugged wear with amazingly easy care. Popular, low cost *Kentile* asphalt tile is also made by America's largest manufacturer of resilient tile flooring. Check the coupon below. **Kentile, Inc.**



WHAT A PERFECT HOUSE for an active family! Two living rooms, two and one-half baths, a two-car garage, and best of all, a delightful, roomy, up-to-date kitchen-laundry. Our house is a "Front-to-back" Split Level: you go down a half flight into the living area, up a half flight to the bedrooms. And here are the wonderful products you'll see in it: (1) Floors for every room by Kentile, Inc. (2) Janitrol Year-Round Air Conditioning. (3) Rusco Prime Windows. (4) The "Overhead Door" for the garage. (5) Monsanto's Rez—a colorful finish for wood walls, inside and out. (6) Geneva Steel Kitchen Cabinets. (7) Hamilton Automatic Clothes Washer and Dryer. (8) Victor Kitchen Ventilating Fans (by The Philip Carey Mfg. Co.). (9) A Magic Chef built-in . . . or Console Gas Range. (10) Hobart KitchenAid Automatic Dishwasher, Coffee Mill and Food Preparer.

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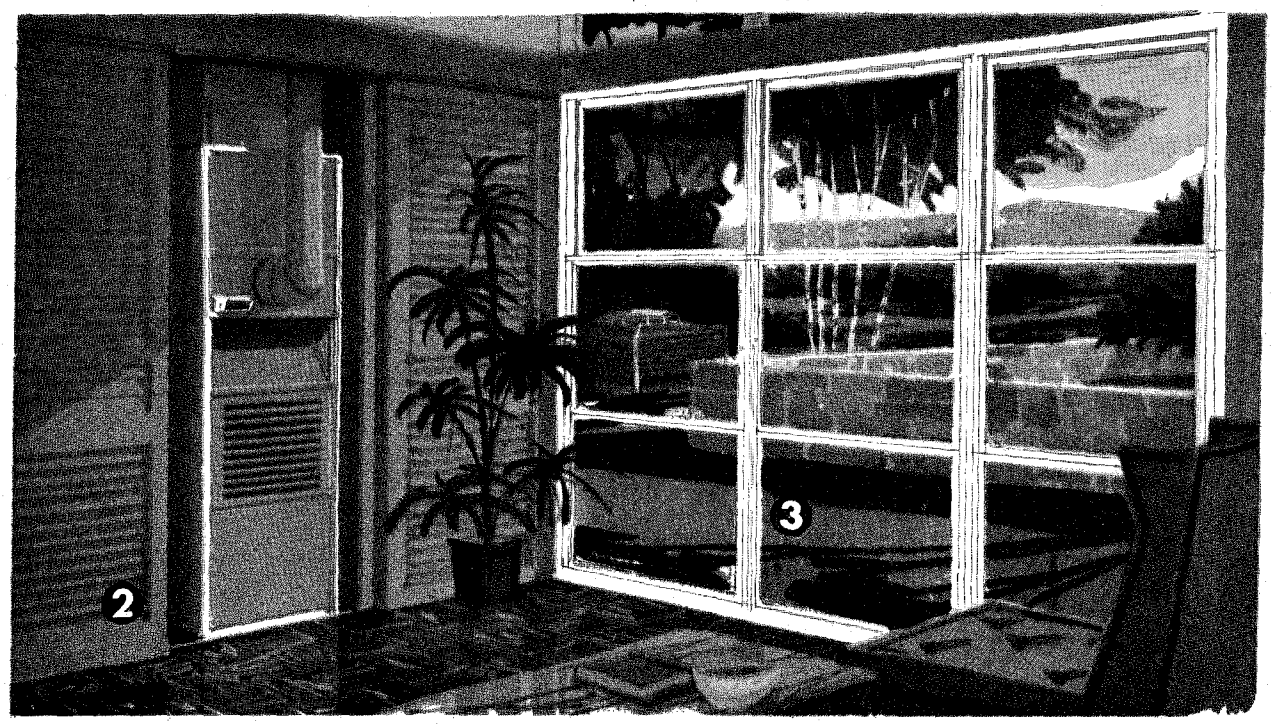
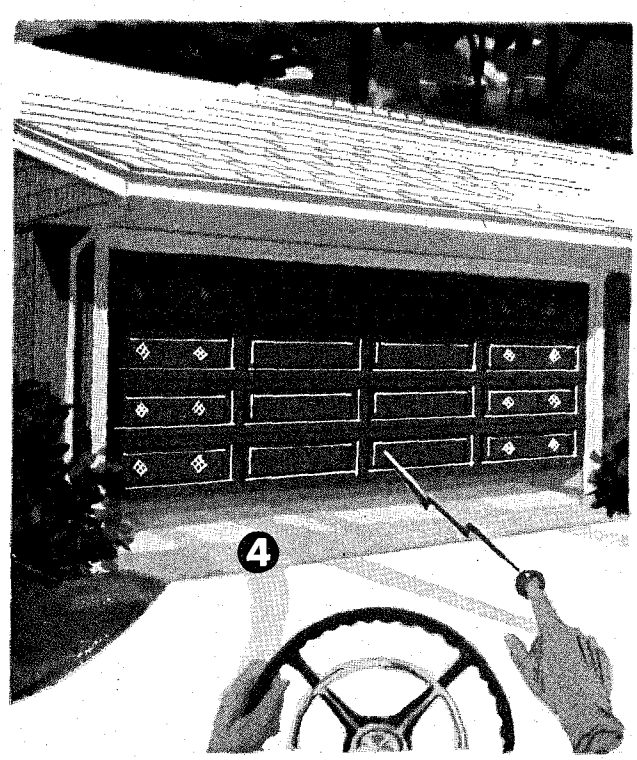
ART: MARVIN CULBRETH



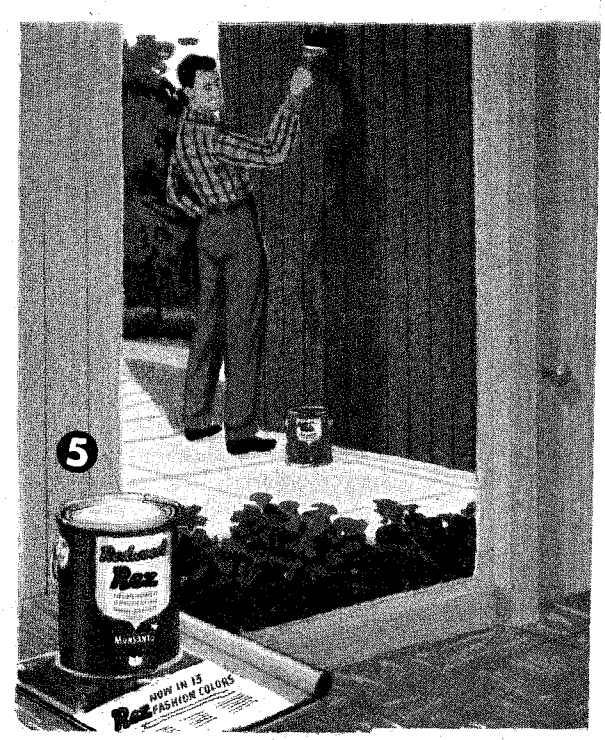
2 **It's springtime all year round** in our house . . . thanks to this brand new air conditioner—the Janitrol Win-Sum Matic. This smart-looking space-saver both heats and cools. If you wish, you can install the heating half now; add the cooling core later. It's so adaptable; it can be put in *any* part of the house. We've tucked it into a closet off the family room. And it *uses no water!* The efficient "Pride O'Yard" compressor uses just air and electricity . . . adds a beauty spot to your yard. (See it through the window.) Janitrol makes conditioners for all budgets and houses. Check our coupon to see how you can air-condition your new or old home . . . and enjoy the *best years of your life*, with **Janitrol**

3 **Big, beautiful Rusco windows** are the eyes of our house. They're Rusco's new "White Beauty" Prime Window with a gleaming white finish of baked-on enamel, bonderized to hot-dipped galvanized steel. Rusco Prime Windows are also furnished in Silvertone Grey. We show a Rusco White Beauty Fulvue in our family room, left. Elsewhere, see Rusco horizontal sliding windows, and sliding glass doors. Rusco is famous, too, for its *combination* windows and doors—perfect for your present home. So trouble-free, so dependable. To learn about them, phone your Rusco man, listed in the Yellow Pages. For news about them and all Rusco Prime Windows and Sliding Glass Doors, check our coupon. **Rusco**



4 **Garage doors should be kept closed!** . . . for protection and improved appearance. That's why we've equipped our garage with The "OVERHEAD DOOR" with Ultronic Opener. This magic device, costing no more than an average kitchen appliance, operates electronically: just press a button on the car dash, and the door rolls up and a garage light flashes on. The same button closes the door, or reverses it, turns off the lights. You save 29,000 steps a year! For the name of your Overhead Door dealer, see the Yellow Pages of your 'phone book. For your copy of a wonderful 28-page booklet, full of garage planning ideas on construction, door sizes, designs, check coupon. **Overhead Door Corporation.**

5 **Don't you love** the warm and friendly look of a house with natural wood walls . . . inside and out? To protect that beauty—and to add the style and smartness of color—*all* our wood walls are finished with Monsanto's Rez. For Rez is a miracle finish that *colors* wood (it comes in 13 fashion colors), yet *doesn't hide the grain!* Rez gives any wood lasting protection against warping, swelling, cracking; shrugs off abuse of active children. (Rez is washable!) Our exterior walls, right, are handsomely protected by Redwood Rez; the entry is finished in Prairie Green. See other Rez colors in other rooms. For full color booklet showing all 13 of these wonderful Rez colors, check our coupon, right. **Rez.**



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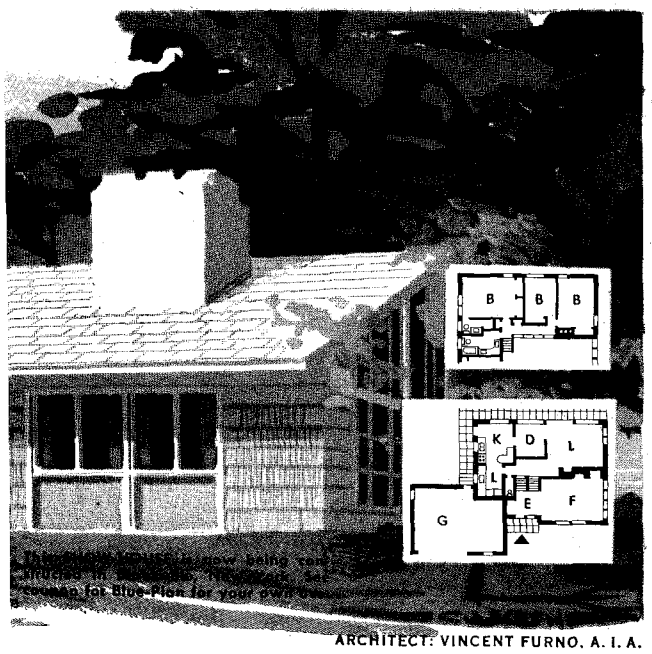
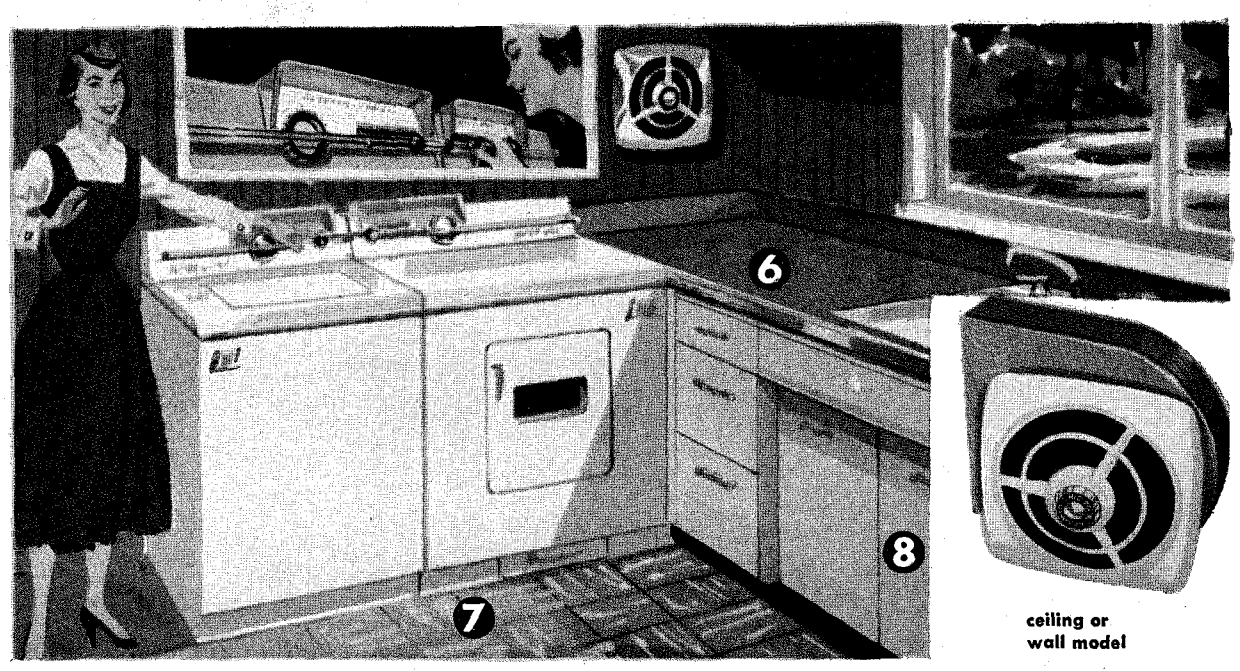


ARCHITECT: VINCENT FURNO, A. I. A.

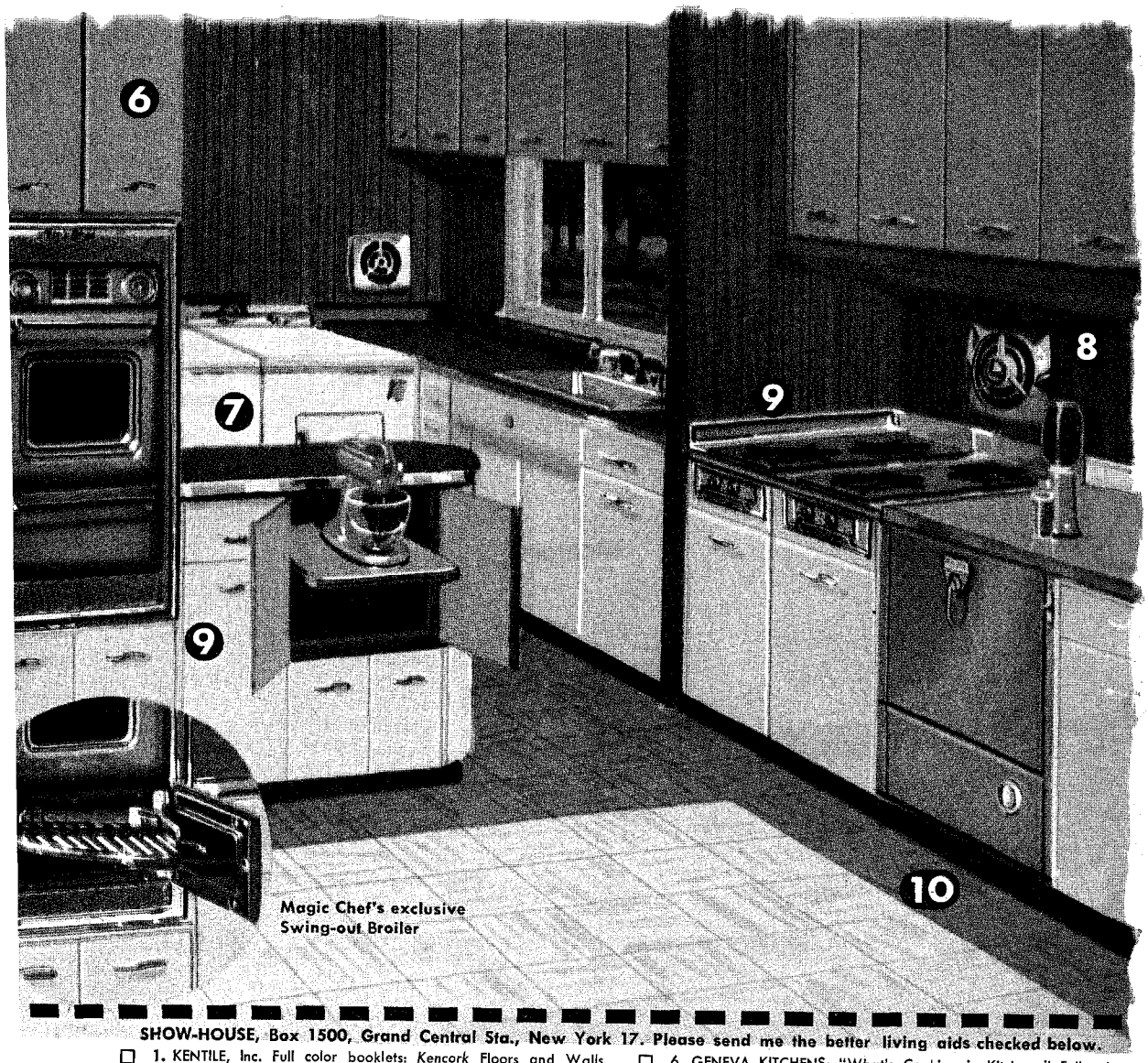


ceiling or wall model

6 Your kitchen can look like this, too! . . . bright and *whisper-quiet* with gleaming Geneva *steel* cabinets. Just ask your Geneva Kitchens dealer (in the Yellow Pages). He'll choose from dozens of cabinets . . . scads of accessories . . . to tailor a kitchen to meet your own special needs. Storage problems will be a thing of the past. Geneva cabinets are made of steel, and finished in your choice of six decorator colors and white. Heavy door insulation, nylon door catches, noiseless gliding drawers and other features make them magically *quiet*. Best of all, they'll fit your budget. Use convenient payments, if you wish. Check our coupon for a grand folder, full of kitchen ideas. **Geneva Kitchens.**

7 The new Hamilton Washer and Dryer with wonderful Touch-and-Go Controls help you do *any* washday job in seconds. On the Washer, just Touch! . . . for temperature selection and automatic Suds-Saving. Touch! . . . for a choice of two separate, completely automatic washing cycles. On the new Hamilton Dryer, a Touch! . . . gives perfect drying weather for each fabric type. Then, Touch! . . . to get the right drying period for any load. They're good-looking, too! Touch-and-Go Controls are hooded with gold (see insert), flooded with soft colorful light. Silver and gold accent gleaming white cabinets. To learn more about Hamilton laundering, check our coupon. **Hamilton Washer and Dryer.**

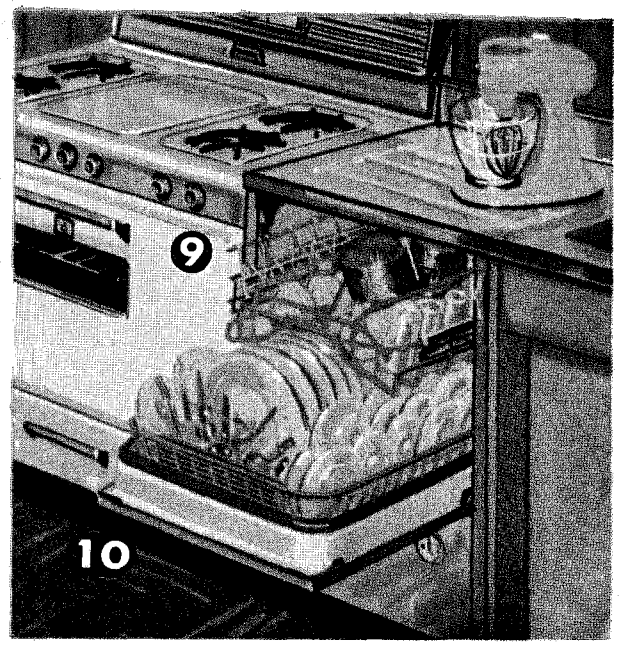
8 Our house has *five* thrifty Victor Ventilating Fans . . . For we believe there's no better way to clear a room of smoke, steam and odors. You'll see Victor Fans built into the walls in both laundry and kitchen . . . We also specify them in our two bathrooms and in the downstairs lavatory. No fogged mirrors in our house! Victor Fans (the oldest name in the ventilating fan industry) are made in several sizes and models . . . all so *quiet* and dependable . . . made by the Victor Ventilator Division of The Philip Carey Mfg. Company. This fine firm also makes Carey Ceramo sidewall shingles and Fire-Chex asbestos-plastic roof shingles. Check our coupon for booklets. **The Philip Carey Mfg. Company.**



Magic Chef's exclusive Swing-out Broiler

9 Oven at your comfort-level, top burners where you want them. Here, from America's No. 1 name in gas ranges, are CustoMagic units to tailor-make a kitchen for *you*—oven at *your* height for no-stoop baking and broiling; burners where they save *you* the most steps. Exclusive Swing-out broiler, oven window and light, automatic clock control, Red Wheel Oven Regulator. Three finishes: white, satin chrome, or copper-tone. Also look below at the brilliant Family Fare 36″ console model with the first really big oven in a space-saver range, automatic Roast Guide, and Magitrol (thermostatic) griddle. For city or bottled gas. See your dealer or gas company. Check our coupon, too. **Magic Chef.**

10 Our dishwasher is a KitchenAid by Hobart . . . Because it does *so much so well:* We don't have to hand-rinse dishes: Even the most stubborn, dried-on foods strip off under Hobart's exclusive, revolving washing action . . . It holds *so much:* dishes for the entire family, *plus pots and pans*. Only KitchenAid has a separately powered blower fan for spotless, hospital-clean drying. In eight decorator-styled models. Ours is Antique Copper. For mealtime help, Hobart makes a KitchenAid Food Preparer (finest food mixer in 6 lovely colors) . . . and a KitchenAid electric Coffee Mill (*freshly* ground beans make the best coffee!). See them all at left and below. Check coupon. **KitchenAid Dishwashers.**



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- ☐ 2. JANITROL: Free booklet: "The Best Years of Your Life Begin With Janitrol Air Conditioning."
- ☐ 3. RUSCO: Prime Windows and Sliding Glass Doors for New Houses. ☐ RUSCO: Combination Windows and Doors for Existing Houses.
- ☐ 4. OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION: Free Folder, Save 29,000 Steps a Year. ☐ An Extra Room at Lowest Cost, 25¢.
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Marriage Was Her Racket

(Continued from Page 34)

"I'm sorry, Sam," I replied with real regret, for I knew that our brief friendship would not survive what I was going to say, "but if you are fool enough to go through with this thing, you must do it without any help from me."

"What have you got against her?" Sam asked in a puzzled voice, for he was honestly unable to understand why I could not see her as he did.

"Since you ask me, Sam," I replied, "I don't like her rat-trap jaw. I don't like the sparks from those blue-green eyes of hers. I've seen more warmth in an iceberg. And it wouldn't surprise me to learn that she was given a cash register to play with in her cradle. She—she scares me, Sam. Look at the staff here. You can tell by their looks that they all hate her and are scared of her."

There was nothing more I could say or do. Indeed, I was conscious of having said too much. When I left the hotel the following morning, Sam let me go without a word. I was sorry, for I liked Sam. In fact, I think I still like him, but of that I am not entirely sure.

A letter from Sam reached me three weeks later, mailed from Paris. It was to the effect that he and Thérèse were married and were going to the United States to live. He gave me the address of a small-town bank somewhere in Connecticut, of which he had previously told me his father was president. This conveyed little to me, for in 1936, toward the end of the depression, there were big-city bank presidents who were not conspicuously rich. But any kind of bank president must have sounded good to Thérèse.

In late 1938 there was a letter from Sam, telling me briefly that his father was dead and that he and Thérèse were sailing shortly for France. They hoped to find and buy a property close to the French Riviera. Meanwhile, would I care to put a price on the Mas des Violettes? Alternatively, would I consider renting them the house while they looked around?

Although I had visited the Mas des Violettes only once since Sam and I had stayed there together, I was reluctant to sell. For a few hours I did contemplate renting the house to Sam, but the thought of Thérèse there, cracking the whip and ordering the gentle Alphonsine about, as I had seen her behaving to the hotel staff, was quite unthinkable. I was shocked when I realized how profoundly I disliked Thérèse, although I had never even spoken to her.

I spent Christmas, 1938, at the Mas des Violettes and was embarrassed to learn, on arrival, that Sam and Thérèse had bought the adjoining property. Alphonsine told me that Thérèse had repeatedly demanded to be shown over the house, but that she had told her to obtain written authorization from me.

My house and La Bastide, which Sam and Thérèse had bought, occupied twin hilltops. The houses were, I would judge, two hundred and fifty yards apart, but the acoustics were such that they might have been very much closer. It was quite evident, within a few hours of my arrival, that the honeymoon was over. The quarrels seemed incessant and her shrill vituperation, in a mixture of French and English, destroyed the peace. Often it continued far into the night.

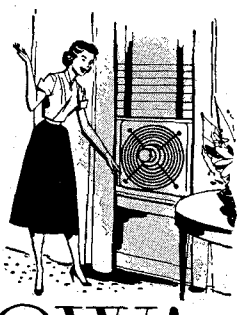
I did not invite them to the house. Nor did they invite me. I think Sam had told Thérèse what I thought about her, which would not have endeared me to her.

Sam, whom I met in the village, told me that his father had died a few months after he and Thérèse had arrived home with the intention of remaining there. Thérèse, however, had detested the life there and in turn was cordially disliked by all Sam's friends and relations. On his father's death, Sam took his share of the estate in cash—I gathered there wasn't much—and, at Thérèse's urgent insistence, returned with her to France. She had an uncle who was a speculative builder and she convinced Sam that with his help they would make a fortune. Sam thereupon invested his entire capital in the property which adjoined my own. To be fair to Thérèse, the property was an excellent investment at the price paid, but the purchase left Sam without any ready money. He was dependent on Thérèse for the price of a packet of cigarettes.

"You were right," Sam told me. "All she really loves is money. Between ourselves, I can't take much more."

It did Sam good to talk, and I encouraged him to blow off steam. We drove down to Nice and he decided to brave Thérèse's wrath by making an evening of it. Not that we did anything desperate. It was simply that she did not like Sam to come under any influence but her own, and I think, too, that she enjoyed the power which his penniless state gave her.

"Where I was a fool," Sam told me, "was putting up my entire capital to buy the land and buying it in our joint names. She would rather die of starvation than sell until she makes a profit. She's a peasant at heart and the only two things in the world that have any value to her are land and money—hard cash."



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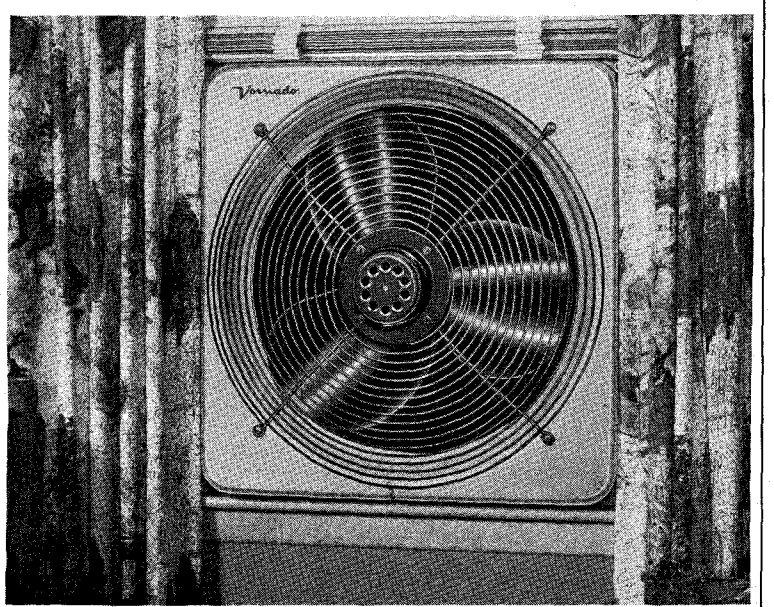

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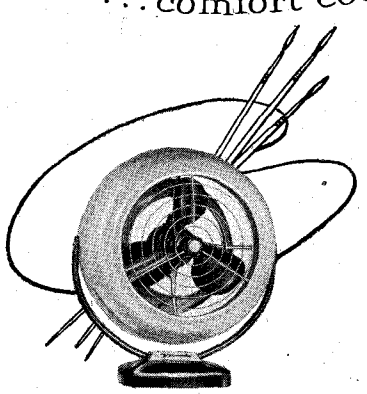

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Thérèse had been too mean to install a telephone, so there was no way of letting her know that Sam wasn't coming home to dinner.

"It's all very well," said Sam later that evening, "to tell me to take a strong line with her, but what with? She's got me cold. Her uncle, the speculative builder, is a crook, and I won't agree to any of his propositions. Thérèse's reply to that is to say she will block any effort of mine to realize any part of my capital. Half of it's hers and she's going to camp there until hell freezes over."

Poor Sam was in a bad spot. It was somewhere between eleven and midnight when I dropped him at his gate. He was quite sober too. But from the way Thérèse carried on, he might have been out all night with the chorus of the Folies Bergère. Her shrill voice battered on my ears until three o'clock in the morning. How Sam could stand it was more than I could understand. He called on me a couple of days later and seemed to drink in the peace of the Mas des Violettes.

"It's the most wonderful spot I know in the entire world," he said with real feeling. "I don't blame you for not wanting to sell. But even if you were willing," he added sadly, "I couldn't buy now. Just between ourselves, Bill," he went on, "I've had about as much as I can take. I suppose you haven't got a hundred bucks you can spare? Because if you have, there's a freighter leaving Marseilles tomorrow for Boston, and I'm sailing in her. I've got to, Bill, or she'll drive me nuts."

I lent Sam the money he needed and early the following morning drove him down to catch the Marseilles train. We shook hands, wished each other luck, and that was that.

Fifteen minutes after I returned home Alphonsine announced that Thérèse was at the front gate and was demanding to see me. It was a massive iron gate with sharp spikes on the top.

"Tell her to go away," I said. "I don't want to see her now or at any other time."

Thérèse went on rattling the gate until I threatened to send for the police to have her removed. I didn't admit it to myself, but I see now that I was scared of Thérèse. I wanted nothing to do with her.

This all occurred at the turn of 1938 and 1939. Eight years were destined to pass before I saw either the Mas des Violettes or Thérèse again. Neither occupied my thoughts during the intervening war years. The Mas des Violettes, since I could not foresee a time when I would be able to live there, was by way of being a white elephant. A Swiss friend was able to pay Alphonsine a little money during the war, but she and Thérèse maintained their enmity undiminished. Thérèse, because she was the type, collaborated, first with the Italians and then with the Germans, and when an American detachment marched up the hill in the summer of 1944 to use the house as an observation point, there was an American flag draped over the front gate. I don't doubt that somewhere in the house, just in case of accidents, there was a red flag.

I came back to look at my property in early 1947. Although I dreaded telling Alphonsine, I was now determined to sell the place.

I learned from Alphonsine that Thérèse's uncle, the speculative builder, was staying with her and that the land had been subdivided, preparatory to selling building lots. It was planned to erect eighty-odd houses there. Thérèse had applied to the courts for leave to presume Sam's death.

One evening about ten o'clock, when I had been at the Mas des Violettes about a week, there came across the still night air a tremendous uproar in which Thérèse's calliope soprano was the dominant sound. Dogs barked. Two men were shouting angrily at each other and there was much banging of doors. A man's voice in a mixture of French and English was telling Thérèse a few home truths about herself which, alas, were too indelicate to be repeated here. There was, too, something familiar about the voice.

Some fifteen minutes later there came a ring at my gate. Switching on the outside light, I saw standing there a shabby-looking caricature of Sam. The man was roughly the same height and build. He had not shaved for a couple of days. He was carrying a raincoat and a cheap fiber suitcase.

"Hello, Bill," he said warmly. "Nice to see you. Can you put me up for the night? Thérèse has just given me the bum's rush and sicked the dogs onto me. She says I'm dead."

"Come in," I said tactlessly, opening the gate. "You look as if a square meal wouldn't do you any harm."

Ten minutes later, Sam—and I want to emphasize here that at this juncture I had no doubt about his identity—was sitting down to an omelet, some cold meat and salad, washed down with a carafe of good red wine.

"Let's talk in the morning," I suggested, hustling him off to bed.

Before Sam awoke in the morning, Thérèse was at the front gate demanding to see me.

"What do you want?" I asked through the bars.

"A man came to my house last night and said that he was Sam," she said, sheets of greenish-blue flame crackling from her eyes.

I said nothing.

"Then he came here," she continued. "I saw him when you switched on the light. What did the man tell you?"

"Sam told me that you had turned him out of his house and had set the dogs on him," I replied.

"It is my house," she snarled. "The man was not Sam. Do you think that I would not know my own husband?"

"Please make less noise," I asked her. "Sam is trying to sleep. But when he wakes I shall take him to a good lawyer, who will stop you and your uncle from stealing his property."

Thérèse hit the roof. I hope that some of the things she called me were not true. Then she demanded to see Sam. "You say Sam is dead," I reminded her, "so how can you see him?"

In her rage she reminded me of a caged gorilla rattling the bars. Then, awakened by the uproar, Sam came down, wearing one of my bathrobes.

"Hello, Thérèse," he said amiably. "Just as beautiful and as sweet-tempered as ever, I see. What do you want?" he added less amiably.

"I want to talk with you."

"It's too late," replied Sam. "I wanted to talk to you last night, but what did you do? You set the dogs on me—you and that fat thief of an uncle of yours. You can't talk to me any more. You'll

So You Think You Know Baseball!

BY HARRY SIMMONS

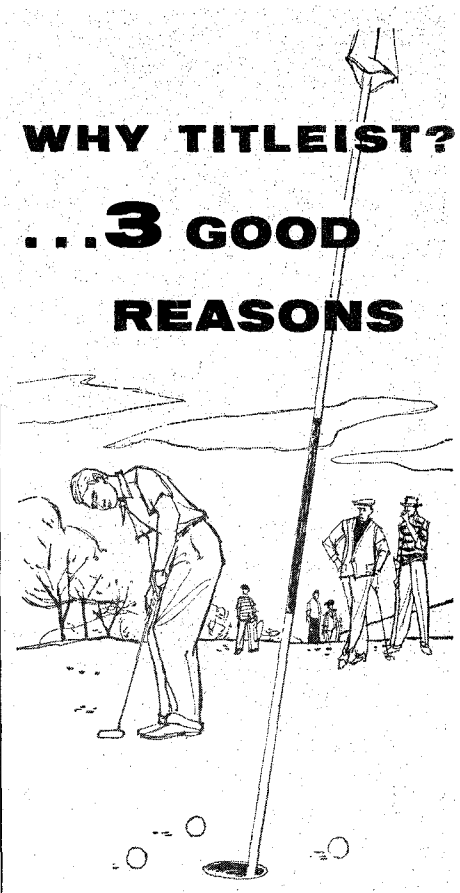
Some baseball rules are "stranger than fiction." Take the rule governing this actual case of umpire's interference, retold here in a simulated major-league setting.

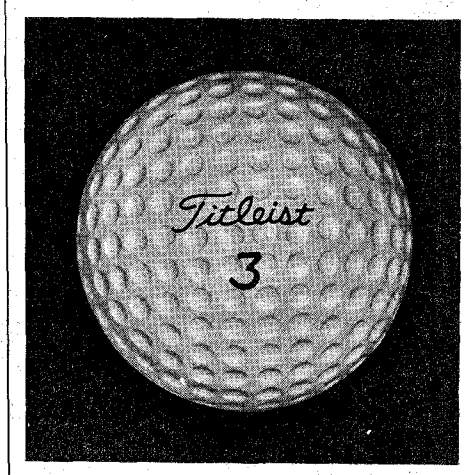
Say Baltimore, coming to bat in the last of the sixth, trails Boston, 3–2. With one out, Gus Triandos hits a double. Willie Miranda then runs a two-two count before fanning on a third strike. The ball, however, pops out of the catcher's mitt and lands at the umpire's feet. Miranda darts to first, while Triandos holds at second.

The catcher snatches the ball to throw it to first. But his hand hits the umpire's protector. The ball flies into the air. By the time the catcher has recaptured it, Triandos is on third and Miranda is on first.

But what about the umpire's interference with the catcher?

See Page 130 for answer





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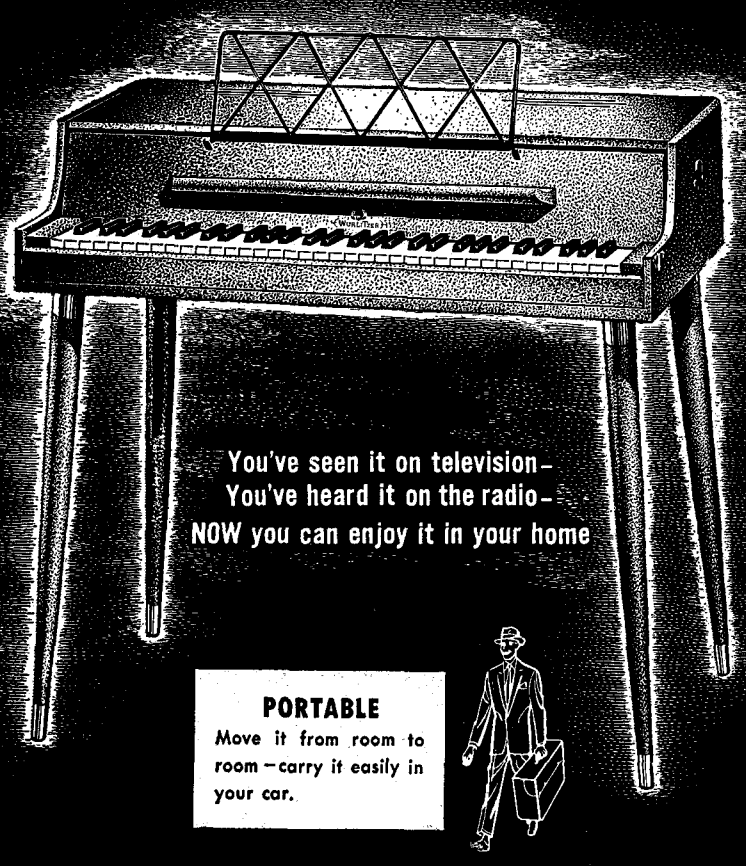

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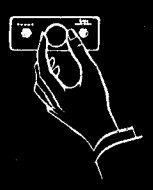

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have to talk to the judge. Half of that property is mine and I want it."

If Thérèse had had a deadly weapon in her hand, I am convinced that she would have used it, first on Sam and then on me. She danced with rage. We left her and went in to breakfast.

Alphonsine arrived with coffee and rolls. "If it isn't too much trouble," said Sam, "I wonder if I could have tea. Coffee never has agreed with me."

It was at this point that suspicion first entered my mind. Hitherto it had not occurred to me to doubt that this was Sam. But now I began to wonder, because Sam—and I remembered this clearly—had been a heavy coffee drinker. I said nothing, but from that moment onward I was on my guard.

Alphonsine accepted him without question. "The poor Monsieur Bolton," she said after breakfast. "One can see that he has suffered."

Sam and I went to a lawyer that morning. Sam stated his case and the lawyer promised to make sure that the presumption of death was blocked. "Naturally," he added, "in order to do this, I shall require proof of your identity. In the first instance, your passport will be enough."

Sam looked uncomfortable. "The fact is," he said, "that when I ran away from Thérèse my name was Sam Bolton, but as soon as I got back to the States, I changed my name. My passport, don't you see, is in the new name—my mother's maiden name."

The atmosphere in the lawyer's office became glacial. "That's a bit awkward, isn't it, Sam?" I said.

"Surely not," he replied easily. "You know I'm Sam Bolton, don't you? What's to prevent you from going into court to say so?"

"I'm sorry, Sam," I said, "but I don't know that you are Sam Bolton. I think you are—but the court would want more than that."

"Perhaps," interposed the lawyer, "you gentlemen would care to discuss this and resolve any doubts before you discuss it again with me. But I must warn you that the identification should be quite positive."

"Naturally, naturally!" I agreed, hustling Sam out of the office.

"If you had any doubts, Bill," said Sam, when we were out in the street, "why in blazes didn't you say so before?"

"It didn't occur to me, Sam," I replied, "that you were counting on me for identification. I'm just not prepared to go on oath as to your identity—although I'm almost sure. Frankly, Sam, I don't think you should put me in this position. But," I added, "if you are prepared to submit to some kind of cross-examination from me, and if you can set all my doubts at rest, I'll be only too glad to go into court and swear that you are the Sam Bolton I knew and who married Thérèse."

He looked crestfallen at this, but agreed to submit to my questions.

"You know, Sam," I said on the drive home, "you shouldn't need my identification. Why not get a handwriting expert to compare your signature with that on your marriage contract and on the deeds of your house?"

"I injured my right hand some years ago," replied Sam, "and I now write with my left hand."

"Then why not have one of your family come over to swear to your identity?"

"I quarreled with them all—over Thérèse. I wouldn't care to ask them any favors."

So it was with everything I suggested. He had a cast-iron reason why every suggestion was impracticable. All of which had a strange effect upon me. With my conscious critical mind, I suspected the man of being an impostor. I admit that. But whenever my mind was, so to speak, caught off guard, it did not occur to me to doubt that this was, in fact, Sam Bolton. For want of a better way of expressing it, I believe that every human being has an aura, and that this aura—probably because of its vagueness and lack of detail—cannot be counterfeited. This man, I more or less knew, had the aura of Sam Bolton. But against that, Sam Bolton had been a heavy coffee drinker.

I questioned him that evening, with utterly unsatisfactory results. He remembered many things which he might have been expected to forget, while he forgot some things which should have been printed indelibly on his memory. For example, here is one question I asked him, and his reply. "What was Thérèse doing when you first saw her?"

"That's easy," he replied. "She was stroking her hips downwards with the same kind of motion women use to stop their suspender belts from riding up—only it was more graceful."

Now, this could have been true, but I expected him to tell me that she had been banging away at the keys of a cash register. That would have been my reply. But Sam had been in love with her and, therefore, more likely to remember those lean, serpentine hips than the cash register. This left me with the choice of believing that Sam—if he was Sam—had told me the simple truth or that his reply had been diabolically clever by presenting me with a substitute for the truth, but a substitute which did not conflict with the truth. Either way, it was inconclusive.

I was preparing a list of written trick questions for him when a telegram recalled me to London. My parting promise to him was that if he could convince me I would come down specially to testify for him. The written answers arrived in London two days after I did. They left me as undecided as ever. While I did not see how it was possible for anyone but Sam Bolton to have replied to some of them so accurately, it was equally incomprehensible to me how Sam, if he was Sam, could possibly fail to know the answers to others. My curiously undecided

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 129

Ignore the interference. The runners keep their gains.

Because Triandos ran only after the ball was dropped, and the catcher was not trying to keep him from stealing a base, he is entitled to advance. See Sec. 2.00, Interference: "Umpire's interference occurs when an umpire hinders, impedes or prevents a catcher's throw intended to catch a runner in the act of stealing. . . ." As currently construed, Sec. 2.00 overrules Sec. 5.09b, which requires the return of any runner who advances.

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frame of mind is reflected in my letter to him:

Dear Sam (if you are Sam): I think it only fair to warn you that if you call me to testify as to your identity, my evidence may do you more harm than good. I am prepared to go the whole way just short of positive identification. . . .

The upshot of this was that I was asked to appear, from which I concluded that if I was his star witness he must have a weak case.

Two months later, I was called. Examined by Sam's lawyer, I went as far as I decently could. Much as I disliked Thérèse, I was not prepared to perjure myself in order to upset her scheme.

Her lawyer took a most telling line in cross-examination. "You say, monsieur, that you are almost sure," he asked, "that the plaintiff is the Monsieur Sam Bolton whom you knew years ago?"

Closed Shop

By Herbert Merrill

The pond is full of frogs that come
Out upon the banks at night
With tuba, fife and kettledrum
To serenade the soft moonlight.

But if I venture down the hill,
The most innocuous of men,
They take my coming very ill
And plunge into the pool again.

This is a sorry thing to do
When I mean nothing but the best,
To help them sing a stave or two
As Vega sinks into the west.

"I do."

"The complete certainty of Madame Bolton that this man is an impostor does not shake you, monsieur?"

"Not in the least," I replied. "I believe that Madame Bolton would testify what it was to her advantage to testify, regardless of the truth. Her certainty, therefore, does not impress me."

The court—and rightly—reprimanded me for that. "You admit, do you not, monsieur," asked the lawyer, pressing home his advantage, "that you are prejudiced against Madame Bolton?"

"Very much so," I replied, "but not to the degree that would make me swear falsely."

Then Sam's lawyer asked permission to put one more question to me. "It has become fashionable in recent years," he said, "to express many things, including degrees of certainty, in terms of percentages. Would you be so good as to tell the court in those terms your percentage of certainty that this man"—he pointed to Sam—"is Monsieur Sam Bolton and the husband of Madame Bolton, who seeks leave to presume his death?"

"You may call my identification ninety-eight per cent certain," I replied.

But it was the odd two per cent of uncertainty which, unfortunately, lost the case for Sam. We had dinner together that evening and, all things considered, I thought he accepted the verdict philosophically. I wished I had been better able to help him, because he made no effort to coach me or urge me to color my testimony in his favor.

Having put the Mas des Violettes into the hands of an agent for sale, I returned to London believing that I had heard the last of Sam and Thérèse. That was in 1947. Sometime in 1948 I received an offer for the house. The agent told me that the prospective buyer would probably pay more. He was a rich American who had made a fortune in Venezuela. Two weeks later the house was sold for a high price, which enabled me to pension off Alphonsine, who had so loyally served my aunt and myself.

Soon after that, Alphonsine wrote to tell me that eighty-odd houses had been built upon the La Bastide property, but that Thérèse's uncle, being pretty slick, had got away with the major share of the loot. Thérèse was still living in the same house, which, instead of standing in a smiling olive grove, was surrounded by nasty little stucco villas. She was stretching her small income by taking boarders.

It was not until the summer of 1955 that I again visited the French Riviera. I was strolling down the Boulevard Carnot in Cannes when a large, expensive-looking car came silently alongside me and stopped.

At the wheel was Sam. "Hello, Bill," he said. "Nice to see you again. How's tricks?"

"Hello, Sam," I replied; "that is, if you are Sam."

"Well, call me ninety-eight per cent Sam," he said with a grin. "Free for lunch?"

We drove up into the hills and the big car glided through the open gates of—yes, the Mas des Violettes. "The most beautiful, peaceful spot in the whole world," he said with deep contentment in his voice. This was one love which had not wavered over the years.

The house was filled with fine pictures, exquisite Persian rugs and the kind of Provençal furniture that belonged in a museum. Everywhere were evidences of wealth.

"You seem to have done pretty well for yourself, Sam," I remarked. "Did you break the bank at Monte Carlo?"

"No; in Venezuelan oil leases."

"Do you still call yourself Sam Bolton?"

"Fancy you remembering that!" he said. "Let me introduce you to Sam Waters, late of Caracas, Venezuela. Very unhealthy country—some parts of Venezuela. That's where I must have picked up that attack of amnesia which gave me the mad idea that I was Sam Bolton."

"You know, Sam," I remarked thoughtfully, "it might have been awkward if, instead of losing that lawsuit, you had won it."

"Don't say such things, Bill, not even in fun," he said with a shudder. "Just fancy being married to that terrifying woman next door. Funny thing about her, by the way, is that she has amnesia now. Must have caught it from me."

"What makes you say that, Sam?" I asked.

"Well, although she swore on a stack of Bibles that she'd never seen me before in her life, she now says that she was married to me. If she isn't careful, she'll be getting herself into trouble—very nasty thing, amnesia."

"I think it's a great pity she ever left that hotel in Normandy," I said. "She was as happy as a lark hammering away all day at that cash register."

"What a beautiful touch she had!" said Sam reminiscently. THE END

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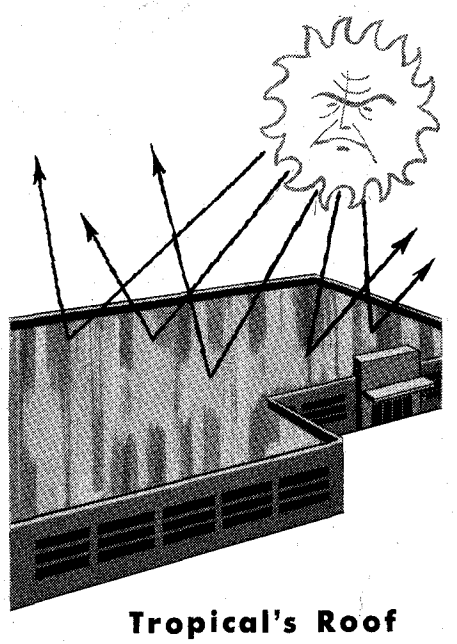

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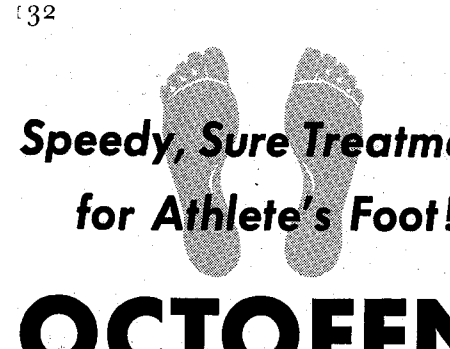

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Buy with Confidence The Saturday Evening POST Recognized Value

They Lock Hot Weather Out

(Continued from Page 36)

announced, new homes in the Southwest that lacked air conditioning would be "as obsolete as a house without a plug for an electric refrigerator." His side-kick is Ned A. Cole, young Austin architect and prefab-home manufacturer. The Air-Conditioned Village was Cole's idea, and eventually became his direct responsibility as project manager. He got the job when Hughes, who was president of the National Association of Home Builders in 1954 and already known as "The Father of Residential Air Conditioning," engineered the builders to back the village as Project No. 1 of their newly formed Research Institute.

Hughes and Cole, give or take a bit for Texas brag, are not far off schedule. Cole, after building a house that used the techniques he learned from the Austin experiment, has concluded that he can market a three-bedroom home with air conditioning that is as simply installed, operated and maintained as that in an automobile, and also competitive in price. He and Hughes are offering $12,000 houses of this sort in a new development at Bartlesville, Oklahoma, with an $800 price tag on the cooling system. Cole is shooting for $600 soon—a figure that one of the big prefab homemakers already has established for its smallest houses.

Hughes, at Wichita Falls, Texas, is winding up the construction of several hundred small homes. Almost half of his sales this year have been with air conditioning installed. This is a major accomplishment, even in superheated Texas. While a majority of the custom-built homes—which can be taken to mean those that cost more than $17,000—recently built in the deep South and Southwest are likely to have complete air conditioning, less than 10 per cent of the smaller new homes are centrally cooled.

The proportion drops almost to zero in the Midwest and Northeast—but not for want of trying by the home builders. The experience of Ralph Bodek, who constructs several hundred small homes each year in the Philadelphia suburbs, is typical.

"I figured I'd found a good thing two years ago," he explained. "We checked back on houses we've built, and were impressed by the number of room air conditioners in windows everywhere. Some homes had two—one in a bedroom, another in the living room. Our customers obviously wanted summer cooling, and we decided a central system would be a real sales advantage."

Bodek, in 1954, was launching a 1200-home development of $14,000 split-level houses and decided to air-condition them all. "I went to the manufacturers," he says, "but couldn't get a satisfactory deal. A local firm finally engineered and assembled a cooling system that I could sell by adding a thousand dollars to the price of the house. This sum, financed through the usual FHA or VA approved mortgage, increased the owner's payments by only six dollars a month."

Sales of the first seventy-five houses were slow. Paul A. Gilmore, his agent, went to Bodek. "Our salesmen are stuck," he said. "They can't put this air-conditioning thing across. A lot of women are actually scared of it; they claim it's a health hazard, and they say they don't need it in the suburbs. They think it will cost too much to run and that the price is too high and probably will come down. We're selling only five houses a week; you're building fifteen. I think we'd better call it off."

Bodek agreed, and his homes started to move on schedule. "I still believe houses without air conditioning will be obsolete in a few years," he says. "But I'm holding off. In my opinion, the average citizen and his wife haven't been sold its advantages. And I'm afraid no single builder or group of builders can put it across. The manufacturers will have to sell the public first."

Bodek still spends a few additional dollars on each house so the heating system can be used for air-conditioning, which he offers as optional equipment. Only one in a hundred, after that first group, has spent the extra $1000 for cooling, though many say they expect to add it later, which will require payments spread over three years at most, instead of through a long-term mortgage.

While a few of Bodek's customers have more than enough income to finance the purchase of their new homes, the high hurdle for most $14,000 home buyers is qualifying for an FHA-insured loan. The FHA rule of thumb requires an income five times as large as the total monthly payments on the mortgage, for taxes and for other fixed charges. That added six dollars a month, to carry the $1000 air-conditioning charge, under the 5-to-1 formula calls for thirty dollars more in the homeowner's monthly pay check. The FHA authorities may also demand additional income for operating and maintenance costs.

> A parent is most likely to find himself on the side of the angels when they are asleep. IMOGENE FEY

In some hot-summer areas, a buyer with a $500-a-month income discovers that he must have as much as $200 a month additional in his pocket to qualify for a loan on a small air-conditioned home. The amount varies widely, at the discretion of the lender and local FHA office, but has usually been large enough to put an effective chill on air-conditioning sales.

"In our opinion," one FHA architect told me, "air conditioning is just another added feature to encourage sales, like iron railings on stairways or overelaborate kitchen equipment." This feeling is shared in many districts, but is not universal, nor is it the final, official word from Washington. A noticeable warming of the FHA chill on air conditioning has occurred since the facts on cost and performance began to flow from the homes in the Austin experiment. Appraisers, for instance, are inclined to recognize the value of a cooling system instead of discounting it heavily, as often seemed the rule in the past. Mortgage lenders are beginning to consider central air conditioning a protection against obsolescence.

The homes in Air-Conditioned Village sold for $12,000 plus the cost of the land. Each house is furnished with a year-round air conditioner—winter heat, summer cooling—installed by a different manufacturer. The families that bought the houses agreed to a year-long period of experiment, in which the performance of the air-conditioning equipment was studied. The occupants' medical histories and reactions to their air-conditioned environment also were recorded, although in such a way that none of them realized they were playing guinea-pig roles.

Ned Cole persuaded his friends in the Austin Home Builders Association to find

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a tract, flat and open to the sun, buy lots and build the houses, which are all of different design, but uniform in being one story and approximately 1200 square feet of living space. Most of the homes have three bedrooms, though the largest, which ran to 1400 square feet, has four. All of the air conditioners installed were rated at approximately two tons.

The houses were ready in June, 1954, and the last was sold and occupied by August. The tract, while building was in progress, swarmed with representatives of all the major air-conditioning manufacturers. "They really ganged up on us," according to Cole. "The architects, builders and technical men had spent weeks figuring out the proper insulation, sun-shading and other construction details—and then, as the houses neared completion, nearly every sponsor had to have changes of one sort or another."

There was never a dull moment in the experimental year. As the home builders finished their analyses of construction details, mobile laboratories provided by the air-conditioning and electronic-controls people moved in to record temperature, humidity and air-movement data from instruments indoors, outdoors and buried within the walls of each house. They averaged ten days' intensive study per house, with observers popping in on families at hourly intervals during the day, but only every other hour through the night. The utilities also were on the scene, checking consumption of gas and electricity. In the background was a group of professors and students from the University of Texas, which is located in Austin, compiling psychological records from casual conversations with husbands and wives in the village houses, and checking with family physicians for medical reports.

Many of the individual reactions funneled through Cole's office. "Each family had instructions to call me if anything needed fixing or went wrong," he explained. "Actually, after the first week of operation we had very few adjustments or corrections to make. But we had loaded the houses with dummy thermostats, so we, and not the family, could control conditions during certain test periods. When the house got too hot or too cold, they naturally thought something was wrong, and—as we wanted—called me at all hours of the day and night. It didn't take me long to have an automatic recorder hooked into my phone."

I talked to several of the husbands and wives in the village, and found none who were dissatisfied either with the efficiency of their summer-cooling equipment or with the cost of operating it. The brief and hectic period of intensive tests was the only part of the experiment that they remembered with distaste. One woman, who lived in the largest house, said that the two-ton unit, during the test year, had run almost constantly, and was later replaced by one with three-ton capacity.

She, like the other wives, delighted in the absence of dust. Her four children, ages eight to fourteen, stay in the house during the hot months "almost too much, though I love to have them and their friends around." Records for all the village families show that their children were at home, during summer days, half again as long as children in non-air-conditioned homes.

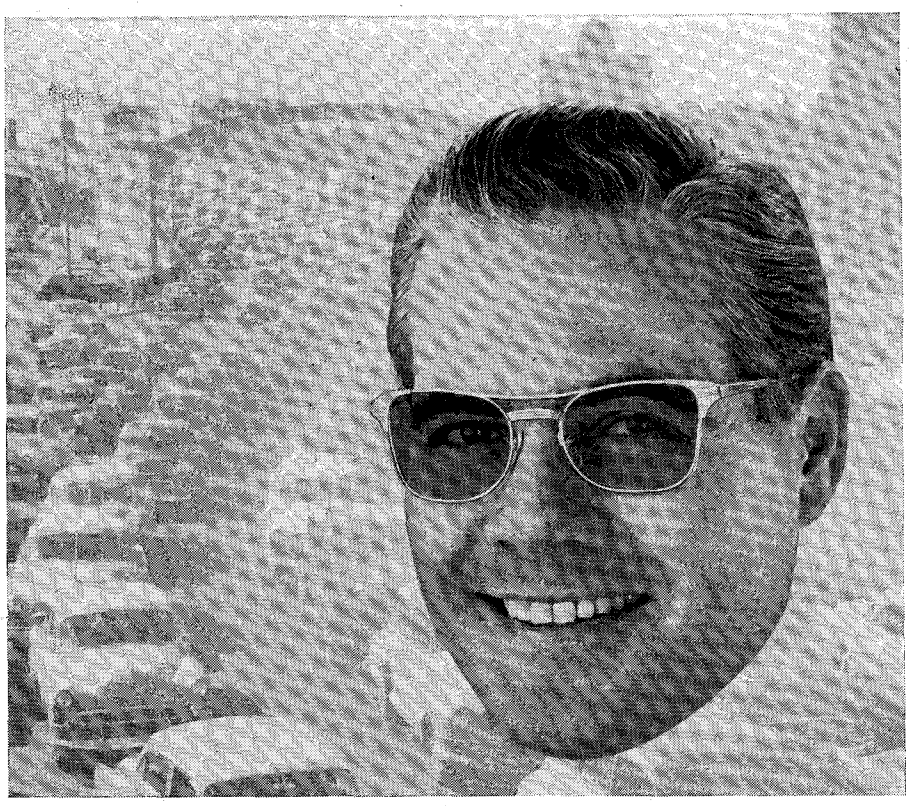
The medical records revealed no changes in health from normal, except that most of the babies in non-cooled houses in Austin suffer summer heat rash, while none in the village did. Menus in the air-conditioned homes, however, showed a 40 per cent increase in calories over those in homes without cooling, but no change in weight for the adults, and normal weight gains for the children. Adults and children both got more than an hour's added sleep during summer with air conditioning—the adults mostly at night, while the children split their added rest between nighttime and naps.

"Now that we have air conditioning, my wife seldom uses the oven in summer," one husband said. "It warms the kitchen up too much, even though we have an exhaust fan. I think it was a mistake, too, not to put a cool-air duct into the bathroom. Otherwise, it's perfect."

Summer temperatures in Austin are generally in the 90's, and often reach 105 degrees. The engineers have established 100 degrees as the mean they should plan for in the area. The comparable figure for Chicago and New York is 95 degrees.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This is for 100% attendance in 1955, this one's for getting five new members, this one . . ."



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The village residents seemed happiest with indoor temperatures between 75 and 80 degrees, with the air constantly in motion, and no wide variations in humidity.

"All of the houses maintained those figures without trouble," according to Ned Cole, "and the seventy-five- to eighty-degree range pleased everyone, whether the temperature outside was ninety or a hundred and five, contrary to what some people think. The only time temperatures unintentionally ran higher was when a large group of people came to a house for a party. Some of the families, if they expected more than half a dozen for the evening, learned to prepare by cooling the house below seventy-five in advance. We also proved you can hold lower daytime temperatures by cooling below seventy-five in the late night hours, but mothers of young children objected to this, fearing that the youngsters might throw off their bed clothes and become chilled."

Operating costs in the village averaged seventy cents a day for cooling, using electricity at 1.6c per KWH. Cooling and heating—with natural gas—together added up to an average $112.93 per year per house. Four fifths of this was spent for cooling.

"It might be exactly the reverse in the Midwest," Cole says, "and gas or oil or coal for heat would run higher, I imagine, than in Texas. But the houses we built are identical with construction in the North in wall and ceiling insulation. And that, in my opinion, is one of the important points we proved—that housing which meets the ordinary standards in force everywhere, for insulation, vapor-seal, window area, and so on, will deliver summer comfort at reasonable cost. The only plus feature that we added was four inches, instead of two, of insulation above the ceiling, which is just good practice anyhow."

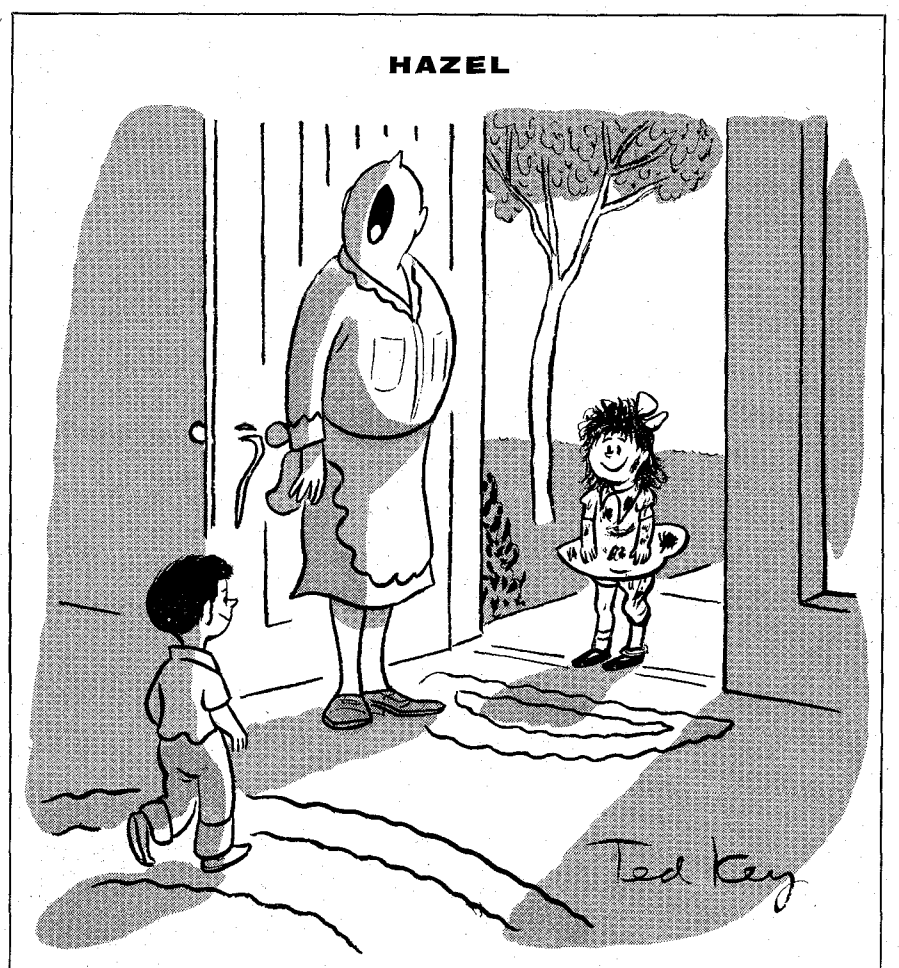
The argument over the findings at Austin, resulting in the delaying of the publication of an official report, is partly due to the quibbling over technicalities that might be expected when twenty-two competitors try to fit into a uniform mold. Mainly, however, it is a difference of opinion between those who believe a readily installed "package" cooling system is the answer for new homes, and others who insist that variations in climate, building practices, even materials, require the know-how of local experts on each job.

"It's possible, of course, for a builder who shortchanges his job to make any cooling system uneconomical or unworkable," Cole says. "But I feel we've proved that the rules for design and construction of a small air-conditioned home are simple and workable anywhere. Homeowners, for instance, have been told that windows are a problem because they transmit so much heat. They do, indeed, but we found our cooling systems could carry the load if we kept direct sunlight from striking the glass. In summer, that happens on the east and west walls. The north and south can be protected with only a little overhang.

"The ideal is to orient your house with the glass in the north and the south. But that's difficult to manage in a large building development, and we didn't try to do it, either, in the Austin Village. The answer was to use designs that put garages or other shelters on the west, and, where we couldn't do that, to use awnings, reflective screens or to plant trees and shrubbery. The south windows, incidentally, bring the sun's heat into the house in winter, when you want it most. Only one of the houses was perfectly oriented for air conditioning, and some of them were, frankly, all wrong. But the cooling systems in all of them worked."

Dick Hughes two years ago deliberately built two small air-conditioned houses in Wichita Falls to test this point. One of them was designed to meet all the requirements then set up by air-conditioning engineers, and so thoroughly shaded by low overhangs that no one would buy it. The other he called his "magazine house." It went overboard for window walls and all the bright "open to the sun" ideas he could find in home magazines. "The people loved it," he said, "but it was most uneconomical to cool."

Hughes has been at war with the elements all his life. Pampa is in the country of big winds, where dust storms begin; a mile-high, treeless plain seared by dry heat from the southwest in summer, chilled by arctic blasts from the Rockies in winter.



"Her Serene Highness . . . !"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He builds, most years, from 500 to 1000 houses, and owns a minor empire of affiliated enterprises. One of his companies sells and services air-conditioning systems. Hughes estimates that his experiments on residential cooling through this company have cost him at least $150,000 in the past five years.

"Water is a real problem in West Texas," he told me, "and when we tackled the design of a small-home system in 1951, most of the machines required a continuous flow of water to cool the condenser unit. I was starting a tract of three hundred houses, to sell just under ten thousand dollars, at Pampa, and decided we'd include air conditioning. We couldn't use water, and were sure that air cooling was practical, though the manufacturers at that time didn't seem to agree."

Hughes' engineers rigged up an air-cooled condenser, using fans and automobile radiators, which they installed in the attics of the new homes. His makeshift device anticipated an industry trend, incidentally—a third of the village systems, installed in 1954, have air-cooled condensers.

"I knew we were on the right track," he says, "and you could see it coming. Only a few months later, for instance, the day I arrived in Syracuse, New York, to make a speech, the city passed an ordinance prohibiting the use of water for air conditioning. We gave up building our own units just as soon as the first of the big manufacturers came out with an air-cooled condenser."

Hughes, in 1951, had no better luck with his customers than Bodek was to have in '54. He struggled to move the first thirteen homes, and sold the balance without a cooling system. That launched him on his residential-air-conditioning crusade, organizing and attending meetings wherever he could get an influential group together. He conducted a similar drive on a smaller scale some years ago to clean up what he felt were exorbitant plumbing costs in some parts of Texas. Plumbers had to be licensed for each town they worked in, and local boards could, and did, encourage monopolies. Hughes persuaded the state legislature to authorize state-wide licensing of plumbers. The lawmakers appointed Hughes chairman of the new licensing board—a job that he holds today—and local prices for plumbing became competitive.

Ned Cole met Hughes at one of the air-conditioning conferences six years ago. They had cooked up, by the end of '52, five objectives that they considered essential to put small-home air conditioning across: First, a compact unit to go into a space three by four feet or less; one that would be relatively noiseless while operating; that would sell for less than $1000; operate for less than ten dollars a month; and utilize an air or evaporative, instead of water, condenser.

"We've got them all except the low operating cost," Cole says. "I think we asked too much there—at least for Texas weather. Twenty dollars a month is our village average."

Cole is nearly fifteen years younger than Hughes, and a farm boy who studied architecture at the University of Texas. During the war, while he was building airfields and piers with the 5212th Engineer Battalion in the Pacific, he planned his present business, which is known as Fabricon, Inc. Fabricon builds storage walls, bathroom and kitchen units, window walls, roof trusses and other parts of houses, and sells them, in turn, to builders, along with home plans.

Heating and cooling systems are part of the package. "Like Dick Hughes," Cole ruefully admits, "my brother and I tried engineering and assembling our own air-conditioning systems six or seven years ago. They cost close to two thousand dollars a house. We sold them for eleven hundred, and have spent almost as much on each of them since, correcting the mistakes we made. The homeowner and the builder have been waiting for the know-how of the manufacturer to come up with the kind of reliable, foolproof equipment we put in the village. We're all set, I believe, to launch a new concept of home comfort and a business that can run to half a billion dollars a year for new construction alone."

Central systems for older homes offer an even larger market, but the experts caution that each installation—at least during this stage in the evolution of cooling equipment—may require individual engineering and modification. The same is true, to a degree, for large new homes, where the rooms are seldom grouped close to the cooling unit, as in a small, one-story house.

Cole is not disturbed by financing for the small-home owners. "Builders have got to remember that air conditioning doesn't replace anything in a new house. It won't substitute for space, for an extra bathroom or for any of the other features that buyers want. But it is added value, and I'm convinced that the public will buy it as such."

Things happen when Ned Cole makes up his mind. He got out his drawing board in 1950 and designed an air-conditioned home for a family with six children. The Coles built that home, and their family today numbers six—from a six-months-old baby to a youngster of eleven. "I'd say the makers of home cooling systems have busy years ahead," is the comment from Mrs. Cole.

The manufacturers agree. Their guess is that 160,000 central-cooling systems will go into homes this year. Almost ten times as many window-type air conditioners will be sold or one quarter million more than the 1,300,000 purchased last year.

"We'd like to say 'installed,' instead of 'purchased,'" an industry spokesman told me. "The motor in a window unit is seldom less than one-half horsepower, and more than forty per cent that are bought today are one horsepower or larger. You don't blithely plug this in, like a toaster or a refrigerator, on any circuit in the house. Installation by someone who understands, and can adjust, the electrical system to handle the load is the best way to get safe and satisfactory operation. This doesn't happen as often as we'd like. The public in some areas is buying about two jumps ahead of the service we think dealers should supply," he concluded.

The electric utilities, too, are concerned with air conditioning's fast growth—both in keeping the wiring in homes up-to-date and in stepping up summer production of power to meet the cooling load. Several companies have begun to push winter heating by electricity in an attempt to even up power consumption throughout the year. If central-cooling systems for small homes gain half the acceptance Hughes and Cole predict, they've started none too soon.

THE END

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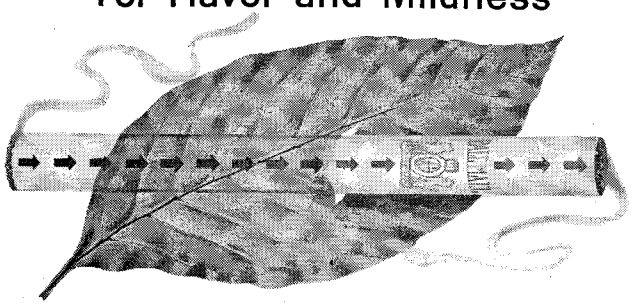

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Keeping Posted

The Love Story of a Bachelor

Hero and heroine of the story.

Mac Conner—the Mac is for McCauley—has for some years been widely known not only as a superlative illustrator but as a man nobly addicted to bachelorhood. Maybe the ladies haven't especially admired his bachelorism, but men seemed to think it was quite an achievement, and both sexes certainly have reacted pleasurably to his painting, as they will to the sample on page 35.

One day not long ago, associate art editor Frank Kilker asked Conner how he accounted for his great success at not getting married, and Mac just firmly reiterated his philosophy that entangling alliances should be avoided. The very next morning Kilker was overwhelmed to read in a New York paper an announcement of Mac's engagement to the socially prominent Mrs. Gertrude V. W. Henry Gabaldoni, a descendant of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. The couple were married in April and are as happy as can be, as witness their honeymoon snapshot. Never overestimate the power of a bachelor.

You might say that Conner, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Conner, of Newport, New Jersey, is now having his second career in the Post. While studying in the Pennsylvania Museum School of Art in Philadelphia and in New York's Grand Central School of Art, he clicked with several Post covers, and then for several years found himself clicking with the Navy. After leaving that organization, he and his friend Bill Neeley launched the artists' agency, Neeley Associates, and presently Frank Kilker beckoned Conner back into the Post, which brings us up to now. Of course, Mac was asked just what happens to a confirmed bachelor to catapult him into matrimony. He beamed, "A lovely girl unconfirmed me." Good-by, Mac.

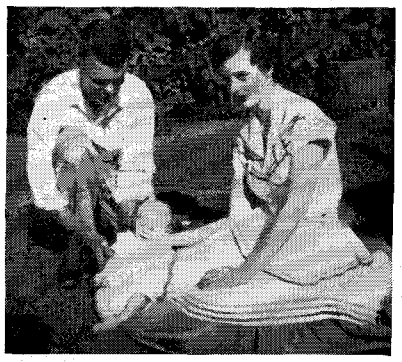
NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I'm Here to Win a Pennant"

Frank Lane recast the inferior White Sox into vigorous contenders for the pennant. Now this fast-dealing general manager is going to reveal his plans for the already-improved Cardinals.

Out of the Mouths of Teen-Agers

It seems that John De Meyer was walking along a beach, strictly minding his own business, when he heard a teen-age lass—an elderly one up around fifteen or so—utter a heart-rending sigh and exclaim, "Gee, I wish parents weren't such a burden!" De Meyer figured she didn't mean precisely what she said, but "was trying to find a suitable place to dump the burden of a lamentable situation." So being in the fiction field, De Meyer took it from there and whipped up a lamentable situation in his head for page 26. When



Two generations below the author.

he realized that Keeping Posted might want the girl's name and a snapshot of her, she had been gone from the beach for months.

Speaking of young and old people, a few months ago De Meyer became a grandpa at the tender age of forty-four, which so shocked him that he changed the plot of that incident, and wrote a story about an elderly widow who refused to take a back seat in life, a story you'll enjoy in due time. Concerning his own crisis, the author mutters, "I'd always been of the belief that a man, before having grandfatherhood thrust upon him, should at least be able to boast of sixty years or so, and have had time to prepare a beard of sorts and order a rocking chair." Grandpahood was thrust upon him by what he calls the subversive activity of his son and daughter-in-law in Moscow. Moscow is in Idaho. In Longmeadow, Massachusetts, granddad is resting comfortably and will survive.

An Ill Wind Blew Him Plenty of Good

Do you ever try to escape from the sounds of television in order to read, write or meditate with the eyes shut? Donald Stroetzel, first-timing with us this week, has come up with a magnificent escape concept. One winter day he flew 110 miles offshore from Cape Cod and landed on the Texas Tower, that

famed radar outpost which rides the billows out there on three great buoyant legs. He expected to stay four days, to write up the Tower for Town Journal magazine, of which he is an editor, but a sixty-mile gale dropped by and he stayed two weeks, the lathered-up situation being no place for ships and helicopters. Somehow the abundance of water reminded him of another body of water which he was planning to try a piece about for the Post, a neighborhood swimming pool back home in a Washington, D.C., suburb. Then a weekend came along, and he thought, *I think this is the legitimate time to do said piece.* So he went into a comfy storeroom, locked the door and, gently heated by steam heat, removed from his mind what's on page 24.

Stroetzel takes joy in "a wonderful wife who generates a Post article while making me think the idea is mine," and in two adopted youngsters who are wonderful even when they whoop up the TV. He says, "If this letter is fuzzy, that's because my intellect is competing with the sounds of lions, bears and a galloping steam roller. If I turned off the TV, it would compete with sounds from Suzie and Mike." Can't the Air Force rent weekend storerooms on Texas Tower to befuzzed writers?

Eleanor Harris Gets Around Quite a Lot

Eleanor Harris, a sociable soul, loves to give or go to parties, and if nothing is stirring for the moment in New York, maybe she'll turn up at, say, the opening of the Hilton Hotel in Istanbul, or visit friends like the Elliott Roosevelts on their Colorado ranch, or pop in on some amiable function in Hollywood. Hence that appropriate photo of her in evening togs. She is chatting with a man whose face seems familiar—Hope, or some such name.

Author Harris' word portraits for the magazines have included popular musicians like Cole Porter and Richard Rodgers, but when she tackled composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein she said, "We might as well start with the truth—I'm no music expert." Bernstein said, "Thank heaven." So they worked harmoniously and were assigned to page 40.

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